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THE HEART AND THE FANCY,

OR

VALSINORE.

A TALE.

By MISS BENGER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

IN the following Tale, the ſcenes undoubtedly refer to ſome period prior to that ſtate of warfare which has ſo long prevailed in Europe: but to one which is evidently not far remote from our own times. The principal perſonage belongs decidedly to the preſent age: his ſentiments have been imbibed from our friends and compatriots; his virtues are exemplified by our living cotemporaries; and we have lately witneſſed the triumph of his philanthropic principles.

Valſinore is no chimera of a romantic imagination; his ſtory may be fictitious; but his character, diveſted of the ſingularity

which

which might have attached to it half a century ago, is no longer even of the novel caſt. Such a being is not only of our age, but our people; his prototypes are diſcovered in that country where the progreſs of civilization is ſtill atteſted by the diffuſion of truth and benevolence; by reſpect for the nobleſt prerogatives of human nature, and for the beſt and deareſt intereſts of mankind.

VALSINORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE curate of Beachdale was taking his usual morning walk through the shrubbery, so completely absorbed in meditations on his beloved plants, that he heard not the shrill voice behind exclaiming, Valsinore! Valsinore! the mystery must be one day discovered! He quietly pursued his steps to the green-house, and was most affectionately greeting a new-blown *Hydrangia*, when Celia Gladwin came running towards him, almost breathless with haste and perturbation, and at last touching his shoulder, cried, "So, "Mr. Bruce, you have not kept your word; "you have not yet revealed to Herbert

"Altamont his obligations to that unknown "benefactor." The good curate, who would have been ſeriouſly alarmed by ſuch ſymptoms of inquietude in any other perſon, coolly turned round, and confeſſed the truth, that he had broken his word, becauſe he forgot to keep it. "You muſt forget no "more," returned his female complainant; and then drawing up her long, lean neck, and raiſing her arm to the configuration of the handle of a tea-urn, ſhe began to ſpeak, whilſt Mr. Bruce, fully prepared for the theatrical exhibition, picked off the dead leaves from a *Fuſcia*, and appeared to liſten with attention.

The Celia in queſtion reſembled not the Celias of poetry and romance; ſhe had reached the ſtand-ſtill of life, and was not unwilling to aſſume that matronly title of *Mrs.*, which is ſometimes permitted to atteſt the triumphs of ſpinſterſhip; but however ready ſhe might be to diſclaim pretenſions to juvenility, it was impoſſible to diſcover in her the marks of approaching age; ſhe retained

tained all the elasticity of youth, or even of childhood. No girl of fifteen had more vivid impressions, no boy more energetic impulses, more rapid movements. Rather ardent than tender, she was seldom seen to weep from pity, but often to skip with gladness. Sorrow was no inmate of her bosom, for of hope and credulity she had a fund inexhaustible, and to suspicions or selfishness was wholly a stranger. Her actions inspired admiration; yet was it difficult to see her, and not to smile at her expence; for to a tall, lank figure, and a dark, homely visage, to a person in which Time was baulked of his spoils by the original penury of nature, she added that picturesque style of dress, equally distant from precision and elegance, and which at once offends the grave, and diverts the gay.

Yet was Celia ever brooding on visions of celestial beauty, for the basis of her character was romance; she delighted to trace the progress of mutual sentiment, and had cases and precedents without number concerning the tender passion. Her own heart had

once been eminently susceptible of *fancy*, if not of love; but her chagrins had never been deep or permanent, and so quickly did one dream efface another, that she was now persuaded she had never really suffered but for one object, the father of Herbert Altamont; and it was probably this circumstance which really prompted her to take so warm an interest in his future destiny. Of late, indeed, her speculations had assumed a higher cast: she talked and thought of the Roman senate, and the House of Commons; of patricians and peers; of the forum and the bar; but all with some mysterious reference to Herbert; and a secret being almost as necessary to her happiness as an idol, she had idioms and gestures of her own to indicate the most common occurrence. With this vocabulary her intimate friends were so perfectly familiar, that when Mr. Bruce saw her enter the green-house with such theatrical agitation, he expected only a repetition of the emphatic phrases to which he had been long accustomed to listen with indulgent com-

complacency: "Mr. Bruce, the Ides are "approaching, it is time to make the essay "on Herbert's character, I see his father's "spirit in him; his father was formed to "win all hearts, and charm all eyes. De-"scended from one of the noblest houses in "Ireland, he spent his little patrimony with "the liberality of his nation and his tem-"per; but in nothing that disgraced him."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Bruce, who, perceiving an insect about to settle on the petals of his *Hydrangia*, took out his microscope, and began to examine it. "Oh! he was "gallant as Alcibiades, and generous as "Cyrus; he was the only man I ever saw "who did not lose dignity in walking a "minuet. I always called him my Grandi-"son, and he perhaps thought me *his* Cle-"mentina. Ah! first impressions are inde-"lible, *never*, *never* to be erased."

"I hope not always so, Miss Gladwin."

"Why I do not mean to make a rule without "exception; for I believe Altamont's widow "loves you as much as if you had been her

" firſt huſband. Well, characters differ; *my* " *badge* is *conſtancy*, I ſhall always cheriſh " Herbert for his father's ſake; and there- " fore, Mr. Bruce, I do *ſolemnly* conjure you " to reveal to him this very day, the myſ- " terious benefaction of Valſinore." " That " is ſurely his mother's concern, he cer- " tainly is now of an age to chooſe a pro- " feſſion." " A profeſſion! would you con- " demn him to the ſorry drudgery of a " profeſſion? No, let him go to college " with Edward Vallancy." " Admitted; " but let this be done with ſome ſpecific ob- " ject." " *His* object," retorted Celia, jerking her elbow with a vehemence that alarmed Mr. Bruce for the glaſs window, " *his* object muſt be *honor*, his *goal*, glory. " Why don't you ſee his tranſcendent talents? " don't you know how ſuperior he is to your " pupil Vallancy?" " They are different, " but perhaps not unequal." " Not un- " equal! this is all modeſty. You diſparage " Herbert, becauſe he is your wife's ſon, " and extol Vallancy, becauſe he is the

" grandſon

"grandſon of Lord Marmiton." "No, "Miſs Gladwin, no human being can im- "pute to me ſuch flattery; this is the firſt "and laſt connexion I have ever formed "with the great, and I am, you know, in- "debted for it to the recommendation of "Mr. De Lille, who was willing, in this "way, to requite my wife's kindneſs, in "giving protection to his daughter Cor- "delia."

"Aye, that De Lille is an Apollo." "Surely," retorted Mr. Bruce, in whom the inſinuation againſt his independence had inſpired unwonted energy, "ſurely he is "but a Mercury." "Why he is not ſo "grand a creature as *my* Altamont; Her- "bert reſembles *him*, and Herbert will be, "muſt be a great man. I ſee genius in his "eyes; I diſcover talents in his tranſlations; "and he certainly conſtrues Cicero, or "Demoſthenes, with more ſpirit than any "other perſon I have ever known. I foreſee "he will be the firſt orator in the houſe." "My dear Miſs Gladwin, how unlikely it

" is that Herbert ſhould ever ſit in Parlia-
" ment. You know the proviſion made by
" Valſinore is not large; my income expires
" with me; and ſhould I ever be ſo happy
" as to return to Switzerland, I ſhould not
" be able to diſpoſe of my property in that
" country in his favour. The beſt leſſon,
" therefore, I can give to Herbert, is mo-
" deration and diligence. By purſuing a
" profeſſion, he may make himſelf happy
" and reſpectable; without it, he muſt either
" languiſh in obſcurity, or crouch to de-
" pendence." " Well, well, keep but your
" word; let the eſcritoire be produced this
" night, let the letter be read, let him learn
" to venerate the name of Valſinore."
" With all my heart," ſaid Mr. Bruce, " I
" will perſuade my wife to perform this taſk,
" which, perhaps, as you ſay, has been too
" long delayed."

Here, finding by his watch that he had exceeded his uſual time for going to his pupils, he tenderly ſtroaked a *Mimoſo*, and turned into one path, whilſt Celia, to allay

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the tumultuous ſenſations the conference had excited, darted through another, overturning with the train of her gown a beautiful myrtle, juſt opening its delicate white bloſſoms, the ſight of which might have diſcompoſed even Mr. Bruce, who, having ſpent his childhood in Switzerland, of which his mother was a native, had imbibed in its romantic ſcenery an ardent paſſion for the beauties of nature; and though married to an amiable woman, was diſpoſed to conſider flowers as the loveliest, if not the beſt, part of the creation.

Impreſſed with reſpect for the real, ſubſtantial virtues of Miſs Gladwin, he looked with tender indulgence on her extravagance, and never ſuffered his orderly muſcles to be diſcompoſed by her oddity to indecorous riſibility. Although at firſt ſight this ſingular being had the air of a recluſe, ſhe had lived in the world, and, being genteelly connected, was admitted with her ſmall ſtipend to what is called the beſt ſociety. Many a faſhionable lady welcomed her to the

toilette, who would not have been ſeen with the ill-dreſſed creature in public for all the world. She had correſpondents by dozens, from whom ſhe received long and tender epiſtles, in which ſhe was addreſſed as the "beſt and deareſt Celia;" the "one "and only beloved." Sometimes, indeed, on her viſits to theſe profeſſing friends, ſhe was ſtruck with the diſparity in their letters and their looks; but then, the recollection of ſome tender parting came opportunely to conſole her for the frigid meeting. Enthuſiaſm was transferred from the preſent to the abſent; and ſtill revolving in one circle of amiable egotiſm, her dream of life, like the ſhifting ſands in the hour-glaſs, changed its poſition, but not its courſe. For the laſt eight years, and almoſt from the commencement of her acquaintance with the afflicted relict of her cheriſhed *firſt love*, all other confidents and correſpondents had been ſecondary objects of intereſt; her *heart*, and even her *fancy*, ſeemed ſtationary at Beachdale. Nor did her friend-

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ſhip vary, when Mrs. Altamont conſented to become the wife of the amiable Mr. Bruce; and ſince that event ſhe had regularly ſpent ſome months of every ſummer at the vicarage, where ſhe caught the ſpirit of her claſſical circle with child-like docility, and learnt to talk of the heroes of Greece and Rome with as much fluency as of Lovelace and Sir Charles Grandiſon. This pedantry flowed from ſympathy, and like every thing in her character, was blended with romance; even her benevolence partook of this mixture; and after having diligently aſſiſted Mrs. Bruce, in working for the poor, and comforting the afflicted, ſhe found her recompence in imagining ſome ſtate of ſociety in which no miſery ſhould exiſt.

If ever there was a ſcene congenial to ſuch Utopian viſions, it was to be found in Mr. Bruce's ſtudy; the world was there excluded, and peace and concord reigned within. It was a ſcene of quiet, home-bred happineſs, ſupplying a

regular ſucceſſion of cheap, ſalubrious pleaſures. The room opened on a lawn, on which the ſyringa and roſe acacia now intermingled their luxurious bloſſom. The lawn ſloped towards delicious fields. A lofty amphitheatre of hanging woods roſe on the other ſide, concealing in its firſt aſcent the ambitious hill, whoſe ſummit bounded the horizon.

It was a ſweet paſtoral landſcape, and never was wiſdom preſented under a more engaging form, than in this happy academy; where, in his own domeſtic circle, Mr. Bruce almoſt forgot the Lake of Geneva, and the enchanting ſcenery of Lauſanne. His two pupils, Herbert Altamont and Edward Vallancy, had each his claſſical purſuit. At her work table appears Mrs. Bruce, alternately occupied with her needle or her book, often caſting an affectionate glance on her ſon, or exchanging a few friendly words with her ever-approved and approving huſband. Near her ſits Cordelia, the youngeſt of the group, now verging on thirteen, who has for ſome

years

years been Herbert's *pupil*, and cheerfully purſues her allotted taſk, but always ſuſpends her diligence when ſhe hears the voice of her preceptor. It was the privilege of this little community, that though each had his independent purſuit, none was inſulated from the reſt; there was no ſolitary intereſt, no undivided pleaſure. When Mr. Bruce and his young friends dwelt with delight on ſome ſplendid claſſical paſſage, Mrs. Bruce, in noticing the expreſſion of each animated countenance, had her ſhare, and perhaps the largeſt ſhare, of the enjoyment.

Another privilege belonging to this ſocial academy, was its perfect exemption from Pythagorean diſcipline. Even in the hours of ſtudy, no other laws and limitations were impoſed on the liberty of ſpeech, than thoſe which good ſenſe and good breeding dictated. In a larger circle ſuch liberality might have proved pernicious; but here, in this family of harmony and love, it produced only that flow of cheerfulneſs,

fulneſs, which is the pureſt ſource of benevolence; and improvement was not really impeded, though gaiety and good humour were eſſentially promoted, by occaſional digreſſions from books to the obſervations they ſuggeſted, Herbert was ſparing in his uſe of this privilege; but to Vallancy, it formed the firſt bleſſing of exiſtence. Lively and deſultory, he fluttered from page to page with ſuch volatile rapidity, that he would ſeem to have taſted no beauties, when he had in reality extracted all. He had a ſtrong reliſh for humour, and a moſt poignant ſenſe of ridicule; but this morning he was ſo unuſually ſerious, that not even the entrance of Celia Gladwin excited his ſpirits. He had now entered on the laſt week of his reſidence at Beachdale; and though by the ſudden death of his elder brother, on whom he conceived both his mother and grandfather to have laviſhed undue partiality, he was himſelf put in poſſeſſion of the rank and conſideration he had formerly envied, he could not

without

[illegible]

take [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

designed for the church, it was thought necessary to make him a scholar; but now that his destination was changed, it was Lord Marmiton's earnest wish that he should be ushered into society more conversant with the world. A few years ago Vallancy would have hailed with rapture the approach of liberty; but now he was serious, and Herbert almost dejected; for he had not only to endure the loss of his friend's society, but to struggle with his own eagerness to accompany him to college, to silence the whispers of ambition, and calm the ardent, aspiring soul that now languished at the name of tranquillity.

Nor was even Cordelia without her cares; since Herbert, who, in common with all juvenile masters, was apt to be somewhat rigorous in his exactions, had lately taxed her with want of memory and attention, protesting his astonishment, that she, who had heard so much and so long of Grecian and Roman history, should yet know it so little. The timid girl, who, whatever repug-

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nance ſhe might occaſionally diſcover to the requiſitions of Mrs. Bruce, to him, at leaſt, was ever loyal and obedient; after ſhedding ſome bitter tears, unſeen, unnoticed, reſolved to repel the charge, heroically reſumed her ſtudies, read by ſtealth, and with ſuch ardour, that ſhe almoſt fancied ſhe had known the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ. She commented on what ſhe had read, and, inſpired by a mind ſuperior to her own, ſoon produced a compariſon between the patriots of Greece and Rome, which would not have diſgraced her ſevere preceptor. This taſk atchieved, there yet remained another, of far greater difficulty—in what manner to preſent to his eye, for whom alone it was written, the honourable record of her diligence and docility. And now, how many plans were ſuggeſted and rejected; how many queſtions canvaſſed and diſmiſſed; how many thoughts and feelings, till then unknown, were complicated in this firſt ſecret, and were harboured in her innocent boſom. To give it to him, might appear

too

too bold; to ſlip it into his deſk, too cunning; ſhe fears not his cenſure, but feels ſhe could not bear the cold, unthankful ſilence; or, bitterer ſtill, the faint, forced praiſe. Already, on this delicate point, ſhe has acquired a new faculty of diſcrimination, that ſenſe of dignity ſhrinking from intruſion, that pride mingled with humility, which aſſerts itſelf by gentleneſs and forbearance; that tender, timid conſciouſneſs, ſo ſenſitive to alarm, ſo jealous of reproach, which belongs excluſively to the female ſoul. The reſult of all her long deliberation, was to hide her performance in Mrs. Bruce's work-baſket, leaving to chance alone to make the momentous diſcloſure.

Miſs Gladwin had alſo ample ſubject for reflection, in the expected communication. She took up the newſpaper, but in reading the debates, at every animated ſpeech, was ready to exclaim, "And ſuch ſhall be Altamont!" Nor was ſhe ſatiſfied with adjudging to him the prize of

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ſenatorial eloquence. In FANCY ſhe had long ſince burthened him with the oppreſſive charge of the budget; and being led by this reflection, to ſpeculate on future bleſſings to be derived from his adminiſtration, ſhe exclaimed, involuntarily, "What a con-
"ſolation it would be to ſee the national debt
"paid off*!" "For which," cried Vallancy,
"you require nothing more than the philo-
"ſopher's ſtone!" "Oh yes," ſaid Celia, who always overlooked raillery in her zeal for argument, "we require a patriot king,
"and an immaculate miniſtry." "Dear
"Madam, do you require only this? You
"believe then in the tranſmigration of
"ſouls." "Who, I, believe in any article
"not to be found in the church of England?"
"You admit the exiſtence of apparitions
"and dæmons." "Who, I? what do you
"take me for? I have no ſuch abſurdity."
"You at leaſt reverence the miraculous

* The obſervation of Celia will not appear ſo extravagant when it is known that it was made prior to the French revolution.

head

"head of Januarius?" "Nonsense, Vallancy; what has the head of Januarius to do with Altamont's being Prime Minister?" "Altamont! and is it from him you expect a greater miracle than was ever wrought by all the saints in the calendar?"

Celia was preparing to demand an explanation, when an incident occurred which completely deranged the argument.

CHAPTER II.

THE village of Beachdale was at ſome diſtance from any public road, and the white walls of the vicarage were ſo completely ſequeſtered, that it was poſſible to ſpend in them the longeſt ſummer's-day, without being once reminded of the buſy, turbulent world. What then was the ſurprize of its amiable inhabitants, when a chariot and four was deſcried, heavily rolling over the green ſward which impeded its progreſs, through the long winding lane, leading to the houſe. In one inſtant the family were all in motion. Even the ſedate Mr. Bruce put down his folio, and took up his pocket teleſcope; and Celia herſelf was in ſuch ſuſpenſe, that for two minutes ſhe ſtood ſtill, and looked like other people. Conjecture was now ended; for the carriage ſtopt, and the perſon alight-

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ing from it was no other than Mr. De Lille, the father of Cordelia. He was instantly surrounded by the whole family, all offering the most cordial welcome. But De Lille was evidently impatient of every impediment to his mission; and after paying his compliments to all, and most obsequiously to Vallancy, he abruptly announced the object of his visit, which was to take back his Cordelia. At the same time he assured Vallancy that both his mother and Lord Marmiton were perfectly well, and expecting to see him in his way to college.

The tears started to Cordelia's eyes, which had been radiant with joy at her father's approach. To soften her regret, De Lille assured her she should return in a few weeks to Beachdale. "But surely," cried Mrs. Bruce, "you will not leave us to-day." He was "extremely sorry, it was very unfortunate, "but it was absolutely necessary he should tear "himself away." Here again his fine eyes were cast down, whilst a conscious smile of exultation stole over his countenance. But per-

ceiving his daughter's dejection, he pinched her cheek, and promised not to detain her more than one fortnight; adding, "I have a "thousand things to say to you." Her eyes brightened at this assurance, but still her heart was heavy; and though when felicitated by her friends on her approaching excursion, she tried to smile, she felt so much more inclined to weep, that she was glad to steal out of the room, softly murmuring to herself, "Had it been but to-"morrow, I should then perhaps for *once* "have pleased Herbert." And for that once, that all-precious moment, even fancy could suggest no equivalent. The heart is too tenacious to accept a compromise. De Lille, after glancing from one to the other, with a mysterious air, addressing Mrs. Gladwin, professed to have some commission with which to entrust her; and she, enchanted with any thing in the shape of a secret, instantly arose, and with great complacency permitted him to conduct her to an arbour in the garden. Vallancy followed

them

them with his eyes; and when he obſerved Celia's energetic geſticulation, and ſaw by the violent motion of her muſcles, that ſhe was in rapturous amazement, he exclaimed, "If David Hartley had known "thee, I ſhould not have wondered at his "theory of thought and vibration." De Lille was in every reſpect the pupil of the graces, and ſtrikingly exemplified the remark of Lord Cheſterfield, that ſuperficial elegance almoſt invariably extorts ſucceſs before ſolid unattractive merit. Mr. Bruce was a man of ſound learning, of correct taſte, of ſtrict piety, and unblemiſhed reputation; but his manners were cold and reſerved, and though generally eſteemed, it was neceſſary that he ſhould be intimately known to be loved. A moderate competence had been the boundary of his ambition, and he ſeemed deſtined to live and die in quiet obſcurity.

De Lille, with ſcarcely any other advantage than a captivating exterior, though originally without fortune or connexions, had

had ſhaped his way to ſomething like diſtinction. In early life he had won the affections of a lovely girl of family, who for his ſake incurred the parental malediction, and was renounced by all her connexions. She poſſeſſed ſome fortune independent of her father, of which De Lille was put into poſſeſſion, but which was ſoon diſſipated in faſhionable follies. Reduced to indigence, he was happily recommended as private ſecretary to Lord Marmiton, who was then going abroad in a diplomatic capacity. To this politic nobleman, De Lille was fortunate enough to render ſome eſſential ſervices, and on his return to England was invited by him to ſuperintend the education of his two grandſons, till he ſhould be able to procure him a ſituation more worthy of his talents. De Lille contrived to render this office a ſinecure, by getting rid of the younger Vallancy, whoſe brilliant capacity was but too formidable to a man of his moderate attainments. Here therefore he lived at eaſe, flattered and careſſed by Lord

Marmiton, who was happy to diſcover ſo cheap a mode of compenſating former ſervices, and truſted and courted by the mother of his pupil, who commonly reſided with her father-in-law, under his immediate protection.

In the meantime, the unhappy wife of De Lille died, withering in her bloom at Beachdale, to which ſhe had retired for cheapneſs and privacy; and with her laſt breath implored Mrs. Bruce to take her little Cordelia under her maternal care. Mrs. Bruce had ſo well performed her promiſe, that Cordelia ſcarcely felt the loſs of either parent; ſhe had indeed ſometimes ſeen her father for a few days, and in common with every body elſe, thought him the handſomeſt man in the world: but it was not poſſible, during ſuch tranſient interviews, to inſpire all the filial love of which her nature was capable, and little could it occaſion ſurprize, that ſhe was alarmed by any intimation of being removed from the vicarage. It was the firſt time ſuch a requiſition had ever been made,

and

and Mrs. Bruce had a painful ſurmiſe that the ſeparation was intended to be final; ſhe therefore awaited with ſome impatience the concluſion of the conference between De Lille and Miſs Gladwin. When they at length returned, exultation was ſtill more ſtrongly imprinted in his countenance; Celia's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure, and moſt unuſually the crimſon mingled with the yellow in her ſun-burnt cheeks. "Surely," whiſpers Vallancy to Mrs. Bruce, "he has "made love to her." Mrs. Bruce was in no humour to reliſh the pleaſantry, and never was any ſurmiſe more invidious. Celia was the egotiſt of fancy, but her heart was pure from ſelfiſh feelings: nature had ſtampt on it an honourable ſingularity, for generoſity is eccentricity. A diſintereſted being is ſeldom underſtood and appreciated.

Cordelia now throwing her arms around Mrs. Bruce's neck, ſpoke not, leſt ſhe ſhould ſob aloud; her friend, equally affected, preſſed her to her boſom in ſilence; the agitated girl, ſpreading her hands over her

face, and not daring to look back, was paſſively conducted by her father to the carriage.

"Very ſtrange," cried Vallancy, "that "my mother ſhould not have written by "him, and ſtranger ſtill, that he ſhould "have come to day, when, had he waited "till next week, we might have gone "together."

"De Lille has acted with the utmoſt de-"licacy," ſaid Celia, "he has left a letter "from your mother, which he would not "produce leſt he ſhould diſtreſs you; and "he has taken away his daughter, leſt the "ſight of her ſhould offend you."

"Offend me! how can I be offended by "Cordelia?"

"You may happen to be diſpleaſed with "her father without a cauſe; for was he "bound to ſacrifice his own happineſs, and "that of a being dearer than exiſtence? "No! no! there are limitations to ſacri-"fice."

"Of what ſacrifice are you ſpeaking?"

"He

"He has ſhewn his diſintereſted regard,
"ſince her jointure cannot be touched, and
"the remainder of her fortune he reſerves
"only to the chance of ſurvivorſhip."

"For heaven's ſake, of what are you
"ſpeaking?"

"You muſt exert your magnanimity;
"he is married to your mother."

"Married to my mother! impoſſible!"

"It is true."

"What the honorable Mrs. Vallancy, the
"ſiſter of Baron Rouvigny, the diſcreet,
"prudent widow, who has lived in ſuch
"ſtrict retirement!"

"And that was the very reaſon. For one
"inſtance of love in town, there are known
"ten in the country;—then they lived in
"the ſame houſe, and love is all fatality."

"Pray, Madam, let me hear no more of
"fatalities. I do not believe it."

"There's your mother's letter, then; will
"you admit ſuch evidence?"

Vallancy tore it open, and diſcovering by the ſignature, that what he had heard was

true, threw it down indignantly, exclaiming, "Married! and within two months of my "brother's death!"

"A moſt unjuſt aſperſion," replied Celia, "they were privately united two months "before."

"What, ſteal a match too! Worſe and "worſe, the very climax of degradation! "and does my grandfather ſanction this "union?"

"Aſſuredly,—he has ſet you a noble leſſon "of moderation and magnanimity."

"Oh, ſpare me the eulogium of Lord "Marmiton's *magnanimity!* As well might "you celebrate my mother's delicacy and "propriety. No, if His Lordſhip chooſes "to harbour a paramour and a ſeducer, I "ſhall not trouble him with my preſence."

"Well, Sir, that obſtacle will ſoon be "removed; your mother and Mr. De Lille "are going abroad."

"Oh, I am glad of it, I rejoice that they "can yet feel aſhamed."

"And

"And is my ſweet Cordelia to go with "them?" ſaid Mrs. Bruce.

"I believe ſo," replied Miſs Gladwin, "but don't grieve, ſhe will be happy with "Adela."

"Oh, that was my brother's intended. "Miſs Rouvigny's fortune was to have been "kept in the family. I well know my mo- "ther's motive for taking charge of her "education; ſhe has at leaſt afforded her a "warning, if not an example."

"She may be your bride, perhaps," ſaid Celia, willing to ſoften his indignation.

"My bride! never; may I periſh if I "ever take a girl who has been brought "up under Mrs. De Lille's auſpices. As to "Lord Marmiton, he muſt act as he thinks "proper, but for myſelf, I never"—

Here Mr. Bruce entreated him to be calm. Mrs. Bruce wept. Herbert looked his feelings. Vallancy was ſo much touched by this commiſeration, that, checking his violence, he only ſaid, "Leave me to myſelf, "I will endeavour to maſter the folly. I

" am not now fit for ſociety." With theſe words he ruſhed out of the room, and retired to his own apartment.

Mrs. Bruce could not reſtrain her tears, at the idea that ſhe had finally parted from Cordelia; and Celia, willing to divert her thoughts from the principal ſubject, reminded Mr. Bruce of the promiſed communication. He looked at his wife, as if he feared to afflict her, but ſhe readily aſſented to the requeſt; and whilſt ſhe left the room to fetch the eſcritoire containing the manuſcripts, her huſband, perceiving the ſurprize in Herbert's countenance, thus addreſſed him: " You are not " ignorant that your father, Captain Alta- " mont, was ſeveral years in America, where " he married your mother, at that time in " the bloom of youth. He returned to " Europe previous to the commencement " of hoſtilities between Great Britain and " the Colonies; and that he might not ſerve " againſt a people for whom he felt paternal " affection, he ſold his commiſſion, and " leaving his wife at Beachdale, adventured

" in

" in an expedition to one of the new settle-
" ments, with the hope of soon realizing an
" ample fortune. Of the events which
" happened after his embarkation, it remains
" for your mother to inform you; and she
" will at the same time explain what our
" friend Miss Gladwin means by the myste-
" rious benefactor." At this moment Mrs. Bruce returned; when her husband, having, as he hoped, facilitated her destined task, with that innate delicacy which nature frequently denies, and which education can never fully supply, quickly withdrew, unwilling to embarrass the expression of those feelings, which the recital must call up in the heart of his beloved wife.

Mrs. Bruce then produced her escritoire, from which she took out a pocket-book inscribed with the name of *Valsinore*. " In this
" pocket-book, Herbert, you will find a little
" narrative of our misfortunes, which, had
" it pleased heaven to take me during your
" childhood, was to have served for a
" memorial of our unexpected deliver-

" ance." Here Mrs. Bruce appearing affected, Celia offered to read the letter; and almoſt tearing the paper in her eagerneſs to favor Herbert with its contents, began as follows:

" My dear ſon, I have been in great and
" overwhelming affliction, of which you, the
" innocent witneſs, were happily too young
" to partake. Leſt the hand of death ſhould
" ſnatch from you your only remaining
" parent, ſhe ſubmits to paper, for your
" future information, the events which
" ſaddened the morning of your exiſtence.
" I arrived in England with my huſband,
" and for ſome months enjoyed perfect
" felicity. Hoſtilities now commenced with
" America; and your father, though fondly
" attached to military diſtinction, renounced
" all hopes of preferment by the diſpoſal
" of his commiſſion, which he was ſenſible
" he could not keep without ſerving againſt
" my native country.

" An expedition of a commercial
" nature was at that time planned for

" the

" the New Settlements, and my husband,
" but too zealous for my welfare, and
" that of his child, resolved to engage in it
" with the greater part of his property, not
" doubting but that he should soon return
" to me with affluence at his disposal.

" Previous to his departure, he placed
" me in this quiet cottage, leaving in his
" agent's hands a considerable sum for my
" use. His temper was so sanguine, his
" heart so generous, that he seemed insen-
" sible to every thing but my comfort and
" security. When we parted, he promised
" to return in fifteen months; and though
" tears were stealing from his eyes, there
" was the smile of hope on his lips. I
" know not how I endured the separation.
" I mourned over him as if he had been
" already dead, till his first letter arrived;
" and when I saw his writing, and recalled
" his words, I seemed once more to live
" under his protection. But I was soon
" forced from our pleasant retreat, by the
" failure of the agent in whose hands he

" had placed the money deſtined for my
" ſupport.

" On this unexpected intelligence, I
" haſtened to London, though totally ig-
" norant of the forms of buſineſs, where I
" learnt that this baſe man had appropriated
" to his own emolument the money with
" which he ſhould have enſured my huſ-
" band's life and property; that he had
" abſconded with the greater part of his
" effects, and was now ſheltered from juſ-
" tice, in a foreign country. Whilſt I was
" ſtill lingering in the metropolis, unwilling
" to communicate ſuch intelligence to
" my abſent huſhand, a dreadful rumour
" reached me that, the ſhip in which he
" had ſailed was wrecked, and that all had
" periſhed. It may appear ſtrange to you
" that I, who had before deſponded, now
" reſiſted deſpair; that I clung even to
" doubt and ſuſpence, with obſtinate unbe-
" lief. But too ſoon the confirmation
" came of this fatal news, which rendered
" me the moſt deſolate of human beings. I

" was left without money in a land of
" ſtrangers; of your father's relations I
" knew nothing, but that he had renounced
" them; of his friends as little, for they
" had been eſtranged by his long abſence.
" In the great metropolis I could ſcarcely
" challenge a ſingle acquaintance. I was
" precluded from the proviſion to which,
" as an officer's widow, I ſhould have been
" entitled, by the ſale of my huſband's com-
" miſſion. The agent's fraud had inter-
" cepted whatever benefit I might have
" derived from other reſources. I had no
" means of returning to my native country,
" and had I even been tranſported thither,
" I ſhould have found no home. My family
" were all ſcattered, many had periſhed,
" and the ſurvivors were withdrawn to the
" Back Settlements.

" By the diſpoſal of my few valuables, I
" raiſed a ſmall ſum, very inadequate to
" our future ſubſiſtence. In a few months
" I became experienced in penury and mi-
" ſery, and having no other reſource, took

" in

" in plain-work; in which I perſiſted, till
" I became afflicted with a numbneſs in my
" joints, which rendered me incapable of
" that exertion. Then, indeed, I ſaw no
" help under heaven, and often did I ſay,
" I ſhall ſee my child periſh in a land of
" ſtrangers. We were lodged in a garret,
" whoſe ſmoke-ſtained walls were leſs diſ-
" guſting than the ſqualid looks and coarſe,
" brutal manners of my landlady and her
" other inmates. Often, when no longer
" able to employ my hands in induſtry, have
" I ſtolen forth with you, deareſt Herbert,
" happy to eſcape awhile from my loath-
" ſome quarters, by going to any church
" or meeting in the neighbourhood. How
" reluctantly did I quit thoſe ſacred walls,
" where I was at leaſt ſheltered from wanton
" inſult! with what bitter deſpondence did
" I turn from thoſe doors, where only ad-
" miſſion was offered to the wretched and
" the deſtitute!

" At length, after having pawned every
" article of the ſmalleſt value, I was enabled

" to

" to resume my employment, and had just
" procured a fresh supply of work, when
" my landlady, to whom I had been for
" some weeks in arrears, abruptly entering
" my wretched apartment, demanded im-
" mediate payment. Not having money
" enough to discharge the debt, I besought
" her patience till the morrow: she de-
" spised my entreaties, and after having
" cast on me the most odious aspersions,
" insisted that I should either pay, or turn
" out that very night. Terrified by her
" abuse, I promised to depart I knew not
" whither.

" Among other articles lately left in
" pawn, was an elegant seal ring, which
" I had hitherto preserved for you, as a last
" relic of your father's memory, and which I
" prized far beyond its value, because it bore
" his name, and the crest of his ancestors.
" In this extreme distress, I resolved to dis-
" pose even of this last record of my happy
" days. The shop in which it was left was
" at some distance; but I determined to go
" thither

" thither. It was a chill November even-
" ing, and much it grieved me to expose
" my Herbert to the damp unwholesome air;
" but to trust him from my arms was im-
" possible. So, wrapping my cloak round
" you, I sallied forth, a sort of desperate
" hope floating in my mind that we might
" perhaps die together.

" We had not proceeded far, when there
" came on one of those dense fogs which
" sometimes cause real alarm. It was a
" dark and fearful obscurity; even the peo-
" ple, who jostled me as they passed, till we
" came in actual contact, remained invisible.
" I knew not in what direction I was pro-
" ceeding; I knew as little whether to ad-
" vance or retreat; every moment terri-
" rified, abused, or insulted, I exclaimed,
" 'And is this England, the region of cha-
" rity and benevolence!' I was at length
" pushed down, and must have been tram-
" pled under foot, but for a gentleman,
" who, discovering our situation, raised us
" both in his arms, and finding me stunned,

" by

" by the fall, conducted us to a che-
" mist's shop, where he used proper means
" for my recovery. When I was restored
" to consciousness, my full heart relieved
" itself in tears. 'Be calm, be composed,'
" were the first words that met mine ear;
" and in a voice so deep, so clear, so har-
" monious; the first impression they gave
" me, was, that of being translated to a
" happier world. I looked up, and beheld
" a man, not aged, but venerable, whose
" countenance had in it something beyond
" frail mortality; so benign, so saintly, yet
" so noble, so majestic. Hope revived in
" my soul; and when, seeing my tears, he
" said, 'Take comfort,' I felt consoled
" already. He enquired whither I was
" going. I named the street, and he pro-
" mised to be our guard and guide. When
" we reached the place, I will own I felt
" ashamed of my sad errand; but it was
" not for me to be thus delicate: so I
" asked for the ring, and begged to receive
" its full value. The man declared he
" had

" had already advanced more than it was
" worth. At this news I ſtaggered, and
" had almoſt fainted. 'Oh, God!' cried I,
" and what will become of me?' I had
" involuntarily turned to our conductor,
" and met thoſe eyes that ſeemed to ſpeak
" only of pity and benevolence.

" 'Let me ſee the ring' cried he, 'I
" will be the purchaſer.' With theſe words
" he ſlipped into my hand five guineas, and
" then, as if to divert my attention, began to
" examine the impreſſion on the ſeal. On
" obſerving the name of Altamont, he
" changed countenance. 'Whoſe creſt is
" this?' 'It was my huſband's.' 'And is
" this your name?' 'That name, Sir, be-
" longs to me and this boy, who has now
" no other friend.' 'And have you then
" no connexions in this country?' 'No,
" Sir, I was born in America; my huſband
" brought me to England; he was then an
" officer, but ſold his commiſſion.' 'A
" commiſſion! and was he not greatly your
" elder?' 'Only fifteen years.' He raiſed
" his

" his eyes to heaven, with a piteous expreſ-
" ſion; then he breathed a deep ſigh, as if
" his ſoul was departing: but he ſhed no
" tear; and I felt that it would have been
" a ſort of ſacrilege to ſee him weep.

" Turning at length to me, as if he had
" been ſuddenly rouſed from a dream, he
" exclaimed, 'And you are my ſiſter in
" affliction, bereaved and deſolate; let me
" guide your ſteps.' I again leaned on his
" arm; but he now ſhook ſo violently that
" I had to lend him ſupport. At length he
" ſaid, 'I ſhall reſtore your ring, and to-
" morrow you muſt give me your hiſtory.'
" When we reached my ſordid door, I was
" abaſhed that he ſhould ſee me enter ſuch
" a place. Perhaps he gueſſed my feelings,
" yet he inſiſted on mounting to my garret;
" he gazed all around on the dreary walls,
" the almoſt fireleſs chimney, the bare rug
" and uncurtained bed; and, ſeating himſelf,
" exclaimed, 'I feel I am puniſhed for ob-
" duracy; what a leſſon for humanity! Tell
" me

" me by what ſtrange fatality you are thus
" cruelly reduced.'

" My ſtory was ſoon told, and when it was
" ended, I offered to confirm it by docu-
" ments, ſuch as the certificate of my
" marriage, and the inſtrument by which
" your father had ſold his commiſſion. He
" paſſed his hand over his forehead. 'No,
" no, I want no other evidence; I have that
" within,' ſtriking his breaſt, 'which vouches
" for you; too well have I preſaged that
" you were my ſiſter in affliction. And that
" poor boy, — I perceive the reſemblance;
" he is like his family.' 'How!' cried I, with
" involuntary tranſport, 'did you know my
" huſband?' He caſt down his eyes. 'I have
" ſeen him once, and in a moment never
" to be forgotten.' Theſe words were mur-
" mured in a low, deep tone, with fearful
" ſolemnity. A cloud paſſed over his
" countenance, and another piercing ſigh
" burſt from his heart. At length he aroſe
" abruptly. 'You ſhall not ſtay in this pur-
" gatory another hour: come, my inn will
" ſupply

" ſupply better accommodation for the
" night. To-morrow I leave this great city,
" never to return. I am like you, a wan-
" derer, an univerſal alien.' He then bade
" me follow him; and there was ſomething
" in his manner which compelled obe-
" dience.

" I ſuffered him to conduct us to an
" inn, where, at his requeſt, a comfort-
" able apartment was aſſigned for our uſe,
" with ſuitable accommodation. I ſaw
" him no more that night: the next
" morning the ſervant informed me, the
" foreign gentleman (for by that appel-
" lation only was he diſtinguiſhed) was
" gone out, but had left word that he ſhould
" expect to find me there in the afternoon.
" I waited with a conviction that he would
" not be unpunctual; nor was I deceived in
" my expectations: he came at the hour
" appointed, and his aſpect was calm and
" ſerene. He enquired where I had
" lived on my firſt arrival in England, and
" earneſtly recommended to me to return

" to

" to Beachdale. He then reſtored the ring,
" but without any alluſion to what had
" paſt the preceding evening. He ſat about
" half an hour; then riſing from his ſeat,
" put into my hands a pocket-book, ex-
" claiming, in a ſolemn voice, 'Be this the
" memorial of our meeting.' He then took
" you in his arms, and I perceived a tear
" drop on your cheek; but he ſoon put
" you down, without any careſſes or any
" words of tender endearment; and before I
" could articulate a word, he ſaid 'Farewell!'
" and vaniſhed. I ſtarted from my ſeat;
" I would have called him back, but an
" impreſſion of awe reſtrained my im-
" patience; I returned to the room, and
" opening the pocket-book, found the fol-
" lowing letter;

" 'In this pocket-book you will find a
" paper authorizing you to claim a certain
" ſum veſted in your and your ſon's name,
" which will at leaſt preſerve you from
" penury. Cheriſh this laſt ſcion of a noble
" houſe, and may he prove a bleſſing to his
" mother,

" mother, and an honour to his country!
" I am leaving this country, in which I find
" no place. I am a poor caſt-away; but
" wherever I may be drifted by deſtiny, be
" aſſured of my fervent prayers for your
" peace and proſperity. It has pleaſed God
" to make me your comforter, and thus to
" adminiſter to my own conſolation.

" 'VALSINORE.'

" By theſe papers, I found myſelf entitled
" to claim three thouſand pounds in the 3 per
" cents., to which, for our immediate ne-
" ceſſities, our benefactor had added a bill
" for 80l. ſo carefully had he conſidered
" every circumſtance in my ſituation. It
" will be needleſs to ſay how much I was
" oppreſſed by gratitude. It was ſome
" relief to my full heart to adopt his kind
" ſuggeſtion of returning to Beachdale;
" ſtill better would it have ſatisfied me to
" have had ſome ſtronger teſt of obedience.
" It remains for you, my ſon, to diſcharge
" the debt I owe to this myſterious being,

" who

" who has been to me a meſſenger of
" hope and mercy. May you but fulfil
" his wiſhes—and your mother muſt be
" happy."

Here Miſs Gladwin pauſed, and Mrs. Bruce ſaid, taking up the pocket-book, " I preſerved
" for you this ſacred relic of Valſinore."
" And the letter!" exclaimed Herbert. " It
" is here," ſhe replied; " I give it into your
" poſſeſſion." Her ſon received it with reverence, and eagerly enquired if ſhe had ever ſince ſeen him. " Never, Herbert,
" nor am I in the leaſt degree able to divine
" his particular motives for ſhowering on
" me ſuch munificence." " He mentioned
" my father?" " Yes, but I am wholly un-
" acquainted with any circumſtance in your
" father's life which could have related to
" ſuch a man; yet I cannot doubt that there
" was ſome ſecret cauſe for his agitation on
" diſcovering the name of Altamont. And
" now," continued ſhe, " I have only to
" add, that on my marriage with Mr. Bruce,
" he inſiſted on ſecuring Valſinore's bounty
" for

" for your ſole advantage. It is wholly
" yours; and I doubt not you will uſe it
" wiſely." " And," rejoined Celia, who had hitherto been ſilent, " I truſt *nobly*." She fixed her eyes on Herbert, who was at that moment ſo little diſpoſed to bear the ſcrutiny that he ſuddenly darted from the room, and walked out, invoking the ſpirits of ſolitude and meditation to calm his perturbed mind. This romantic friend gazing after him, exclaimed, " The ſpell works; he has
" received the impreſſion; that letter ſhall
" be to him like the inſcription on the buſt
" of Brutus, ' Thou ſleepeſt.' Brutus
" awoke, and ſo ſhall Altamont: he is
" nearly eighteen, and ought to put on the
" manly toga. Ah! I ſee it in his eyes;
" he will reſtore the honours of his houſe.
" Truſt me, he is born to be a peer of the
" realm, and to rival the nobleſt of his
" anceſtors."

CHAPTER III.

WHOEVER has been ſuddenly preſented with a living example of virtue, long ſince cheriſhed in the dreams of fancy, but never before atteſted on the records of experience, will eaſily conceive with what rapturous emotions Altamont contemplated the ſublime character of Valſinore. Hitherto his ſenſibilities had been reſtrained by a ſituation which gave no ſcope for energy or enthuſiaſm. In the reſpectable Mr. Bruce, he had an object of eſteem; in his mother, of tenderneſs and affection; in Vallancy he had a companion for his gayer hours; but no where did he find the being who anſwered to himſelf, who could partake his higher feelings, and at once excite and ſatisfy his nobleſt faculties.

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The myſtery of Valſinore had revealed to him his own heart, and the ardent romantic ſpirit, ſo long latent and repreſſed, burſt forth; his mental horizon was ſuddenly expanded, a new glory ſeemed to emanate on the earth; he felt ennobled by the thought that he belonged to the ſame nature with ſo exalted a being.—"And ſhall I never ſee him!" cried he; "this man of ſorrows, as he calls himſelf, "bereaved and deſtitute, yet lives to com-"fort the helpleſs and afflicted." At this moment even gratitude was abſorbed in a ſtronger ſentiment. He read and re-read the letter, and dwelt with mingled diffidence and pride on the paſſage in which he was mentioned as a future honor to his country. For the firſt time he remembered, with complacency, the dignity of his family, and became ambitious, not only of diſtinction, but of excellence.

Nothing could have been more flattering to Miſs Gladwin's prognoſtics than to have witneſſed his perturbation; but when he

returned to the domeſtic circle he had reſumed his wonted ſelf-command; and as he had the defect incident to all characters of extreme ſuſceptibility, that of being diſpoſed to diſtruſt the ſympathy of others, he ſtruggled to conceal thoſe high-impaſſioned feelings for which he expected neither participation nor indulgence. In vain, therefore, did Celia watch his countenance, in which the ſtrong impreſſions he had lately received were no longer legible.

In a few hours, Vallancy had alſo recovered his ſpirits, and freely indulged his ſatiric vein againſt the inconſtancy of women. The next day he received a letter from his grandfather, requeſting him to viſit his mother, for whoſe conduct he ſeemed diſpoſed to ſuggeſt excuſes; for his Lordſhip was the moſt candid of all human beings, whenever he had no intereſt to be otherwiſe. In the preſent inſtance he conſidered that the evil was without a remedy; and ſince he was fully ſenſible of his

his own ſerious obligations to De Lille, he was, perhaps, in his heart not very ſorry, that his daughter-in-law had ſaved him the trouble of repaying them; finally he reflected, that his grandſon's intereſts were not eſſentially injured, ſince of her jointure he could not be deprived; and of her remaining property, ſhould ſhe ſurvive her preſent huſband, ſhe might diſpoſe in his favor.

Luckily for the ſucceſs of his negociation, he concealed in his own boſom this conſolatory reflection, or it would have produced an effect far different from what he wiſhed in the high-ſpirited Vallancy; how, after two or three other ineffectual attempts at reconciliation, at length graciouſly conſented to meet his mother in London, on the expreſs condition that there ſhould be no witneſs of their interview. He was induced to make this reſtriction, by having diſcovered, in his correſpondence with Lord Marmiton, that his mother had transferred to him her intereſt with the young lady previouſly deſtined to his brother; and that much of her anxiety

to effect the reconciliation arose from her zeal to secure Adela and her fortune to her own family. There was a natural perverseness in Vallancy's temper, which, though softened, was not subdued: to have persisted in open hostility to his mother would have given him pain; but indirectly to thwart her views, and mortify her expectations, afforded him extreme pleasure.—He was happy to have found out the means of inflicting punishment, at the very moment when he seemed to have overlooked the delinquency; and when he met Mrs. De Lille, affected to have conceived an antipathy to her niece in childhood; protesting he wondered his brother could have been induced to think of her.

He was infinitely amused by her solicitude to remove this prejudice: he listened with malicious exultation to her assurances that Adela was so much improved in person and manner that he could no longer know her; and with contempt, to her repeated insinuations, that whenever he went abroad

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it would be incumbent on him to viſit his uncle Baron Rouvigny, who was by birth an Iriſhman, but had entered the Auſtrian ſervice, and held a poſt of conſiderable eminence under the Emperor Joſeph.

Vallancy aſſented to all ſhe ſaid, ſecretly wiſhing that this viſit ſhould be deferred till his couſin's return to England; for as great part of her fortune had been bequeathed by her maternal grandfather, on condition that ſhe ſhould marry an Engliſhman, the Baron had conſented that ſhe ſhould always make her reſidence in this country.

Flattered by her ſon's conceſſions, Mrs. De Lille parted from him with ſtrong profeſſions of attachment, and two days after, accompanied by her huſband, her niece, and Cordelia, embarked for Oſtend, in her way to Franckfort. The latter ſent, on this occaſion, a farewell letter to Mrs. Bruce, expreſſing, with much ſimple pathos, her grief and ſurprize at not having been allowed to reviſit Beachdale: ſhe begged to be remembered moſt gratefully to Herbert,

but never alluded to the manuſcript left in her friend's cuſtody. She ſeemed already to have learnt reſerve, and to have ſubmitted to reſtraint.

Altamont would have miſſed his little intereſting pupil, had he not been now completely abſorbed by the idea of Valſinore. Since Vallancy's departure he had indulged a thouſand romantic dreams in his ſolitary rambles, and was happy to eſcape from any ſociety which interfered with theſe delightful ſpeculations. Miſs Gladwin obſerved the change with delight, Mrs. Bruce with alarm, her huſband with regret. It was in vain to urge on him the neceſſity of chooſing a profeſſion; the young man revolted at its limitation: he no longer deſired to go to college; he rather wiſhed to explore ſome other country, with the vague hope of meeting with the myſterious ſtranger. At this time an incident occurred the moſt favourable to his wiſhes. By the death of his maternal uncle, a ſmall eſtate near Lauſanne devolved on Mr. Bruce, who having

having always hoped to ſpend his laſt days in Switzerland, joyfully reſigned his curacy, and diſmiſſing his two pupils whom he had received ſince Vallancy's eſtabliſhment at college, prepared to fix his reſidence in Switzerland. Mrs. Bruce readily acquieſced in the change. Inured in youth to adverſity, ſhe ſubmitted gracefully to all the lighter trials of domeſtic life; and though proud to conſider her ſon as an Engliſhman, ſhe had no difficulty in conſenting to love her huſband's country as her own. The only objection ſhe could have formed to the propoſal was obviated by the ardour with which Altamont offered to accompany them, and which rendered her ſatisfaction complete. But it was otherwiſe with Miſs Gladwin, who ceaſed not to employ all her emphatic arguments againſt a waſte of talents ſo contrary, as ſhe conceived, to the wiſhes of Valſinore.

She had been one morning expatiating on this ſubject with even more than uſual energy, when a letter arrived addreſſed for

Altamont. The character was unknown, and he tore open the ſeal with impatience; but great was his ſurprize when a bill for 150l. dropped from the envelope, which contained only theſe words, " Accept the " incloſed, to enable you to purſue your " ſtudies at college, to become an honour " to your country,—from your father's " friend."—" And does he really exiſt?" cried Altamont. " No doubt he does," echoed Miſs Gladwin, who had carefully watched the variation in his countenance, " and he commands you to go to college." " —Surely," cried Mrs. Bruce, " this can- " not come from our benefactor, the writ- " ing is ſo different."—" But there is the " initial of his name on the ſeal," ſaid Miſs Gladwin.—" That V." rejoined Altamont, " might ſuit Vallancy, but then he is ig- " norant of the circumſtance." Here Miſs Gladwin pointed out the phraſe " an honour to his country," ſo exactly correſponding with the ſentence employed by Valſinore. This evidence appeared almoſt concluſive

even

even with the rational, judicious paſtor, when his wife ſuggeſted that the incloſure might perhaps come from De Lille, in return for her attentions to his daughter; and ſhe fancied ſhe had once mentioned the circumſtance to Miſs Gladwin in Cordelia's preſence, who might eaſily have furniſhed her father with the neceſſary hints for aſſuming the character of Valſinore. The downright Mr. Bruce could ſee no cauſe for ſuch ſubtle refinement. Beſides, De Lille was too vain to hide his beneficence; Altamont recoiled from the ſuppoſition; Miſs Gladwin proteſted againſt it; and the ſubject was finally diſmiſſed for another equally intereſting. It was decided that Altamont ſhould loſe no time in going to Cambridge, and that his viſit to Switzerland ſhould be deferred to a later period. His mother endeavoured to ſubdue her ſelfiſh regrets, and Mr. Bruce, happy to obſerve that the mind was rouſed from its dream of romance, no longer inſiſted on the ſubject of a profeſſion, but truſted to chance and opportunity for Altamont's making a final deciſion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE reunion of the two young friends was a ſource of mutual pleaſure: though eſſentially different in character, they were now aſſociated in ſimilar purſuits, and aſpired without rivalry to the ſame object: but Vallancy, was ſtill as little capable as ever of ſympathizing in Altamont's romantic enthuſiaſm; and Altamont, to eſcape the raillery of Vallancy, was often at ſome pains to conceal his own feelings. Thus, though he had now communicated all he knew, he was far from confeſſing all he expected, of his myſterious benefactor; and Vallancy, though ſtruck with the circumſtance, could not help hazarding the facetious ſurmiſe, that the late donation had come from the preſiding genius of love and marriage, the fairy Amatonda, by which name he always deſignated Miſs Gladwin.

Gladwin. "You forget," ſaid Altamont, "that the amount doubles her income." "Really that is a very impertinent ſuggeſ-"tion now," anſwered Vallancy; "how-"ever, who knows but ſhe may be in poſ-"ſeſſion of ſome wonder-working taliſ-"man?" "Who knows, indeed," ſaid Altamont, "but I have been a changeling, and "that I ſhall at ſome future period become "an emperor?"

With all theſe points of diſagreement, there ſubſiſted between the young men a ſtrong and ſincere attachment. There was no claſhing of intereſt; no contention for pre-eminence. Vallancy was content with popularity; Altamont, aſpired to fame. The former ſlighted the muſes for the graces, and was more ambitious of poſſeſſing wit than eloquence; he cultivated his taſte for ſatire, and was always throwing out epigrammatic cenſures; not becauſe he was ill-natured, but becauſe he aimed at being *piquant*. Altamont on the contrary, employed no arts to extort applauſe; ſaw few by whoſe notice he could be flattered, and none

none with whoſe praiſe he ſhould be ſatisfied. In one word, as Celia once obſerved, with her uſual aptneſs at claſſical alluſion, Altamont would have accepted only of the *triumph*, whilſt Vallancy would have canvaſſed for the *ovation*.

The two friends ſpent the long autumnal vacation at Lord Marmiton's ſeat, which was diſtant about twenty-five miles from Beachdale. Among the other viſitors collected by his hoſpitality, was a young man, ſome years older than Altamont, who had been lately recommended to his Lordſhip's patronage. His name was Woodville; born in the condition of a gentleman, and accuſtomed rather to confer favors than to ſolicit them, he was altogether new to the ſtate of dependence. He had loſt his father in infancy; his education was domeſtic; and the ſenſibilities of his ſoul had been foſtered by maternal tenderneſs. Endued with exquiſite ſympathies, and a delicacy which ſhould ſeem to belong excluſively to the female character, he wanted but the boons

of fortune to have been the friend and benefactor of mankind; but his mother, who had been left encumbered with a law-ſuit, after a long interval of ſuſpence, was ſuddenly by its unfavourable termination reduced to a ſmall ſtipend, which being only for her life, ſecured no proviſion to her beloved Euſtace. Being like the reſt of his family, a Catholic, he was excluded by his religion from moſt of the profeſſions; and by his habits of elegance and refinement, unfitted for ordinary purſuits and vulgar occupations. They had hitherto reſided in a beautiful retirement, in the North of England; but it was too painful to remain in the ſame neighbourhood, exciting pity, where they had formerly diſpenſed charity. They therefore removed to a village near London, where the affectionate mother flattered herſelf it was impoſſible, but with all their numerous and reſpectable friends, they ſhould meet with ſome who were both willing and able to make exertions of intereſt in favor of her ſon.

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Of all men, perhaps Woodville was the moſt irreſiſtibly engaging; but the leaſt likely to force his way to preferment: not only his delicacy revolted from the meanneſs of ſolicitation; but his honor, his integrity, and even his benevolence. He was always placing himſelf in the ſituation of thoſe from whom he expected aſſiſtance: his candid mind ſuggeſted the various calls on their duty, the numerous claimants for their influence; he was grieved to occupy their precious moments; grieved to be the occaſion of intercepting one of their ſocial pleaſures. But if his *friend* had to aſk another *friend*, for his ſake to be expoſed to rudeneſs and repulſe, he was oppreſſed by gratitude; he was overwhelmed with thankfulneſs; whatever ſucceſs reſulted from the magnanimous effort, his generous, ſuſceptible ſoul could ſet no limits to the kindneſs and the obligation.

With ſuch feminine diffidence, and ſuſceptibility, Woodville was certain to be neglected and forgotten. In the courſe of a few

a few months, he learnt from experience, not indeed to ſuſpect a promiſe, (for of *that* his honorable nature was not capable,) but to diſtruſt its performance. Still his heart reſiſted chagrin, in ſubmitting to diſappointment; he was ſo ſuſceptible of enthuſiaſm, ſo tremblingly alive to the intereſts, the purſuits, the pleaſures of others, he was ſo much gratified by participation, ſo acceſſible to all amiable and happy influences, that he ſeemed to ſhare the felicity he witneſſed; and when he was admitted to ſome cheerful domeſtic circle, forgot his own mortifications, and felt that he was ſatisfied. Hitherto, however, he was but little acquainted with real adverſity. His mother's ſtipend, ſmall as it was, ſecured them from penury; honour, delicacy, in ſome degree, ſupplied to both the place of diſcretion. They contracted no debts, and cheerfully ſubmitted to privations to preſerve tranquillity. Woodville had ſtill acceſs to elegant ſociety; and his mother, though ſhe renounced the world for her-

ſelf,

ſelf, yet for his ſake, was anxious to preſerve their common connexions; and when ſhe ſaw his preparations to viſit thoſe ſhe had once hoſpitably entertained at her own table, was flattered by a ſecret preſage of his approaching fortune. Among his various well-wiſhers, he at length obtained an introduction to Lord Marmiton, who was well pleaſed to add to his liſt of dependents, a gentleman of Woodville's appearance, and cordially invited him for the ſhooting ſeaſon, to his ſplendid manſion. Woodville was ſo touched by the unexpected kindneſs, that without ſharing in his mother's ſanguine anticipations, he was full of gratitude and delight; for when he received from another that delicate attention which his own heart would have dictated, he rejoiced not merely for his own ſake, but for the credit of human nature; and ſaid to himſelf, 'I am ſatisfied.' Under ſuch pleaſing auſpices was Altamont's acquaintance formed with Woodville, who was ever afterwards accuſtomed

to

to confider this circumftance as one of the few bright fpecks in his exiftence. His fociety was an incalculable improvement to his young friend; fince Woodville had wifdom for every body but himfelf, and condemned, by his precepts, even the romance he fanctioned with his example. In his private converfations with Altamont, he ftrenuoufly recommended him to purfue the bar, for which he poffeffed talents. "No man," added he, breathing a confcious figh, "can fo truly appreciate the "advantage of a profeffion, as the man "who is without one." He encouraged not the vifionary hope of meeting Valfinore. "Make honour," faid he, "your firft "object, and leave to chance the reft."

With all his rationality, however, there were fome fubjects on which Woodville vied with Altamont in enthufiaftic fentiment: he had an ardent belief in human excellence, and for human errors, unbounded charity: never was there a more liberal or more benevolent faith.

In

In this delightful intercourſe nothing was wanting but mutual confidence; but the delicacy of Woodville's mind revolted from a full diſcloſure of his ſituation. Why ſhould he ſadden his friend with the repreſentation of evils he could not redreſs? Why abridge the few brief moments of happineſs, by anticipations of future care and embarraſſment? This fatal period approached ſooner than he expected. His mother was ſuddenly attacked by alarming ſymptoms, and he haſtened back to her humble home, only to watch one night by her pillow, and ſee her die. On the firſt news of her illneſs, he had felt too much for her to feel for himſelf; grief excluded all ſordid participation with care; poverty was forgotten, and every want, or privation, of which the heart was not ſenſible.

On quitting Lord Marmiton's ſplendid manſion, he had made no proviſion for this event; and His Lordſhip, who had never intended to offer any thing better than polite attentions, ſuffered him to depart with abundant

abundant profeſſions of concern, and no alluſion to his former promiſes, which Woodville never meant to recall to his memory. It was enough for him that he had received kindneſs: he had not only too much delicacy to be importunate; he was too grateful to be intruſive.

Altamont heard with deep concern of his friend's domeſtic loſs, and believed he fully ſympathized in his feelings. Little did he think for what worſe cares, what revolting purſuits, his penſive friend was compelled to forſake his cheriſhed parent's lonely grave. Little did he imagine in what difficulties he was involved, or what bitter cauſe there was to mourn the loſs of freedom and independence. The ſpirit of Woodville could not eaſily adapt itſelf to his fortunes. He ſtill felt as a gentleman, even when forced to deſcend to revolting occupations for immediate ſubſiſtence. He ſtill loved mankind when he was pining in neglect; and even cheriſhed dreams of benevolence, when he was himſelf the victim

of

of ſelfiſhneſs and apathy. It is true he now ſhunned his former friends and aſſociates; but it was to ſpare them the pain of witneſſing his ſtruggles with miſery.

With Altamont, however, he continued to correſpond, though always with the ſame reſervation on his own affairs. But however he might ſuppreſs ſuch facts, he was ſometimes unable to diſguiſe his feelings; and he occaſionally wrote from the impreſſion of the moment, but without any reference to his own deſtiny. "It is a great evil," ſaid he, in one of his letters, "to have been "born a gentleman. It is without wealth "an attainder of all our uſeful and happy faculties." "It is dangerous," ſaid he in another, "to cheriſh the dreams "of fancy, for they make the heart ſenſible "at every pore." In another letter, he ſaid, "An unfortunate man bears the curſe "of Cain: every one fears as an *enemy*, "the wretch who is known to want a "*friend*."

In

In general his letters were of a more cheerful turn: he continued to give Altamont the beſt advice, playfully obſerving, "that "ſince Prudence would not ſtay in his ark, "he hoped ſhe would take up her abode "in the olive bower of his romantic friend." It at length happened, however, that Altamont was accidentally informed that Woodville was in indigent obſcurity. He had juſt received a ſecond remittance from his unknown patron, and immediately diſpatched two-thirds of it to his diſtreſſed friend, though, by this frank liberality, he rendered himſelf unable to accompany Vallancy on his tour through Italy; and highly was that gay companion offended when he perſiſted in not leaving England till another year. But the tranſient petulance was ſoon ſubdued; and they parted with unaffected cordiality, nearly at the ſame time that the De Lilles, accompanied by Miſs Rouvigny and her father, returned to England, and took up their reſidence in Beachdale. Altamont, who was no longer noticed by Lord

Marmiton,

Marmiton, ſpent his vacations in London, where he had hoped once more to enjoy the ſociety of Woodville.

In this expectation he was diſappointed; as never once, ſince his liberal remittance, had he received from him any epiſtolary communication. He could not doubt but that Woodville ſurmiſed from what quarter the bounty came, and was reſolved, by this ſeemingly ungrateful ſilence, to reſtrain his future liberality. To conſole him for this chagrin, he had the ſatisfaction to receive a third annual remittance, with an intimation that this was the laſt time he would be addreſſed in England, ſince his friend wiſhed him to ſpend two years on the Continent. He was then enjoined to return to his native country, where, if he was not wanting to himſelf, he might one day poſſeſs both fame and fortune.

There was ſomething in the ſtyle of the laſt epiſtle which irreſiſtibly brought Miſs Gladwin before his eyes; but, recollecting her narrow circumſtances, he inſtantly condemned

demned the ſuggeſtion, and was happy to diſmiſs an idea ſo little congenial to his romantic feelings. The bill now incloſed was for 300l., by which it appeared that the donor had nicely calculated the period of his abſence. He prepared therefore for his journey with joyful alacrity.

Independent of his ardent longings to ſee ſo claſſical a country as Italy, he had the delightful anticipations of viſiting Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, in their romantic retreat, and of being re-united to his friend Vallancy. Amidſt theſe agreeable expectations, how was his joy enhanced, by hearing, juſt as he was on the eve of embarkation, that his friend Woodville, who had been for ſome months engaged as domeſtic tutor in a family in Ireland, was married to a young lady who had been one of its inmates, and who poſſeſſed a handſome fortune.

Of this report, as uſual, half was truth, and the other falſehood. It was no miſtake that Woodville had held the ſituation of tutor; it was equally correct that he had

 married;

married; but the lady ſo choſen was merely a poor dependant, who, by partaking his chagrins, had inſenſibly ſtolen his affections.

Too generous to involve another being in his adverſity, Woodville would have ſtruggled with his own paſſion, had not the too ſuſceptible girl ſo weakly betrayed her feelings to obſervation, as to incur for his ſake the contempt and cenſure of her ungentle patroneſs. Not only *love*, but *honour*, now impelled him to reſcue his amiable victim from unkindneſs and reproach; but when he frankly offered his hand, he concealed not how ſmall the ſum of worldly goods he had to beſtow; but poor as he was, he joyfully pledged himſelf to her protection; and unfortunate as he was, ſhe rejoiced to become the partner of his poverty.

Immediately after this inauſpicious union, he returned with his bride to London, intending, for her ſake, to overcome his repugnance to ſolicit favours, and boldly to challenge aſſiſtance from his former connexions.

Had he happened to meet with Altamont, he would probably have renewed his application to Lord Marmiton, but Woodville was not ſo fortunate; and happening to procure a ſedentary occupation, ſufficiently lucrative for preſent exigencies, his ſanguine temper again took the tone of hope, and he truſted he ſhould ſtill preſerve his cheriſhed independence. With ſuch cheering expectations, he entered gaily on his irkſome taſk, and was contented by purſuing his labours with his wife ſmiling by his ſide, at the very moment when Altamont, in the perſuaſion that he was reſtored to affluence, diſmiſſed his image from his mind, as he joyfully embarked for another country.

CHAPTER V.

WHILST Altamont is travelling with equal pleaſure and improvement, let us return to Cordelia, who once more reſides in the ſame village where ſhe ſpent her bliſsful childhood; but ſhe is no longer an inmate of the happy vicarage; no longer belongs to a houſehold of peace, harmony, and love. Immured in Vallancy Houſe (which manſion was annexed to Mrs. De Lille's jointure by her former huſband,) ſhe can ſcarcely believe ſhe is really reſtored to the place where ſhe once found the day too ſhort for enjoyment; ſhe beholds indeed the ſame landſcape, yet ſeems tranſported to another region. She is herſelf changed from the playful child, aſpiring to notice and ambitious of praiſe, to a reflective rational being; ſhe has learnt to reſpect herſelf, and to refer her actions to a higher

teſt

teſt than human authority. Young as ſhe is, ſhe has already loſt the firſt impreſſions of the youthful ſoul, the dear ſacred privilege of approaching a protector with filial reverence, and the delights of confidence unbounded as affection. Separated from her father almoſt from the cradle, his image was always dear to her fancy, and, till he tore her from the beloved vicarage, ſhe allotted to him a large portion of her childiſh love. But he had ſhocked her confidence by employing deception to ſoften her regret, and as ſhe had ever been accuſtomed to truth and ſimplicity, ſhe could not reconcile the infringement of a promiſe with her ideas of rectitude, and ſhe felt that, though ſhe might love her father, ſhe could not truſt him.

This impreſſion produced an involuntary habit of vigilance repugnant to her nature; ſhe watched his looks and compared his word with his actions; ſhe was grieved and amazed to diſcover ſo little uniformity between them; ſhe could not analyſe her feelings, but ſhe had an intuitive conviction

that ſhe ſhould never look up to him as ſhe had been accuſtomed to do to Mr. Bruce, and ſhe often caught herſelf aſking, "What "would Herbert ſay to this?" When Cordelia left the vicarage, her character was only in its germ, and had ſhe been happy in her new ſituation, it is probable ſhe would in time have forgotten thoſe precepts ſhe now recalled with reverence, and imbibed the ſentiments of her new aſſociates. But to felicity, ſince her departure from Beachdale, ſhe was wholly eſtranged; by Mrs. De Lille ſhe was treated with cold conſtrained civility; by her father, with inexplicable alternations of fondneſs and indifference; and it was ſome time before even the youthful Adela regarded her with kindneſs and cordiality.

Thus left to herſelf, ſhe acquired habits of reflection not common to her age; ſhe obſerved, ſhe compared, ſhe reaſoned, ſhe became every day more diſintereſted in her motives, more ſtable in her ſentiments. To eſcape from preſent toil, ſhe yielded to the illu-

illufions of fancy, and was always imagining fome fcenes of domeftic happinefs from which fhe was excluded. At times, too, fhe had her fnatches of enjoyment, when her father betrayed no affectation, and his wife fhewed no fullennefs, and harmony, if not confidence, was eftablifhed between them. On fuch *Sabbaths* of peace fhe refigned herfelf to the fweet impreffions of youth and hope; her heart rejoiced in nature's joys; fhe tafted the luxury of innocence and virtue.

For the firft year after her return to Beachdale, fhe was folaced with the friendfhip of Adela Rouvigny, who now lavifhed on her confidence and affection. This cordial union was equally difpleafing to the fpecious De Lille and his manœuvring partner. The latter had that paffive felfifhnefs which takes fhelter in obliquity, without venturing on any pofitive violation of rectitude; fhe would have fhuddered at perjury, yet fcrupled not to employ duplicity and deception; fhe would not have invented a calumny, but was always ready to propagate fcandal; as fhe

was ſtrenuous in purſuing her own real or imaginary intereſts, ſhe was apt to attribute the ſame ſiniſter views to others, and conſequently paſſed her life in ceaſeleſs and often cauſeleſs perturbation and anxiety. In marrying De Lille ſhe had offered violence to her own character, which was incapable of delicacy or generoſity; nor was her paſſion ſufficiently ardent to blind her to the defects of him for whom ſhe had made the ſacrifice; ſhe was too quick-ſighted not to diſcover that her huſband was anxious to captivate all womankind; the torch of love ſoon grew dim, obſcured by the ſullen gloom of jealouſy.

De Lille, in whom vanity was the maſter-paſſion, was at once teazed and flattered by her ſolicitude. He piqued himſelf, with ſome reaſon, on his powers of faſcination with the female ſex; and ſo highly did he prize his ſuppoſed ſupremacy, that he even laviſhed compliments on Cordelia and Adela, with the hope of enchanting them by his gallantry. To pleaſe his wife, he would often

often extol the beauty of her niece; and whenever he had a point to carry, he affected to treat his daughter with coldness and neglect. In spite of finesse and artifice, Mrs. De Lille, with her usual aptitude in imagining evil, imputed to him the design of uniting Cordelia to Vallancy, to the exclusion of her darling scheme of Adela Rouvigny., Whenever this suspicion possessed her mind, she was gloomy and intractable, and Cordelia was the first to feel that she had offended, without divining the nature of her transgression.

It is doubtful whether the matrimonial scheme so much deprecated by his wife, would have entered into De Lille's calculations, had it not been so often mentioned in their altercations, that he began to consider whether it was not feasible, and was actually excited by her accusations to make the very effort she so much wished to prevent. Happily for his hopes, the Baron Rouvigny, after remaining some months in England, was obliged to return to the continent, and his daugh-

ter was ſo much alarmed by his declining health, that ſhe inſiſted on being his companion.

Mrs. de Lille was inexpreſſibly grieved by her departure; but conſoled herſelf with the reflection, that perhaps her ſon might meet with her on his travels; or at all events, if ſhe married a foreigner, the eſtate, which formed her greateſt attraction, would revert to her own family. From this period, however, ſhe grew more and more diſſatisfied with her huſband and herſelf. Vallancy became the object of her moſt bigotted attachment. She talked of him continually, and her eulogies were always accompanied by a diſdainful glance at the innocent Cordelia.

A few days after Adela's departure, Cordelia was cheered by the ſight of Miſs Gladwin, who, though no longer admitted to the vicarage, continued her annual viſit to Beachdale, where ſhe had found an aſylum of peace and content for an old lady ſhe was accuſtomed to call her *protegée*, and was through

through her means, admitted as a boarder to the family of a wealthy farmer, reſiding in the village. Miſs Gladwin was cordially invited to Vallancy houſe, where ſhe at firſt amuſed Mrs. De Lille with her eccentricities, as much as by her ſpontaneous admiration ſhe flattered her huſband; whilſt Cordelia was more happy than ſhe could expreſs, to converſe with one who correſponded with Mrs. Bruce, and ſometimes received a few lines from Altamont.

The genial influence of joy called up to her countenance ſo many nameleſs charms of animation, that De Lille, meeting her juſt after ſhe had parted from Celia in the park, could not help exclaiming,

"Cordelia, how aſtoniſhingly you are im-
"proved ſince your return to England! You
"are now ten times more beautiful than
"your mother ever was."

Cordelia felt her heart beat at this unexpected compliment, for ſhe thought how much ſhe ſhould like to be now ſeen by Herbert.

Her father, tapping her cheek, ſaid, " Play " your cards well, and you ſhall be a viſ- " counteſs."

" A viſcounteſs, Sir?"

" It will be ſtrange indeed, if you are " not preferred to Adela."

Cordelia now comprehending his meaning, ſaid very ſeriouſly, " Heaven forbid, I " ſhould ever interfere with the happineſs " of one I love."

" Pooh, don't you know ſhe is rich, and " may have the peerage at her feet; but " you, Cordelia, have no fortune, and mine " depends on contingency."

At this ſpeech ſhe caſt down her eyes, abaſhed and ſilent.

" How now, girl, are you angry with your " father, for wiſhing to ſee you a peereſs?"

" Ah, Sir, angry is not the word I can " ever uſe with you."

" But you are diſpleaſed, Cordelia."

" I was grieved, Sir," ſhe heſitated for a moment; then raiſing her eyes, added with gentle firmneſs, " I would not, for the world, " be

" be acceſſory to the diſappointment of one
" who loves you."

" Why, ſhe loves not you, Cordelia."

" Let me at leaſt be grateful to her for
" your ſake."

" Well, well, do not be ſo pathetic; I
" only meant a little pleaſantry."

" No," cried ſhe eagerly, " I am ſure
" you did not."

" But ſuppoſing I had been ſerious, what
" then, Cordelia?"

Too ſincere to diſſemble, ſhe returned no anſwer. De Lille, flinging from her contemptuouſly, added with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, " I ſuppoſe you meant to renounce your
" father. Thanks to Mr. Bruce and his pious
" wife, for having filled your head with ſuch
" puritanical vagaries. Pity but you were
" a catholic, to be canonized."

Here, to the infinite relief of Cordelia, the converſation was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Frederick Mowbray, who was one of the few viſitors always welcomed to Vallancy houſe. This gentleman, who was now little

little more than thirty, had married in early life a woman of fashion, from whom he was soon obliged to separate. Respect for her connexions, or regard for his own interests, prevented his seeking a divorce. To divert his chagrin, he had plunged into political intrigues, and for some time acquitted himself with respectability in a post of some eminence.

By a change of administration, he was obliged to retreat from public life; and in this interval of leisure returned to St. Quintin's abbey, which was in the neighbourhood of Beachdale. It was here he renewed his acquaintance with Baron Rouvigny, to whom he was related; and who, anticipating his own dissolution, induced his daughter to name him as her guardian, Sir Frederic accepted the trust, and was in consequence almost considered as a part of the family. Without being brilliant, he had much of the spirit of society, and was universally acceptable to his acquaintance. He had the happy art of putting people in good humour with themselves.

ſelves. He was every where diſmiſſed with praiſe, and by every one greeted with complacency. Since he had been elected the guardian of Miſs Rouvigny, he had affected to conſider her as his pupil. Every morning he had ſome book to read, ſome drawings to criticiſe, or ſome muſic to correct; and Cordelia ſhared in his inſtructions, and at leaſt divided, if ſhe did not engroſs his attentions.

The ſight of Sir Frederic Mowbray was at any time ſufficient to reſtore De Lille to good humour; he therefore inſtantly reſumed his ſmiles, whilſt Cordelia, unwilling to betray her agitation, haſtily withdrew to her chamber to meditate and weep. She was convinced that her father really meant what he had ſaid of Vallancy; ſhe felt aſhamed and afflicted for his ſake; ſhe ſtruggled in vain to think him worthy of eſteem and confidence. A ſecret terror oppreſt her innocent heart; ſhe trembled, leſt ſhe ſhould have admitted ſome improper ſuſpicion, or harboured ſome unfilial ſentiment. She

determined

determined to compenſate, as far as poſſible, by ſubmiſſion, for the involuntary failure of affection; and ſhe longed to ſhew attention where ſhe could not compel reverence.

For ſome days, therefore, after this interview ſhe eagerly waited for her father's commands, and anticipated his wiſhes; ſhe preſented his favourite flowers, and played whatever air or leſſon ſhe had heard him approve; but De Lille was too much offended to afford her the ſatisfaction ſhe coveted; his vanity was wounded; ſhe had inflicted a pang on his egotiſm by manifeſting her regard for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, to whom he grudged even that eſteem he thought not worth the trouble to purchaſe. Scornfully, therefore, did he reject all her ſilent pleadings, her amiable advances to reconciliation; when ſhe practiſed his favourite leſſons, he turned away in ungracious ſilence, or addreſſed her with a ſarcaſtic look as *Saint* Cordelia. Mrs. De Lille perceiving his ſullen eſtrangement, without gueſſing the cauſe, became,

ſhe

ſhe knew not why, diſpoſed to treat her with more kindneſs and complacency.

Sir Frederic, entering one day and perceiving her unuſual dejection, took occaſion to urge her to devote more time to muſic.

" Sir," ſaid De Lille, " ſhe ſcorns the " gamut; nothing ſatisfies her but dactyles " and ſpondees. Would you believe it? ſhe " ſeeks ſolitude, not to improve in any ele- " gant accompliſhment, but to pore over " a dead language."

" Indeed, Sir," replied Cordelia, affecting to ſmile, " I do not think you can prove " that allegation."

" Did I not detect you yeſterday in ex- " plaining a muſty epitaph?"

Here he looked at his wife, from whom he expected the moſt cordial ſupport, well knowing with what antipathy ſhe always ſpoke of a learned lady. To his ſurprize ſhe was ſilent, and Sir Frederic ſaid he ſhould be proud if he might there alſo be permitted to aſſiſt her ſtudies.

" Why

"Why ſurely you would not recommend "her to waſte her bloom in ſuch unprofit- "able purſuits!"

"Conſider, my dear De Lille, you have "ſo much of her countenance, that ſhe may "be pardoned for ſtealing ſome of your "*mind.*"

De Lille was ſo well pleaſed with this compliment that he remitted his diſpleaſure, and ſaid he ſhould be ſatisfied whenever ſhe was with Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Scarcely was this cauſe diſmiſſed, when a ſervant entered with a letter to De Lille, which appeared to cauſe him no ſmall diſturbance; it was neither very elegantly folded nor very legibly directed; "Who "brought this?" "A poor boy, Sir." "And what is become of him?" "He "went away directly, Sir." De Lille, who by this time had broken open the ſeal, changed colour, but careleſsly ſaying, "I ſee, 'tis an application for charity," put it into his pocket, in evident perplexity.

"If

"If it was an application for charity," obſerved his wife, "it is ſomewhat ſtrange the "boy ſhould go without waiting for an "anſwer." "If—" retorted De Lille, with unguarded vehemence, "it is impoſſible I "ſhould be miſtaken in its contents;" and riſing, he went to the window in evident diſpleaſure. Mrs. De Lille threw on him a glance full of ſuſpicion mingled with anxiety. Cordelia was alarmed by his unuſual embarraſſment. Sir Frederic had thought of twenty queſtions to change the ſubject, without pronouncing one, when the door opened, and Mrs. Gladwin appeared, her eyes radiant with joy, and every muſcle moving with delight. She had juſt received a letter from Mrs. Bruce, to which was ſubjoined a poſtſcript from Altamont. "They are all well," cried ſhe, "and oh! Mrs. De Lille, love "my Herbert, for he has ſaved your ſon's "life?"—"My ſon, good heavens! and "when was my ſon's life in danger?"

"Oh! going on the water in a boat the "other day, he fell into it, and had not

"Alta-

"Altamont, who ſwims like Julius Cæſar, "jumped into the water after him, he muſt "have been drowned; oh! truſt me, Alta-"mont will be a great man." Then turning abruptly to De Lille, ſhe begged to have a few moments converſation with him; he readily aſſented to her requeſt, too happy to eſcape from the lynx-eyed ſuſpicion that had thrown him into ſuch confuſion.

Mrs. De Lille could now think and talk only of Vallancy, and ſhe was ever fluent in his praiſe. Sir Frederic aſſented, but Cordelia was ſilent, for ſhe was muſing on her former preceptor. In about half an hour Mrs. Gladwin returned, with a face full of myſterious intereſt. Mrs. De Lille now very naturally turned the converſation on Adela Rouvigny, obſerving that, "though they "had never met ſince they were children, "there was in every point a remarkable "coincidence between them; they were both "lively and ſportive; they had the ſame "ſtyle in their converſation and letters; "and," cried ſhe, "it is really curious,

"they

"they even write so much alike that I have "some difficulty in distinguishing one hand "from the other."

Miss Gladwin listened with profound attention, then, suddenly raising her voice, exclaimed, "Depend on it they are too similar "to sympathize; *contrast* is the soul of *har-* "*mony*; take my word for it he will fall in "love with some pensive maid, devout and "pure, some damsel that looks like a nun." Here her eyes glanced on Cordelia, who, recollecting her father's conversation, coloured deeply, and unfortunately met Mrs. De Lille's scrutinizing eyes rivetted on her countenance; whilst Celia, wholly regardless of the sensation she had excited, with a sudden elastic jirk, bade them good morning, and hurried away to assist her old *protegée* in dispensing alms to some poor pensioner; for at the call of distress she always descended from her imaginary Olympus, and instead of being the fool of fancy, became the agent of charity. That task performed, she resumed her original propensity to dreaming, and, in her

her own mind, created for thoſe ſhe had relieved a ſtate of felicity to compenſate for all their former ſufferings and privations; never were two beings more different than Celia in theſe two capacities; her transformation was ſudden, as that of the ſilk-worm ſpinning its web, to the giddy moth buzzing in the ſun-beams, and ſipping nectar from all the flowers of paradiſe.

Little did this benevolent being imagine that ſhe had lodged a poiſoned arrow in Mrs. De Lille's boſom. Jealous of her huſband's views for Cordelia, ſhe inſtantly conceived that there was ſome colluſion between him and Celia, to the excluſion of Adela Rouvigny. Cordelia herſelf was involved in her ſuſpicions, and ſo poignant was her diſpleaſure, that, forgetting her uſual diſcretion, ſhe exclaimed, "What "paltry artifice! as if any body could "ſuppoſe contraſt produced ſympathy. "Pray, Miſs De Lille, is it with ſuch diſ-"quiſitions ſhe entertains you in theſe long "confidential interviews?"

"Depend

"Depend on it," ſaid Sir Frederic, anxious to avert her indignation from Cordelia, "there is no treaſon plotting between "them."

"But you forget ſhe was talking of my "ſon Vallancy."

"And of Herbert Altamont," added Cordelia, now anxious to remove the impreſſion, which ſhe perceived to have ſunk into Mrs. De Lille's mind.

"Oh, he was your tutor I think."

"Yes, my firſt preceptor, and to him I "owe the little knowledge I poſſeſs, of that "language my father has interdicted."

"And was this long ago?" aſked Sir Frederic.

"Oh, ſeveral years, but I have not quite "forgotten his inſtructions."

"Your firſt preceptor has been moſt for-"tunate, in making his words indelible."

"Was my ſon alſo your tutor?"

"Oh, never."

"He ſet you no taſk, troubled you with "no corrections?"

"He

" He never troubled himſelf about me ; " and to confeſs the truth, I envied him " a little, becauſe," added ſhe, colouring as ſhe ſpake, " he was always with Herbert."

Mrs. De Lille was charmed with this ingenouſneſs, till ſuſpicion whiſpered that this might all be artifice. Sir Frederic looked grave; and Cordelia fearing, ſhe ſcarcely knew why, that ſhe had ſaid too much, was again ſilent.

" It is very extraordinary," ſaid Mrs. De Lille, " how Vallancy could have taken ſuch " a prejudice to Adela."

" Let him but ſee and know her," cried Cordelia, her eyes ſparkling with generous animation, " and it muſt be ſubdued. They " are formed to pleaſe each other."

" So then," ſaid Sir Frederic, " you do " not ſubſcribe to your friend's creed of " contraries in love."

" Oh, no."

" And is that prompt deciſion from *theory* " or experience?"

She

She was again embarrafſed; for both her companions looked as if they would have dived into her ſoul; though ſhe happily evaded the queſtion. "From intuition, I "believe, ſurely, one wants for this no pre-"cept." Here the entrance of Sir Frederic's relation, Mr. Quintin, an old bachelor, who had for ſome years occupied apartments in the abbey, which he enriched with genealogical titles, ſuſpended a converſation which began with perplexity, and ended in diſſatisfaction to all parties.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM that day, Fancy was buſy in Vallancy houſe; not in creating viſions of hope and happineſs, but in raiſing phantoms invidious to confidence, affection, and felicity. Mrs. De Lille now attributed the private conferences between Mrs. Gladwin and her huſband to ſome ſiniſter object; and ſhe was perſuaded he had an air of unuſual reſtraint and embarraſſment: he was often eſtranged from his family on the pretext of buſineſs, in which they were not allowed to participate; and even when at home, he was fonder of ſolitude than ſociety. When Mrs. Gladwin returned to London, he was gallant enough to accompany her; and he even remained in the metropolis ſome days without aſſigning any motive for ſuch a procedure. About the ſame time, an eſtate

contiguous to Vallancy houſe, was to be ſold by private contract. It was ſuddenly diſpoſed of; and with ſuch ſecrecy, that it was not known who was the purchaſer; though as De Lille frequently rode near the premiſes, it was conjectured in the neighbourhood that he had an intereſt in the property. This report never reached Mrs. De Lille, who too well knew the ſtate of her huſband's finances, to have given it any credit: but ſhe was diſturbed by the diſcovery that he frequented the Grange, the reſidence of Mrs. Gladwin's *protegée*, in her abſence. Whoever is diſpoſed to diſcover myſteries, will eaſily find them in the moſt ſimple occurrence; and Mrs. De Lille was now preſented with another *ignis fatuus* of fancy, which cauſed her more uneaſineſs than any preceding circumſtance. De Lille would frequently ride out alone; and ſhe obſerved that he either went at day-break, or returned at twilight: her vigilance was rouſed, and ſhe endeavoured to trace his ſteps, but all her

efforts proved abortive; ſhe could only conceive from the ſhort interval of his abſence, that the ſpot he viſited was not far diſtant, as his horſe always returned without exhibiting any ſigns of fatigue. She recollected the letter, and the embarraſſment it had occaſioned in her huſband's countenance; *jealouſy* took the alarm, and the image of ſome cheriſhed miſtreſs was inſtantly before her eyes; but then *ſuſpicion* recalled her former conjectures on the nature of his confidential conferences with Mrs. Gladwin; and ſhe was again haunted by the chimera, that her ſon was by ſome miſchievous device to be enſnared for Cordelia.

If Mrs. De Lille was thus haraſſed with viſionary ſuſpicions, Sir Frederic Mowbray was ſtill more cruelly tortured by fantaſtic jealouſy; at the commencement of his acquaintance with the De Lilles, he had conſidered Cordelia only as a pretty girl, more intereſting, but leſs attractive than Miſs Rouvigny. But in the progreſs of inti-

intimacy, he had discovered in her so many fine and noble qualities, such superior talents united with such modest simplicity, that she insensibly became his supreme object; and he, who but two years before, had thought nothing in the world worth living for but ambition, was now ready to renounce even ambition for love. Sensible of his own passion, he was now anxious to inspire in Cordelia a corresponding sentiment; not that he had formed any deliberate plan of seduction, he fancied he sought only to occupy the first place in her affections; to guard the passes of her heart; to preserve it from any unworthy intruder. By degrees his views were extended. He reflected not on the cruelty of attaching a girl to whom he could form no honourable pretensions; his passion was ardent, but not generous; and so far was he from commiserating the too obvious discomforts attending her situation, that he secretly felicitated himself on a circumstance, which rendered her almost dependent on his so-

ciety for enjoyment. With triumph, therefore, he ſaw her expoſed to caprice on one ſide, and ill humour on the other: happy to engroſs to himſelf the privilege of conſulting her taſte, and diſpenſing her pleaſures. It was impoſſible that any man ſhould be more inſidious; and however correct her principles, Cordelia might have hazarded her tranquillity, but for the prepoſſeſſion her fancy ſtill cheriſhed for her firſt preceptor. It was not long before ſhe evinced the tenacity of her recollections, in a manner that ſenſibly mortified her preſent monitor. One morning, when they were reading together, the deſcription of Agrippina's return to Rome, preſenting the urn which contained the aſhes of Germanicus, Cordelia tranſlated the paſſage with ſuch ſpirit and propriety, that he could not help expreſſing his impaſſioned admiration. She received the praiſe with undiſguiſed pleaſure, obſerving with a ſmile. "For once you are juſt; thoſe are

"the

" the very words I heard from Herbert
" Altamont."

" And can you so long remember the
" very words?"

" I remember every thing that passed at
" the Vicarage, because I was more happy
" there, than I shall ever perhaps be again."

Had she studied to be malignant, she could not have inflicted more pain. Sir Frederic abridged his lesson, and returned home, almost resolving to think her unworthy of his passion; but unluckily for his heroism, he found a letter which apprised him of Lady Mowbray's ill health; she had long pursued her wild career of folly on the continent, and was now ordered to the Spa with little chance of recovery. Sir Frederic hurried back to Vallancy house, as if he had wished to apologise to Cordelia for the decision he had so lately meditated against her. By a strange fluctuation of feeling, the prepossession which had before irritated his pride, now fostered equally his hopes and his love; he was

almoſt pleaſed to detect the latent ſenſibilities of a heart, of which he truſted he ſhould ſoon become the undiſputed maſter. Yet he ſtill deteſted the name of Altamont; and ſtill, with a perverſeneſs that could only be explained by paſſion, was always introducing ſome ſubject to bring him to her remembrance.

During all theſe ſevere conflicts, he was cautious not to betray the weakneſs to which he was but too ſenſible. He had thus to perform a double taſk of vigilance, and was not at more pains to watch her movements than to guard his own. Concealment increaſed his natural diſpoſition to jealouſy; and when he ſaw her in company, he obſerved her as a ſpy; he grudged every ſmile that was not directed to himſelf, and envied every man who was at liberty to addreſs her. If he was abſent from Beachdale, if he ſpent but a few days without ſeeing her, on his return he approached the houſe with ſuperſtitious awe, the image of ſome new rival conſtantly diſturbing his peace. Nor

was

was it till he had ſcrutinized her looks and words, that he regained his complacency; for fancy ſuggeſted that ſhe could not have received any impreſſion of which he ſhould not diſcover ſome traces in her countenance.

In the mean-while, Cordelia was every day leſs happy in her home. From her father ſhe ſeldom received real kindneſs; by her ſtep-mother ſhe was treated, according to the fluctuation of that lady's feelings, with complacency or ſuſpicion, with indifference or averſion.

Unfortunately, Mrs. De Lille had been ſo long accuſtomed to look for myſteries, that ſhe now fancied ſhe detected them in the moſt trivial circumſtance. Even the omiſſion of Mrs. Gladwin's accuſtomed viſit in the ſpring, though ſufficiently explained by her being engaged to viſit ſome friends in Cumberland, preſented her with a new ſubject of ſpeculation. She brooded over it a week, and it would probably have occupied her mind for a much longer period, had ſhe not learnt from one of her foreign correſpon-

dents, who was well acquainted with her ſon, and, unknown to him, obſerved all his movements, that Vallancy was about to return to England, avowedly to take a ſeat in parliament. As Mrs. De Lille left nothing to chance, ſhe inſtantly imputed this reſolution to her huſband's contrivance, not doubting that he meant to take advantage of Miſs Rouvigny's abſence, to recommend his own daughter Cordelia.

She was collecting all her reſentment, when an event occurred which ſhe could not poſſibly aſcribe to human agency. Her brother, Baron Rouvigny, died at the Spa, and her niece, though for the preſent ſhe remained under the protection of a moſt reſpectable Engliſh family, only waited for a proper eſcort to return to her native country.

Mrs. De Lille ſhed ſome few natural tears on her brother's death, and was ſoothed to tranquillity, till it occurred to her that Miſs Rouvigny would be acceſſible to admirers, and that ſome Engliſhman might

happen

happen to engage her affections. This unlucky ſuggeſtion at once baniſhed ſleep and complacency. She was tortured with doubts and fears, and motives and machinations. Curſt with the eyes of Argus, ſhe would have added to theſe the hundred hands of Briareus. At firſt ſhe decides to go herſelf to the Continent, to reclaim her precious charge; but then Vallancy might arrive during her abſence, and take that opportunity to fall in love with Cordelia. She might delegate her duty to De Lille;—but would he not prejudice Adela againſt her ſon? She was again without reſource, till ſhe recollected that Sir Frederic Mowbray, by virtue of being a married man, and one of Adela's guardians, was, of all perſons, the moſt proper to afford her protection. Miſs Rouvigny was already provided with a *chaperon* in an elderly lady, who equally with herſelf was anxious to ſhape her courſe for England.

Here was a ſcheme without a *but*, or any other impediment, than the very poſ-

ſible contingency that Sir Frederic might not be diſpoſed to aſſume the taſk. To obtain his compliance was now her only care; and having furniſhed herſelf with a fund of plauſible reaſons to ſecond her wiſhes, ſhe awaited his uſual morning viſit with a face dreſſed in ſmiles, and a heart devoured with care. What then was her joy, when the Baronet ſo readily aſſented to her requeſt, that he rather ſeemed to have anticipated her wiſhes than to have ſanctioned them. Mrs. De Lille was now eaſy, ſince ſhe knew Sir Frederic could not oppoſe her ſon's intereſts; and ſhe was doubly gratified, ſince ſhe attributed his ready compliance to her own perſonal influence. Like many other diviners, ſhe overlooked the *probable* in imagining the *poſſible;* and, whilſt ſhe waſted her ingenuity in extravaga conjectures, never diſcovered, never ſuſpected Sir Frederic's concealed paſſion. She was little aware, that the complaiſance which had afforded her ſo much gratification, was obtained by the intereſt of Cor-

delia,

delia, to whom Miſs Rouvigny had dictated the requeſt. At firſt Sir Frederic heſitated; mentioned the circumſtance of 'Lady Mowbray's being at the Spa as an inſuperable objection; but perceiving the chagrin expreſſed in his young friend's countenance, he ſoftened his ſentence; intimated that this ſcruple might be obviated; that it was poſſible to keep Her Ladyſhip in ignorance of his excurſion; and then, unable to reſiſt the temptation to inſpire in Cordelia ſome of that gratitude ſhe ſo often profeſſed to feel for Herbert Altamont, he ſignified his willing acquieſcence.

Cordelia was left in doubt of his favourable deciſion, when ſhe learnt from Mrs. De Lille how promptly it was made; though too modeſt to mention her own interference, ſhe could not but feel flattered by the ſecret conviction that it was extorted by her ſolicitation. She was equally charmed with his delicacy in transferring to Mrs. De Lille the burthen of the obligation; and when ſhe ſaw him again, ſhe looked her gratitude,

and

and ſaid, in her ſofteſt accent, "This is in-
"deed to be a guardian and a friend."

Sir Frederic was enchanted, yet already repented of his facility. He participated in Mrs. De Lille's alarms for Vallancy; he imagined he might arrive in his abſence; he ſuppoſed it probable he would be accompanied by Altamont. Each excited his jealouſy: the ſelfiſh paſſion of fear abſorbed even his love; and ſucceſs was dearer to him than the being to whom he looked for happineſs. The image of Cordelia ſtretched on the bed of death was leſs dreadful than the idea of a favoured and triumphant rival. Diſtracted with theſe ſelf-created chimeras, he was about, not to retract his word, but to contrive ſome ſtratagem to excuſe its accompliſhment, when De Lille happened to inform him, that he was himſelf going on particular buſineſs to London, and that his wife and daughter meant to pay a viſit to an old retired family in Kent. This intelligence was deciſive; and ſince he muſt at any rate be ſeparated from Cordelia, he reſolved to fulfil

fulfil his engagement. On reflexion, too, he was comforted by the conſideration, that ſhould ſhe even remain in Beachdale, ſhe would probably, during her father's abſence, converſe with no other man than his old friend and inmate Quintin, who was not a perſonage to create alarm even in a jealous lover. Tall and thin, this dignified recluſe was of a moſt ſubacid aſpect, and ſo prone to ominous denunciations, that Vallancy uſed to ſay of him, he muſt either make an end of the world or the miniſtry, before he could ſwallow a comfortable breakfaſt.

Yet was he not really ill natured: though he railed at mankind, he was incapable of malice to one human being. The gall on his lips flowed not from any bitter ſource; his ſpleen came not from the *heart* but the *fancy*. A life of leiſure had contributed to create thoſe phantaſma which haunted his mind. He had received a liberal education, but was either too indolent or too faſtidious to attach himſelf to any profeſſion; and, after

after consuming his best days in habits of lounging, was at length, by an exertion of family interest, presented to an easy place, to which were annexed certain official ceremonies, highly acceptable to his taste for pageantry, and but little interfering with his love of ease.

But alas! the revolutions of empires have too often subverted the happiness of individuals. The minister was hurled from his throne, and with him, like his friend Sir Frederic, overwhelmed in his fall, was Mr. Quintin. Yet, as the raven still clings to the oak (though prostrate on the earth) in which he has so long preserved his cherished nest, so, even after this political concussion, did Mr. Quintin still fill in *fancy* that little crevice of government in which he had acquitted himself with so much satisfaction and self-importance. That epoch was still consecrated to memory, as the one "ere England's woes "began;" and his constant solace was in denouncing shame and predicting ruin on all succeeding parliaments, all future administrations.

For

For the laſt ten years he had quietly repoſed from cares and chagrins, in St. Quintin's abbey; where it was his chief amuſement to collect materials for a body of heraldry, to vindicate the cauſe of decayed gentry. In this long interval of ruſtication he was not weaned from the court, and was apt to allude to the glory in which he had participated, whenever he honoured his country neighbours with his company. He boaſted that he had attended on His Majeſty's perſon, and his heart expanded at the thought. He repeated this ſo often, there could be no doubt of the fact, though what poſt he held, the recollection of which was ſo conſolatory, cannot be divulged. It may fairly be ſuppoſed to have included no very onerous reſponſibility; its importance was perhaps derived from the activity of his own elaſtic mind; and *fancy* ſo commonly magnified the impreſſions of memory, that whenever he expatiated on the grandeur of the court, or the *majeſty* of the parliament, in which the miniſter and his friends

friends uſed to appear with bag wigs and ſwords in gala coſtume; or whenever he deſcanted on the beauty of the ladies, and the gallantry of their admirers; he kindled with his theme, he gathered energy from his own expreſſions, till he had unconſciouſly infuſed into the deſcription the romantic magnificence of the third Edward and his glorious cavaliers. The tradition of his narratives went forth, and impreſſed with marvellous reſpect the aboriginal inhabitants of Beachdale. The boys learnt to make their loweſt bow to the envied man who had converſed familiarly with his ſovereign, and could talk from morning to night of kings and princes. The girls contemplated him with ſtill greater reverence. Fancy was active as fame; and at the ſight of good old Mr. Quintin, the ſimpleſt being in Beachdale tacitly confeſſed her magic influence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE wind is fair, the ſun ſhoots his firſt golden rays on the ocean; Altamont and his friend, mounting the deck, diſcern the ſhores of England.

"Yet another hour," cried the impatient Vallancy, "ere we ſhall reach land. Al-
"tamont, will you bet with me that the
"*Incognita* is arrived before us? Alta-
"mont — no; I beg pardon for addreſſing
"you by that name; you ſhall ſtill be Val-
"lancy — I at leaſt muſt yet be Altamont."

"You have a ſtrange fancy for my
"name," replied Herbert.

"Remember, 'tis by that alone I am
"known to the *Incognita*."

Vallancy was alluding to a ſportive cuſtom of exchanging names with each other, from which, in the courſe of their journey from

from the ſouth through Flanders, they had often derived abundant entertainment. A few days before, on their road to Oſtend, they had rendered eſſential ſervices to a gentleman and two ladies, who were, like themſelves, bound for England. An accident had happened to their carriage, which rendered it impoſſible they ſhould proceed in their former vehicle; they were therefore thankful for the accommodation afforded by their two countrymen, who thought themſelves amply repaid for any civilities they could offer by being admitted to ſuch ſociety. The gentleman was called Baron Cromek; the youngeſt of the ladies was his niece, the other was not ſufficiently intereſting to attract attention. Vallancy, who happened on that day to call himſelf Altamont, was particularly ſtruck with the young lady, to whom, not hearing her name, he gave the appellation of his *Incognita*. On their arrival at Oſtend, the gentlemen were invited to ſup with the Baron and his fair companions. Vallancy, eager to cultivate

their

their acquaintance, endeavoured to ascertain how long they would remain in that place. The Baron spoke of the time of his departure as uncertain, and the younger lady having expressed a strong desire to extend her journey to Antwerp, Vallancy instantly avowed a similar intention, and at parting formed an indirect engagement with her uncle to join his party.

Elate with hope and expectation, he returned to his own quarters, where, in defiance of all his friend's representations, he resolved not to proceed to England till he had discovered more of his *Incognita*. The next morning, unwilling to intrude too early, he waited till eleven o'clock before he offered to pay his visit, but what was his mortification, when he found only a note from Baron Cromek, politely regretting, that a circumstance of which he was not previously aware, obliged him to proceed immediately, with his companions, to England, where he should hope to have an opportunity of again thanking him and his

friend

friend for their courteſy. In addition to this note, he had the vexation to find that the Iris had ſet off, at day-break, for Dunkirk, whither Vallancy, with the natural impetuoſity of his character, accompanied by his friend, immediately purſued them. On his arrival, he renewed his enquiries, but without ſucceſs, and finally embarked, with the ſanguine expectation of finding the object of his purſuit in England.

" At leaſt," ſaid he, " the *Incognita* is " ſingular if ſhe ſhuns me."

" Yes, as Vallancy," replied Herbert, " but remember you were only known to " her uncle, as Altamont."

" So, you would insinuate that I am " indebted to my grand-father for any " obliging notice I may receive from the " ladies. I believe you have taken my " character with my name, for that ſarcaſm " was preciſely in my own ſtyle."

" I meant it not as ſarcaſm," ſaid Altamont, " I was never leſs diſpoſed for " raillery."

" How

"How is this? Why are you melancholy "on the day of your return to England?"

"Becauſe I ought to have returned "much ſooner."

"How! you have forgot, you have "obeyed the injunctions of this myſterious "Valſinore."

"Talk no more of Valſinore: I diſclaim "romance for ever."

"No, no, that's impoſſible; whilſt you "live Altamont, that muſt be your *extreme* "*unction.*"

"You are miſtaken: I renounce all ſuch "chimeras, I have waſted too much precious "time already in the dreams of fancy. There "is no Valſinore; my myſterious bene-"factor can be no other than Mr. De Lille."

"That ſurmiſe is more extraordinary than "our tales of the Genii."

"Vallancy, I have not yet told you what "happened in my late viſit at Lauſanne; "ſome days before I joined you at Lyons, "I accompanied Mr. Bruce in an excurſion "to the Abbey of La Trappe. As we ap-

"proached

" proached the convent, we were ſtruck
" with the ſingular appearance of a ſmall
" cabin, contiguous to the monaſtery, which
" appeared to have no inhabitant. On en-
" quiry, we learnt it had ſome years before
" been erected by a ſtrange, ſolitary being,
" who called himſelf Valſinore, and who,
" without taking the vows, almoſt con-
" formed to the rules of monaſtic life."

" It is impoſſible," cried Vallancy, " that
" this ſhould be your Valſinore; no monk-
" iſh being was ever capable of magnani-
" mous ſentiments."

" He was no monk, though like one, he
" had prepared his own grave, but merely
" a melancholy recluſe. He ſometimes left
" his retreat for weeks or months, and
" when he returned to it, was more than
" ever anxious to ſhun ſociety. About ſix
" years ago, he was for ſeveral days abſent
" from the convent: at length his habitation
" was explored, but no traces diſcovered of
" its former occupant. A peaſant had,
" however, obſerved him wandering out on

" the

" the approach of a snow storm, probably
" with the humane design of giving assist-
" ance to some unfortunate travellers. On
" that night there was a tremendous ava-
" lanche, and from concurring circum-
" stances, it was scarcely possible to doubt
" that he had perished in the cause of
" humanity."

Vallancy was struck with this recital.
" Still you are not sure that it was your
" Valsinore, who was this recluse?"

" It is so unlikely that there should be
" two such mysterious beings, bearing so
" singular a name."

" But did you learn no other particulars?"

" Nothing to gratify me. I was indeed
" tantalized by being put into possession of
" a MS. which was found in one corner
" of his cell, and which had since been
" preserved as a holy relic in the convent.
" An old monk permitted me to purchase
" it, but on examination, I find the cha-
" racters wholly effaced."

"No doubt the monk was aware of that "when he gave it to you; so like other "holy relics, 'twas a pious fraud."

"I believe you do him great injustice; "but be this as it may, I can no longer "attribute to Valsinore the liberal remit-"tances I have hitherto received, and "which I confess I now remember with "a painful sense of obligation. Mr. Bruce "and my mother are both persuaded they "must have come from Mr. De Lille."

"Quite impossible. I could sooner be-"lieve all the prodigies of Sir John Mande-"ville."

"Ah, Vallancy, you have not discarded "your prejudice."

"No, nor you your romance; but come, "since we can make nothing of this, let "us rather think and talk of the *Incognita*."

On landing, Vallancy again vainly en-"deavoured to discover traces of the fair "traveller; and too impatient to brook "any opposition to his wishes, he peevishly "asked what they should do with them-

"selves

"selves on a Sunday, dull and gloomy as "it ever was in England."

Altamont proposed going to Beachdale, "which," added he, "we may reach in "time for church, if you will engage not "to caricature the congregation."

His friend, to whom impulse and action were almost the same, instantly ordered a chaise and four, protesting he was delighted with the idea of surprising every body in Beachdale with his improvements. "I "assure you," added he, "I shall abjure "every prejudice, and whenever my cousin "arrives, shall treat her with becoming "courtesy; but not one word of the *In-* "*cognita*. It is my gracious intention to "charm all the women, my mother not "excepted; even De Lille shall be con- "ciliated. Heaven grant I may still have "the wizard Quintin, and the fairy Ama- "monda to spend my jokes upon; for *love* "or *raillery* is as necessary to me, as love "and glory to you: not that love will ever "be formidable to your peace till you meet

" with an angel, conducted by the fairy
" Amatonda. *Vive la Bagatelle!* to laugh
" or yawn is the ſum of human deſtiny."

With ſuch ſprightly ſallies, Vallancy beguiled the ride to Beachdale. When they were within a mile of the village, he ſuddenly reſolved to alight, and leaving the carriage to the care of his ſervant, with a ſtrict injunction not to notify his arrival, he proceeded, with his friend, towards the church, whoſe ſimple ſpire juſt peered above the ſurrounding wood.

The church-yard, taſtefully planted with aſh trees and larches, was a ſcene of delightful ſecluſion, but on this Sunday it aſſumed an air of cheerful feſtivity. The old men, leaning againſt the hawthorn hedge, commune ſoberly together; the younger, crowding round the ſonorous belfry, delight in exerciſing their ſtrength and agility; whilſt the boys and girls unconſciouſly ſcatter roſes and woodbines over many a nameleſs, unrecorded grave.

As

As Altamont and Vallancy entered the church, a thrush was singing joyously from the old ash tree beside the porch, and a redbreast, with familiar confidence, fluttering near the altar. The two travellers took possession of an old seat in the chancel, from whence they could, unobserved, obtain a full view of the stately pews allotted to Vallancy House, and St. Quintin's Abbey.

Altamont recognized many faces familiar to his remembrance. Vallancy was more occupied with anticipating the commotion he should create in the neighbourhood. Nor did it escape his conscious vanity, that the impression he was most likely to produce in one sex, at least, was that of admiration. He was so graceful, so animated, so gay, his satire was so mingled with gallantry and good humour, and he was at all times so *piquant* and so brilliant, that even men of superior talents, in his company, often passed unnoticed. His temper was still perverse, his spirit impatient, and his heart, though susceptible of kindness and gene-

rosity, too much absorbed by the love of pleasure to be open to sympathy. Yet Vallancy must not be classed with common characters; he had a high sense of honour, a sincere respect for virtue, generous feelings, and independent principles. His errors were those of undisciplined youth; his defects belonged to untamed prosperity. Altamont was almost equally improved. He had lost his college air of abstraction, without losing that pleasing pensiveness of countenance, which was sometimes exchanged for the expression of enthusiasm—enthusiasm the most ardent and impassioned.

The congregation were already assembled; the present curate, far different from the former simple pastor, had taken his seat in the desk, and still the service was delayed, and many a creaking pew betokened impatience, and many a shrill cough intimated displeasure, whilst Mr. Quintin, with looks at once dolorous and indignant, endeavoured to make the Reverend Mr. Bland sensible of

of his want of duty and decorum. The cause of the delay was soon explained, when four persons entered the De Lille gallery, in one of whom Vallancy discovered Lord Marmiton, in the second his mother; but of the third and fourth, a venerable old man and a beautiful young woman, neither he nor Altamont had any immediate recollection. "Surely," said the former, "it must "be Cordelia;" "Surely," said the latter, "it cannot be Cordelia." "This looks "like an angel," said Vallancy, "but the "*Incognita* was a woman."

Altamont attended not to this observation, so much was he delighted with the object before him; not that her face possessed a faultless symmetry; the fine open forehead was somewhat too high, but that defect was concealed by her chestnut braided hair; her profile was exquisitely fine, yet an artist might have wished for a rounder *contour*. But criticism was disarmed by the eloquence of her eyes, all petty strictures were forgotten in contemplating a countenance so happily

formed to expreſs every noble, every tender ſentiment, that it diffuſed the love of virtue with the light of beauty.

Vallancy was loſt in conjectures reſpecting the cauſe of Lord Marmiton's appearance. As he wiſhed to ſurpriſe his mother, he waited till ſhe had left the church, and then ſtealing out with his friend at a private door, by a well known field-path, quickly reached the houſe, and both had taken their ſtation on the lawn, when Mrs. De Lille and her party alighted from the carriage. Lord Marmiton was again the prominent perſonage; he gave his arm to the matron, leaving the young lady to the venerable man, a Mr. Haller, who had in reality occaſioned His Lordſhip's viſit. This admirable being had been long diſtinguiſhed in Germany for his active benevolence, and was indebted to Baron Rouvigny for his introduction to Lord Marmiton, through whoſe medium he hoped to recommend ſome of his philanthropic plans to the Britiſh government. His Lordſhip received the propoſal

posal with his accustomed suavity and apathy: in his heart, he cared for nothing but his own personal interest and the aggrandizement of his family. He was, however, willing to shower down civilities on Haller, whom he almost compelled to remain at his seat much longer than was desirable to his unworldly guest; who having at length expressed his anxiety to be introduced to the aunt and friend of Miss Rouvigny, His Lordship protested he would convey him to Beachdale, to enjoy to the last moment the privilege of his society.

They had now spent a week in the village, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. De Lille, and to the infinite delight of Cordelia, who already considered Haller as the first of human beings. At sight of her son, Mrs. De Lille utters an exclamation of joy, and then throws a look of solicitude on Cordelia. His Lordship, comprehending the cause of her agitation, springs forward, but being somewhat purblind, opens his arms, not to Vallancy, but to Altamont. Mrs. De Lille

reproachfully aſks if he has forgotten her ſon. Vallancy, with admirable grace, removes the aukwardneſs this blunder had occaſioned, by ſaying, " Lord Marmiton " was right, for your ſon's preſerver ſhould " be welcomed before your ſon." Lord Marmiton immediately paid his compliments to Altamont, whom though he had once well known, he appeared to have wholly forgotten; and Mrs. De Lille favored him with a moſt gracious reception. In the meanwhile Cordelia and Haller are left to themſelves: ſhe waits in vain for the recognition of Altamont, who ſtill gazes on her with mingled admiration and incredulity. It is impoſſible to identify his little pupil, with the tall, graceful, dignified creature before him. " She muſt ſurely be older, or has " Cordelia leapt into perfection? Imagina- " tion cannot improve her!" Cordelia at length perceives his embarraſſment, and ſcarcely knowing whether to be flattered or mortified, advances a few paces, and offering her hand with an air of modeſt frank-

neſs,

neſs, ſays in a voice whoſe every tone inſpires delight, "And muſt I wait to be "introduced to my old, and" curtſeying with an involuntary expreſſion of archneſs, "my venerable preceptor?"

Altamont took her hand with ſeeming coldneſs; a ſentiment of reſpect repreſſed the impulſe of affection. "You are, indeed, "preſented to me in a new form."

"And had you then quite forgotten "Cordelia?"

"I know not how to reconcile the two "Cordelias to each other."

"Oh! don't imagine you ſee a change-"ling; I could bring a thouſand proofs to "convince you I am the ſame creature who "was ſo tenderly protected by Mrs. Bruce, "and ſo often *leſſoned* and corrected by *you*."

Altamont was ready to proteſt againſt the word *corrected*; the pupil now appeared ſo perfect, ſo ſupreme in lovelineſs, that it was painful to imagine ſhe had ever been otherwiſe.

"And now," continued ſhe, "as I can "never be your preceptor, let me intro-

" duce you to Mr. Haller, who is worthy
" to have the beſt and nobleſt of human
" beings for his pupils."

If Altamont was grateful for this attention, Cordelia was grateful from the recollection of his former kindneſs; and each had unconſciouſly inſpired the other with the ſame ſentiment.

And now Haller, who had already learnt to tranſlate the language of Cordelia's countenance, approached and received the ſtranger with an air of cordial friendſhip.

" Mr. Altamont," ſaid he, with a genuine ſmile, " ever ſince I have known this lady,
" I have been under obligations to you;
" for you, ſhe tells me, were her firſt pre-
" ceptor." At this unexpected compliment, which from ſuch venerable lips, ſeemed to deſcend like a benediction, Cordelia caſt down her eyes, which gliſtened with delight; ſhe could not but be proud to receive ſuch praiſe from Haller; and ſhe was prouder ſtill, that the fair report was made to Altamont; — yet, ſhe breathed

a ſecret

a secret sigh, lest she should not be found worthy of the precious distinction; but then she mentally promised to become so. Her heart was oppressed with gratitude and humility, and yet she almost held her breath, as if to prolong the delicious sensation. Haller drew his young friends to a retired walk, leading to the park; whilst Mrs. De Lille, who had been gratified by the division of her party, conducted Lord Marmiton and Vallancy to a summer-house, opening on the garden, which was called the pavilion.

The philanthropist was delighted with his young companions; active and cheerful, he seemed not sensible to the pressure of age; he confessed, indeed, a slight degree of lameness, but it was scarcely perceptible to the nicest eye; and as he leaned on his staff, his carriage was no less dignified, than his aspect was open and benignant. For the last two years, he had also found his hearing partially impeded; but the sense of this infirmity, occasioned

only the habit of inclining his head towards the perſon he addreſſed, which made his countenance appear ſtill more gracious: and ſometimes he extracted from this defect an excuſe for ſhunning without ſullenneſs the converſation of thoſe with whom he felt he could have no communion. Then his eyelid gently falling, his head ſomewhat reclining to one ſide, he appeared to abſtract himſelf from the preſent ſcene, and to take ſhelter in his own peaceful, unperturbed meditations. In Lord Marmiton's ſociety, he had often occaſion to ſink into this attitude of abſtraction; with Mrs. De Lille he was not ſorry to be ſomewhat dull of apprehenſion: but to Cordelia, he had opened immediately with complacency and cordiality, and almoſt at the firſt glance appeared to have given her his paternal benediction. To Altamont he ſhewed equal franknefs; and putting himſelf between them, he engaged in converſation with his new acquaintance on the countries they had viſited, and was evidently pleaſed with the ſpirit of his obſervations.

Haller was one of the few old men who relish the enthusiasm of youth; and when Altamont confessed, that he could not help regretting those classical ages of Greece and Rome, when the halo of glory, encircled the head of genius; he dropt not his eyelids, (that idiomatic expression of dissatisfaction) he merely inclined his head, an unconscious smile stealing to his lips, and after a momentary pause, replied, "If you recollect that you are a Briton, you will not surely wish to have been a Roman." Though Haller never mentioned England as his native country, it was impossible to conceive that he belonged to any other.

This amiable conference was interrupted by Vallancy, who, escaping from his companions, requested Altamont to join him; and taking his arm, seemed to have something important to communicate. Haller looking after Altamont, exclaimed, with a sort of sigh, "That is a noble creature! but "I fear he is reserved for bitter disappoint-"ment. Such a spirit as his accords little

"with

" with the world." Cordelia, who had almoſt feared he would miſconceive his character, thanked him with her eyes for doing juſtice to her firſt preceptor. Haller had a ſecond time bleſſed her with the muſic of praiſe; and her heart was again attuned to joy; but ſhe had now, no doubt, no diffidence, no humility; he ſpoke of her maſter and her friend, and in him her faith was firm and immutable.

Vallancy had called to Altamont, to obſerve a picture which had met his eyes the moment he entered the pavilion; it was a female figure in the character of Flora. On enquiring for whom it was intended, his mother had careleſsly replied, it was a fancy ſubject copied by Cordelia." " But," added he, " it is the moſt ſtriking likeneſs poſſible, " of the *Incognita*. I plainly perceive my " mother is manœuvring; find out if poſ- " ſible whoſe picture it is, for I never " can believe ſuch a marked reſemblance " is accidental." Vallancy was perfectly correct

correct in his conjectures; but the charge to Altamont came too late. Mrs. De Lille having in that interval separated Cordelia from Haller, to give her a strict injunction to secrecy, at the same time observing, that her son was obviously charmed with the portrait, Cordelia simply expressed her satisfaction; but Mrs. De Lille, prepossessed with the idea that this innocent girl had formed the ambitious design of captivating Vallancy, and determined to thwart her supposed wishes, fancied she detected some chagrin in her countenance, and exulted in the anticipation of her disappointment.

Being now assembled in the drawing-room, Haller was for the first time introduced to Vallancy, who was still in his most amiable mood, and so gaily sportive that he could scarcely restrain the exuberance of his spirits Lord Marmiton and Mrs. De Lille enjoyed his sprightly sallies; and His Lordship, always complimental, said, "I do not know, Vallancy, that you could

" fill up a pauſe in the dinner at a Lord
" Mayor's table; but I am ſure you will
" always be ready to amuſe the houſe,
" when the right member is not at hand
" to ſupport a motion."

" But, my Lord, I am not going, like Mr.
" Quintin, to be a trigger to the treaſury
" bench; and I ſhall, I believe, be the firſt
" of our family (females excepted) who
" has ever entered the ranks of oppoſition."

" Well, Sir, you are a young man, and
" therefore it is but natural you ſhould be
" in a minority; but, take my word for it,
" Vallancy, when you come to be married,
" you will give your vote," looking ſignificantly, " on the right ſide."

" Does Your Lordſhip mean to ſay, that a
" married man is merely his wife's proxy,
" or that he cannot be a *non-content?*"

" Have a care, Signor Benedick," cried Mrs. De Lille, " or you will ſurely meet
" with your Beatrice."

" No, Madam, my vows are pre-en-
" gaged to a St. Cecilia, in Italy." Then,

turning

turning abruptly to Cordelia, he added with affected gravity, "Pray are you very "cruel to your votaries? for I saw more "knees prostrated to you, than to our Lady "of Loretto. It is true, upon my honour, "you are so very like a saint, who is wor-"shipped from morning to night at Na-"ples, that when I saw you at church, I "fancied you had started from the canvass."

"Mrs. De Lille coloured, whilst Lord Marmiton said, with much gallantry, "How "can you compare her to any thing so "inanimate? Shew me the artist who can "do justice to nature?"

"Oh, my Lord, this picture was a happy "sketch of the fancy, a prefiguration of "beauty hereafter to exist, or perhaps a "reflection of beauty that had previously "existed. It is very delightful to behold so "many impressions of one beautiful face; "for instance, now that figure of Flora, "which you say is a fancy piece, is so "like a face I have somewhere seen, that I "should call it an original."

Mrs.

Mrs. De Lille eagerly enquired, where he had met with the perſon of whom he was reminded.

"Where? Why I think, Madam, it "was about two years ago, at Bologna."

Mrs. De Lille looked ſo diſſatisfied, that the benevolent Haller, who had hitherto ſat wrapt in abſtraction, was juſt going to addreſs her, when the dignified Mr. Quintin ſtalked into the room, and having heard of Vallancy's arrival, formally congratulated his mother on his happy return. The vivacious Vallancy, eagerly anticipating the end of the ſpeach, ſtarted up, exclaiming, "My "dear Sir, would you have recollected "me?' Quintin, taking out his ſnuff box, and very deliberately putting into his noſtrils the pungent powder, to apply a ſtimulus to his memory, replied at length, "Moſt aſſuredly, Sir."

"What a mortifying ſentence have you "pronounced againſt me. I had flattered "myſelf I was ſo much improved, (pardon "me, mother, corrected,) that I ſhould "no longer be recognized as the ſame "perſon;

"perfect; but I see how it is, Mr. Quin-
"tin, you have not forgotten the country
"where if a man is once pricked down on
"the black list, the gates of preferment
"are for ever shut against him."

Lord Marmiton, now finding it impossible to be silent, observed, "It is a man's own "fault to get upon that list. He has un-"doubtedly made a capital miscalculation "in taking the wrong side of fortune. "Such a man, Vallancy, must be a green-"horn, an enthusiast, a knave, or a "fool."

"Do you observe, Altamont, His Lord-"ship's paraphrastic translation of your favo-"rite name of Patriot? Mr. Quintin, my "friend and I have long carried on a con-"troversy, which is still undecided, on an-"tient and modern times. We are very "different, you perceive, from other "young men of our age. We have really "spent our days like two students fag-"ging to become senior wranglers. We "have studied diagrams, instead of fre-"quenting polite circles. We have been

"star-

" ſtar-gazers, inſtead of dancers. We have " ſcarcely opened our lips to a woman; and " as to beauty, it is only ſince our arrival," glancing at Cordelia, " that we have been " bleſt with the ſight of it."

" Well, Sir," ſaid Mr. Quintin, with inflexible gravity, " and may I preſume to " enquire the ſubject of your debates?"

" Sir, my friend, though he inſiſts that " there was more public virtue in the claſ- " ſical days of Greece and Rome than we " can pretend to, yet inſiſts alſo, that for " the laſt fifty years, we have taken a turn " for improvement, and are likely by de- " grees to loſe all traces of the barbariſm " and ignorance of our poor grandfathers."

" Barbariſm and ignorance!" reiterated Mr. Quintin, knitting his brows with much aſperity, " and pray, Sir," addreſſing Altamont, " in what modern fopperies does " this boaſted improvement conſiſt?" Altamont, perceiving his friend's malicious drift, gravely anſwered, " You will, at leaſt, allow " a man cannot now be put into the inqui-

" ſition

"fiing like Galileo, for discovering that the
"earth moves round the sun."

"Sir, that is out of the question; we will
"consider the comparison to our own coun-
"try. Can you sincerely affirm, that we are
"wiser and better than our fathers?"

"We ought at least to be happier; an old
"woman is not now liable to be burnt as a
"witch; and a learned man does not create
"artificial misery by noising up dreams, or
"casting nativities."

"But then," resumed Valsemore, "I main-
"tain, that as soon as one stock of folly
"drops off, we are blessed with another.
"Credulity, like the Lama of Thibet, is im-
"mortal. There's quackery, supplies the
"place of sorcery. Instead of wearing a
"harmless amulet round the neck, we
"swallow down all the minerals and metals,
"and absorb into our own systems the ele-
"ments of earthquakes and volcanoes. To
"be sure, there is no Sorbonne to destroy
"us alive, but the College of Physicians
"supplies its place. We have escaped from

"the

" the confeſſor, to be enthralled by the
" lawyer. And when we die, our heirs,
" inſtead of purchaſing peace for our ſouls,
" have enough to do to liberate our poſ-
" ſeſſions from Chancery."

" But the great evil of all," ſaid Quintin,
" is, that a *gentleman* is not now to be diſ-
" tinguiſhed from a *man* of yeſterday. It
" is inconceivable in what ignorance all your
" young people are of their anceſtors."

" Ah! Mr. Quintin, the greateſt evil of all
" is, that we have loſt ſo much liberty."

" No, Sir."

" I fancy that I can prove it, Sir, to de-
" monſtration."

" Sir, begging your pardon, the demon-
" ſtration is impoſſible. The King has loſt
" much of his prerogative."

" Then the Queen has gained ſo much
" more influence. The one ſex has con-
" ſtantly gained ground upon the other.
" Formerly beauty might be marred even
" in youth; but now, a handſome woman,
" thanks to innoculation," bowing to his
mother

mother and Cordelia, " inſtead of being
" elected like the miſtreſs of the robes for
" a ſingle adminiſtration, as Sarah, Dutcheſs
" of Marlborough, keeps her power like one
" of the twelve judges for life."

Mr. Quintin now firſt perceiving the irony, rubbed his eyes, and rapped his box, and was utterly diſcomfited. Lord Marmiton, enjoying his confuſion, whiſpered, " Ah! my poor pedigree." Haller was again going to ſpeak, — his mild eyes announced ſomething like rebuke to Vallancy. But at this moment an unexpected addition was made to the company, which rendered his interference unneceſſary.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN De Lille parted from Sir Frederic Mowbray, he mentioned his wife's intended visit to Kent; which happened, however, to be nothing more than one of her usual manœuvres, with which from habit she was always amusing or perplexing her husband. De Lille had really motives for visiting the metropolis, and he was still detained there by serious business, when he heard of Lord Marmiton's visit to Beachdale. At this news, all other considerations were suspended; and leaving his affairs unfinished, he travelled with such expedition, that he reached home before the hour of dinner, and made his appearance just in time to give Quintin an opportunity of retreating from the argument. De Lille had hastened to the drawing-room with such precipitation, that he was not apprized of Vallancy's arrival;

val; but ſcarcely had he paid his compliments to Lord Marmiton and Mr. Haller, when Mrs. De Lille called his attention to her ſon and Altamont. At the ſight of the former, he experienced only a momentary embarraſſment; but in receiving his friend he betrayed an unuſual coldneſs; it was ſome time before he enquired for Mr. or Mrs. Bruce.

"How can he be ſo ungrateful?" ſighed Cordelia. "Why is this man ſo generous?" thought Altamont, who attributed this air of conſtraint, to the conſciouſneſs of his ſecret donation; and yet, could not help revolting at the conviction.

The ſummons to dinner proved a ſeaſonable relief; when Vallancy, all gaiety and gallantry, gratified De Lille by taking the chair next Cordelia, on whom he beſtowed his undivided attention. Hitherto Mrs. De Lille had regarded her huſband with unwonted complacency; but now, though too diſcreet to raiſe her voice in anger, ſhe ſhewed her diſſatisfaction in various trifling circum-

ſtances, perceptible only to the niceſt obſervation; ſhe complained of indiſpoſition to attract her ſon's notice; ſhe ſucceeded in her aim, and became better ſatisfied.

The converſation was often animated. The knowledge of Haller was inſenſibly drawn forth; and on his accidentally mentioning the Emperor Joſeph, His Lordſhip graciouſly reminded De Lille of their former viſit to the court of Vienna. De Lille coloured; but as Vallancy took no notice of the remark, he inſtantly yielded to His Lordſhip's fancy for detailing ſome anecdotes of his diplomacy, and even furniſhed him with two or three acceſſary hints, which had eſcaped his memory. The good old Quintin, enchanted to hear ſo much of courts, turned to De Lille with unaffected complacency, and informed him that he had juſt traced out his pedigree, and that he found he was allied to the blood royal of France.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Quintin," replied De Lille, with obvious confuſion, "I will "not part from my Britiſh anceſtors."

"But

" But, my dear Sir, I can prove to you
" the Counts De Lille intermarried with the
" houſe of Valois; and"—" But, my dear
" Sir, the primitive name of our family was
" Liſle; and they are, you know, innume-
" rable. If you would favour me with my
" daughter's deſcent now, in the maternal
" line, I ſhould be extremely indebted to
" you. Her mother, you know, was a
" Mordaunt."

" Sir, you ſhall have it to-morrow. The
" title, I believe, lapſes for want of a lineal
" deſcent."

" By the way," ſaid Lord Marmiton,
" is the old avaricious baronet, dead or
" alive?"

" That is more than I can anſwer for,"
returned De Lille careleſsly; glancing,
however, with ſome complacency on his
daughter, and obſerving what impreſſion this
accidental alluſion to her dignified relations,
made on the company. Never was ſcrutiny
repaid with ſuch neglect.

Altamont heard not the remark, and Vallancy deigned not to notice it. Haller, who had for ſome time dropt his eye-lids, neither ſeemed to hear nor to attend; and, in addition to his abſtraction, a ſort of ſadneſs clouded his countenance. Mrs. De Lille, on the contrary, who had attended to every thing, and who perfectly comprehended her huſband's *fineſſe*, provoked by his looks, and determined that Cordelia ſhould no longer converſe with Vallancy, abruptly roſe, and was inſtantly followed by her unſuſpicious companion. How many ſchemes were now conjured up by her active fancy! how much invention was expended in the fabrication of plots and counterplots, for which no real neceſſity exiſted! Having at length ſuggeſted an expedient, which on the preſent occaſion ſhe ſcrupled not to adopt, ſhe became more eaſy and awaited the reunion of the company with proper compoſure. And now ſhe exceeds even her ſon's expectations in courteſy to Altamont; ſhe invites him to ſit between her and Cordelia,

delia, and then draws Haller into the ſame coterie; ſhe is ſuddenly ſo laviſh of attentions, that to a ſtranger ſhe muſt have appeared the kindeſt creature in the world. De Lille alone is conſcious of her real object, and to his opinion ſhe is now wholly indifferent.

Whilſt they were drinking tea, a ſpecial meſſenger arrived from a political friend of Lord Marmiton's, announcing the ſudden death of one of the county members. The ſame idea inſtantly occurred to His Lordſhip and Mrs. De Lille, "Let Vallancy become the candidate." Vallancy was flattered by the propoſal; he looked towards Altamont; and his mother, as if ſhe had ſuddenly acquired the faculty of divining his ſentiments, eagerly exclaimed, "If you go we ſhall not part "with your friend, he muſt remain here as "your hoſtage. Mr. Altamont, ſince you "have been his preſerver you cannot refuſe "to be his bondſman." Altamont ſtill heſitated. De Lille's ſilence had alarmed his delicacy, and he moſt reluctantly ſaid ſome-

thing, he ſcarcely knew what, about buſineſs in London. "Sir," cried Mrs. De Lille, with redoubled ardour, "you ſhall viſit "London whenever you pleaſe, but as you "are my ſon's repreſentative this muſt be "your home." Vallancy, looking affectionately at his mother, and turning to his friend, replied, "Give me *your* word, or "I retract *mine;* don't you remember it "was you who made me promiſe to ſerve "in parliament."

De Lille, now thinking it incumbent on him to unite in the common cauſe, ſaid, with the beſt grace imaginable, "I truſt "Mr. Altamont is too good a patriot to "reſiſt ſuch a plea." Altamont *did not* reſiſt; he was but too happy to obey; and his acquieſcence diffuſed general ſatisfaction. Vallancy whiſpered to him to aſcertain whether Miſs Rouvigny was not the original Flora, and repeated his injunction of ſecreſy reſpecting the *Incognita.* Lord Marmiton then propoſed that De Lille ſhould accompany them, obſerving facetiouſly, he was

a moſt

a most successful canvasser with the ladies. The evening passed in perfect harmony. Mrs. De Lille was lightened of half her cares; her husband not divested of his hopes; Vallancy animated by anticipations of success; Quintin was gladdened by a bustler which reminded him of a levee; Haller was pleased with the general expression of content; and Cordelia, satisfied with her father, charmed with her step-mother, delighted with her preceptor, how beautiful was her countenance! what lovely visions played around her fancy! what a tender, delicious joy filled her heart! With those sweet, pensive features, those downcast eyes, how much more than gay, how happy was Cordelia!

CHAPTER IX.

DE LILLE, though unwilling to lose *eclat* of accompanying Lord Marmit from whom since his marriage he had ne before received any mark of attention, little satisfied with the arrangement, wh left Cordelia so accessible to her first p ceptor. Previous to his departure, he t an opportunity of repeating to his daug all the encomiums Vallancy and His Lo ship had pronounced on her beauty, ag assuring her that Mrs. De Lille was incen at her superiority to Miss Rouvigny. then expressed his concern that the house to be encumbered during his absence v such a young man as Altamont, not that he trusted her *prudence*, on the contrary he sure she would know how to preserve own dignity and repulse his attentions, if should dare to obtrude them. He conclu

by ſaying, that he hoped ſhe would defeat his wife's malice, whoſe aim it had ever been to keep her in humble obſcurity. He then left her abruptly, unwilling perhaps to involve himſelf in any thing like an altercation, which might very naturally ariſe in her zeal for the vindication of her firſt preceptor.

Cordelia, it will eaſily be imagined, was no longer ſatisfied with her father, and when ſhe returned to the company ſhe was almoſt equally diſſatisfied with Altamont. He had no longer that look of animation and enthuſiaſm; ſhe miſſed the ardent expreſſion of admiration ſhe had before obſerved in his countenance; he now wore a grave, and almoſt a melancholy, aſpect. Cordelia fancied he regretted his friend's departure, and wondered how it had come to paſs that every body had appeared ſo happy yeſterday.

When the canvaſſers were gone he retired to his own apartment, to write letters to Switzerland, or perhaps to indulge his own meditations. Till he was once more

in Beachdale it had never ſeriouſly occurred to him, how little he had employed his talents ſince he left it; and till he ſaw Cordelia he had never deeply regretted thoſe illuſions of fancy in which he had waſted his youth. To what purpoſe had he hitherto lived? His talents were not known beyond the college, or the circle of his friends; he had travelled; he had acquired a fund of knowledge, and ſtill he had lived for no honourable, no noble object. Thoſe anonymous letters, thoſe myſterious remittances, were now remembered with regret, almoſt with diſguſt. All theſe reflections were ſufficiently obvious, but he was indebted for them to Cordelia: by a ſingle impreſſion made on the heart, the dreams of fancy diſſolved in air, and returned to their primitive nothing. Nor was this his only ſource of painful reflection: he knew not whether to conſider De Lille as ungrateful or generous. When he compared all the circumſtances attending thoſe ſecret donations, he agreed with Mrs. Bruce, that they could have been

tranſ-

tranſmitted from no other quarter; but, when he ſaw and heard the ſuppoſed donor, he almoſt ſubſcribed to his friend Vallancy's opinion, that it was as likely to have come from the Genii.

This ſtate occaſioned ſuch painful alternations of feeling, that he determined not, even if Cordelia ſhould induce him, to remain at Beachdale, if he could not diſcover whether De Lille was or was not his private benefactor. Notwithſtanding all theſe ſevere reſolutions, his penſiveneſs vaniſhed, he knew not how, when he had been half an hour in her ſociety. But the cloud that had reſted on his countenance paſſed to her's when Haller obſerved, that having failed in the object of his miſſion to England, he ſhould return to Germany in three or four weeks. Mrs. De Lille was profuſe in expreſſions of regret; and, having exhauſted all ſhe had to ſay on the ſubject, ſomewhat abruptly aſked, if he was not an Engliſhman. "In my father's right, Madam, if "not in my own; I was, I believe, born in "this

" this kingdom, but have ſpent almoſt all " my life out of it." After this queſtion he ſunk into his meditative mood, from which he was only rouzed when Cordelia propoſed a walk. He readily aſſented. Altamont was invited to join them; and as Mrs. De Lille had happily no reliſh for ſuch rural pleaſures, they proceeded, without her, to a heath-covered hill, which had been Altamont's favourite haunt in childhood; and was ſo celebrated for its ſalubrity, that applications were often made for the admiſſion of patients to the farm-houſe, (the only habitation it afforded,) for their recovery.

The path wound through green lanes and delicious fields, preſenting a conſtant variety of landſcape. At firſt, Haller walked with his two young friends, equally delighting them with his funds of knowledge and thought, his refined ſenſibilities and unaffected benevolence. He never entered on political or metaphyſical diſcuſſions; he had a few ſimple principles to which all his wiſdom appended; he loved to think that ſociety

like man was in a progreſſive ſtate, and that virtue and truth were advancing their courſe. To talk long, however, even on theſe moſt congenial themes, ſeemed to fatigue his attention; he required the freedom of ſilence and ſolitude for peace and meditation. When they reached the ſummit of the hill, therefore, he quitted his companions, and, ſtationed on a verdant knoll, contemplated the diſtant ſea, ſo dimly ſeen, that its ſublime ſtorms were only preſent to the eye of fancy, whilſt the wide expanſe of country ſuggeſted images of peace, plenty, and ſecurity. Altamont and Cordelia gazed on his mild religious aſpect. "The firſt "moment I ſaw him," cried Altamont, "I "could have wiſhed to call him father?" "That was exactly my feeling," replied ſhe; then bluſhing with the conſciouſneſs that ſhe might ſeem to reflect on her own parent, ſhe added, "for he appears to be "the common guardian of the human "race."

"Thoſe

"Thoſe very words," cried Altamont, "were on my own lips; but why does he "lead this melancholy exiſtence?"

"Melancholy! he is ſurely the moſt "cheerful old man I have ever known; "and though he has neither wife nor chil-"dren, he ſeems not a ſolitary being; he "creates for his heart ſo many intereſts, "and he has ſo much tenderneſs, I could "readily make him my confeſſor."

Altamont's eyes avowed that he thought ſhe had no faults to acknowledge, but he checked the expreſſion of his feelings, and, looking at her ſteadily, ſaid, "I believe I "could convict you of an amiable trea-"chery?"

"My conſcience anſwers, not guilty."

"Is it not to you I owe"— he ſtopt, unwilling to proceed.

"You owe me nothing. I am, and ever "ſhall be, your mother's debtor."

"Cordelia, yes, I muſt once more call "you Cordelia, tell me truly, have you

"never

"never heard of Valſinore's munificence to "my mother?"

"Till this moment I never heard his "name."

"No!—then it could not be—and yet "it muſt be."

Here he appeared loſt in perplexity. Cordelia ventured to enquire what he meant by his queſtions.

Altamont, who, ſince he had nothing elſe to offer, found it ſoothing to give his confidence to Cordelia, readily commenced his mother's ſtory; and perceiving that Haller had quitted his ſtation, and was quietly reſting in the porch of the farm-houſe, careſſing the children of the family, who had gathered round him, he led Cordelia to a plantation of fir trees, where, in his boyiſh days, he had raiſed a ſwing for her amuſement. Cordelia well remembered the trees between which the ſimple machine uſed to be ſuſpended; its place was now ſupplied by a ruſtic bench, where Altamont, inviting her to reſt, ſoon finiſhed his little narrative;

narrative; at which she was so much touched that had he before distrusted, he must now have been convinced of her sincerity. He then mentioned all he had lately heard of Valsinore; and as she had participated in his romantic hopes, she shared deeply in his regrets. "But still," said Cordelia, "I can "understand why you should suspect "of treachery?" Altamont was still embarrassed by the question, but regretted the disingenuous impulse which would have induced concealment, he confessed the mysterious inclosures; adding, "Under these "circumstances, you will not wonder that I "am grown suspicious of obligation."

Cordelia required no farther explanation for she easily comprehended that he alluded to her father. "Let us yet hope," she answered, "that Valsinore exists; of this "I am certain, there is no one within "my acquaintance, who has the power to "confer such benefits. Be assured you "have never yet seen your noble benefactor."

Her

Here, perceiving that Haller was approaching, they rejoined their venerable associate, who was again disposed to relish society, and conversed with exquisite feeling on the poetical sentiment associated with picturesque scenery, and the inexhaustible varieties of nature. "Imagination," said he, "peoples every delightful scene with "the virtues, most amiable, most beneficent "to mankind. I am now shut out from a "thousand avenues of hope and pleasure, "I have lost many faculties of enjoyment; "but this remains, for it is mental and "immortal."

CHAPTER X.

THE confidence repoſed by Altamont in his former pupil had reſtored them to the franknefs of familiar friendſhip. Cordelia ſecretly pronounced her father's ſurmiſes unjuſt; and exulting in the conviction of his honourable principles, ſhe magnanimouſly reſolved to prove that their mutual ſympathy was not incompatible with the moſt diſintereſted attachment.

She had heard ſuch modes of attachment ſtigmatized as dangerous and deluſive; but though gentle and timid, ſhe had too much imagination to ſubſcribe, on all occaſions, to the dictates of prudence. She was, beſides, an enthuſiaſt in the cauſe of virtue, and had a generous diſdain of all ſordid cautions, all vulgar ſuſpicion. She had lived too much in her own world, to reliſh the truiſms which melancholy experience has

has forced upon mankind. In ſhort, ſhe had all that ſenſibility which ſo often proves dangerous to its poſſeſſor; but her ſentiments were always noble: her heart diſclaimed communion with all but noble beings. Having decided that Altamont was to be her friend, ſhe daily annexed to that title ſome new privilege, ſome ſtill more ſacred duty.

Recollecting that her father had ſtigmatized him as a dangler on Vallancy, ſhe ventured in her turn to become the monitor, and urged him to embrace ſome profeſſion which ſhould give ſcope to his talents and ambition. She confeſſed how much her own childiſh pride had been mortified by his rebukes of her inattention, and by what exertions ſhe had ſought to regain his approbation.

Altamont almoſt felt compunction at the aſſurance that he had ever cauſed her to weep. Cordelia was certainly revenged for his former aſperity; ſhe gloried in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a friend, and reſolved he ſhould

ſhould be for ever the object of her ſiſterly affection.

The friend was not indocile to her admonitions; he *did* think of the profeſſion ſhe urged him to embrace, and he ſometimes thought, too, that Cordelia herſelf might at ſome future period recompence his exertions and bleſs his choice. Thus, if the firſt fantaſtic dream of youth was gone, another almoſt equally romantic, but infinitely more delightful, ſupplied its place. In the meanwhile he was happy in anticipations of happineſs; whilſt Cordelia, on the contrary, wanted nothing to complete her felicity, but the aſſurance that it ſhould be permanent.

She often wiſhed her friend would confide in Haller, but knew not how to ſuggeſt this wiſh. One morning, having expreſſed her eagerneſs to ſee the manuſcript as a relic of his benefactor, Altamont preſented it for her inſpection, and ſhe was gazing on it with reverence, when Haller, obſerving that none of the characters were viſible, offered

to

to restore them by a simple process with which he was perfectly acquainted. Altamont eagerly accepted the proposal, but now delicate scruple took possession of Cordelia's mind. The manuscript was perhaps the depository of Valsinore's most secret thoughts, and was it right to force them from their religious sanctuary? At the name of Valsinore, Haller listened with augmented interest; he had himself heard of such a man, and his character was calculated to excite curiosity.

Altamont explained by what means these papers had come into his possession; and Haller, after praising Cordelia's singleness of soul, promised if he discovered any charge of secrecy, not to penetrate beyond the first page. "But may I ask what excites in you "so much curiosity for this Valsinore?"

"Only," replied she, eagerly, "that he "was one of the noblest and most benevo- "lent of human beings."

Altamont was silent: Haller enquired no farther, but took the manuscript into his possession

"this kingdom, but have spent almost all "my life out of it." After this question he sunk into his meditative mood, from which he was only roused when Cordelia proposed a walk. He readily assented. Valtamont was invited to join them; and as Mrs. De Lille had happily no relish for such rural pleasures, they proceeded, without delay, to a heath-covered hill, which had been Valtamont's favourite haunt in childhood; and was so celebrated for its salubrity, that supplications were often made for the admission of patients to the farm-house, (the only habitation it afforded,) for their recovery.

The path wound through green lanes and delicious fields, presenting a constant variety of landscape. At first, Haller walked with his two young friends, equally delighting them with his funds of knowledge and thought, his refined sensibilities and unaffected benevolence. He never entered on political or metaphysical discussions; he had a few simple principles to which all his wisdom appended; he loved to think that society

like man was in a progreſſive ſtate, and that virtue and truth were advancing their courſe. To talk long, however, even on theſe moſt congenial themes, ſeemed to fatigue his attention; he required the freedom of ſilence and ſolitude for peace and meditation. When they reached the ſummit of the hill, therefore, he quitted his companions, and, ſtationed on a verdant knoll, contemplated the diſtant ſea, ſo dimly ſeen, that its ſublime ſtorms were only preſent to the eye of fancy, whilſt the wide expanſe of country ſuggeſted images of peace, plenty, and ſecurity. Altamont and Cordelia gazed on his mild religious aſpect. "The firſt "moment I ſaw him," cried Altamont, "I "could have wiſhed to call him father?" "That was exactly my feeling," replied ſhe; then bluſhing with the conſciouſneſs that ſhe might ſeem to reflect on her own parent, ſhe added, "for he appears to be "the common guardian of the human "race."

"Thoſe

" to feelings and impreſſions which had
" lapſed into oblivion; what is forgotten is
" not miſſed; regret is the gift of remem-
" brance."

For the laſt two days, Haller was the moſt cheerful of the party; but on the evening preceding their departure, Mrs. De Lille ſuddenly recollected that Altamont was her ſon's repreſentative, and that ſhe could not permit him to go without a ſolemn promiſe to return.

The motive of her hoſpitality is eaſily accounted for by her having received a letter from Sir Frederic, announcing Miſs Rouvigny's farther detention; and another from Lord Marmiton, in which, after congratulating her on her ſon's ſucceſs, he mentioned his intention of reviſiting Beachdale.

The delay was explained alſo by Miſs Rouvigny having caught a fever during her journey, which, though not dangerous, rendered it improper to travel till ſhe ſhould have regained her ſtrength. Sir Frederic, it will eaſily be ſuppoſed, was provoked at

this

this unſeaſonable detention; and with all his politeneſs, his letter diſcovered leſs concern for his ward's indiſpoſition, than his own perſonal inconvenience.

Relieved from the fears of loſing Altamont, Cordelia was now grieved at the departure of Haller, from whom ſhe had vainly attempted to obtain the promiſe of correſpondence.

"No," ſaid he, "an old man ſhould "have no intimacy but with thoſe he can "benefit. I came to England on a public "miſſion; I return to Germany with the "hope of obtaining, for a private indivi-"dual, an act of equity and juſtice. If I "proſper in this, perhaps, laſt worldly buſi-"neſs I ſhall have to tranſact, you will ſee "me again; otherwiſe"—He ſtopped abruptly—there was a mournful pauſe—no one ventured to renew the ſubject.

He did not reſtore the manuſcript till the morning of his departure, when it was given into Cordelia's cuſtody, who voluntarily engaged not to look into it without Alta-

mont. Haller, ſmiling with benignity at her ſcrupulous integrity, obſerved, it would be much better they ſhould read it together; adding, ſhe would diſcover it was written for her particular inſtruction.

"But does it refer to Valſinore?"

"The writer's name is not divulged; "but it contains, in part at leaſt, the hiſ- "tory of ſome man who has taſted in ex- "ceſs of happineſs and miſery. And now, "is not your curioſity excited?"

"Yes; but I ſhall ſtill be faithful to my "truſt—I ſhall ſtill wait till we can read "it together."

Altamont, it may be preſumed, was not ungrateful for this artleſs aſſociation. Haller looked at them both with affection; but though his eyes were bent on Altamont with kindneſs, their more tender expreſſion was reſerved excluſively for Cordelia.

CHAPTER XI.

ALTAMONT had not left Beachdale without a ſtruggle with inclination, for which he was, however, ſoon rewarded, by the conſcioufneſs of having acted in a manner that rendered him more worthy of Cordelia. As long as he indulged his own meditations, or enjoyed the ſociety of Haller, his hopes were pure and ardent. He could anticipate a period of recompence; he could imagine a ſcene of happineſs, which invigorated his efforts, and converted care to pleaſure. But when he entered into company, he was ſure to loſe many of thoſe bright illuſions: the general tone of converſation never failed to lower his feelings —to enfeeble his energy. Every one had kept a regiſter of thoſe who had failed in the arduous undertaking. The old ſpoke

from experience, the young from authority one quoted precedent, another produce example; and all concurred in representin a young man's probation for fame as th most hazardous and hopeless of all exper ments.

He complained to Haller of this disco raging language, and its injurious influen

"Regard it not; it is the fault, or pe
"haps the misfortune, of your countrym
"to want enthusiasm; but, to their honou
"they are as liberal in rewarding merit wh
"acknowledged, as they are slow in i
"discovery. Let courage and perseveran
"be your motto, and you will triump
"over discouragement. I am not inde
"familiar with the details of your professio
"but I feel assured, it is one in which re
"merit cannot long remain buried in ol
"security. But you must forget the r
"mantic visions of youth — every thing
added he smiling, "but Cordelia."

"And that vision," said Altamont, "
"perhaps the most extravagant of all."

"N

"Not to the man who ſhall really deſerve
"her. Ambition," added he, "is a noble
"paſſion; but let it find ſome object in the
"heart, and loſe its native hardneſs, by
"mingling with the beſt and deareſt affec-
"tions."

In ſuch converſation Altamont inſenſibly forgot the diſparity in their age, and poured forth his youthful feelings with ingenuous confidence.

Haller once ſaid, "The young accuſe
"the old of want of ſympathy; but it is
"the old who are ſlighted and neglected,
"becauſe their feelings can only be under-
"ſtood by thoſe who have arrived at their
"own experience. The ſame paſſions which
"now reign in your ſoul have prevailed in
"mine; I underſtand their language, and
"am an adept in their idioms; but I have
"ſince known feelings with which you have
"yet formed no acquaintance, and for
"theſe I ſhould vainly aſk conſideration or
"ſympathy."

Altamont was ſometimes reminded of his intimacy with Woodville, of whoſe character he gave a ſketch with equal animation and fidelity. He lamented the lapſe in their correſpondence, but conſoled himſelf with the perſuaſion, that his friend was now enjoying eaſe and proſperity.

One evening, as he was walking with Haller, converſing on this ſubject, and regretting that a man of ſuch talents ſhould have been loſt to the world, he paſſed a perſon whoſe figure ſo ſtrongly reſembled Woodville's, that he had almoſt pronounced his name, when he was ſtartled by his ghaſtly, haggard countenance. A moment's reflection convinced him this could not be Woodville. In his momentary view of the ſtranger, he had obſerved that he was ſhabbily dreſſed, and had an appearance of abject poverty: beſides, he looked ſo much older, that it was clearly impoſſible. The impreſſion, however, dwelt on his mind, and he was unuſually penſive, when Haller ſuddenly

ſuddenly begged him to take the addreſs of a Hamburgh banker, with whom he was acquainted, and through whoſe medium he might always hear of him whilſt he continued in exiſtence.

At parting for the night he bade him farewell, and ſhook his hand twice, but without intimating his intended departure; nor was it till the next morning that he knew his friend was really gone, having left the houſe at day-break, and, as was ſuppoſed, with the intention of proceeding immediately to the place of embarkation.

Altamont was diſſatisfied with this abrupt exit, in which he almoſt fancied he detected an eccentricity unworthy of ſo ſublime a character. But he dwelt not long on this invidious ſubject; he recollected his engagement to return to Beachdale, and with ſuch precipitation did he prepare to fulfil it, that he took his ſeat in a coach which only went within fifteen miles of Vallancy houſe, when, by waiting another hour, he might

have been conveyed within half a mile of the village.

On leaving the coach he was fortunate enough to procure a horſe, on which he proceeded with ſuch expedition, that before the cloſe of day he came within view of the hill to which he had ſo lately walked with Haller and Cordelia. The ſun was again ſinking beneath the horizon, and Altamont, animated by love and ambition, contemplated the ſcene with unuſual delight. He has now juſt entered a wild romantic heath, by many a childiſh ramble endeared to remembrance. It was here and there planted with trees, but more commonly chequered only with furze, and of ſo uneven and undulating a ſurface, that at every ten paces the traveller obſerved a new landſcape; and though within a quarter of a mile of a public road, perceived no veſtige of any human habitation.

Altamont was galloping down a declivity, when he perceived before him another ſolitary

tary horſeman, to whom a footpad, who at that moment iſſued from an adjacent thicket, was preſenting a piſtol. He inſtantly ſpurred his horſe to the ſpot: the gentleman was in the act of delivering his purſe, when the robber, perceiving Altamont, dropt the piſtol from his hand, and darted back to the copſe, yet not ſo precipitately but that his features might be diſtinguiſhed, and diſcovered again the pale haggard countenance ſo ſtrongly reſembling Woodville. In the meanwhile, Altamont's horſe having taken fright at the piſtol, which exploded in its fall, threw his rider with ſuch violence, that his right arm was *diſlocated*.

The perſon to whoſe relief he had arrived thus opportunely, and who was no other than De Lille, now advancing to the ſpot, aſſiſted him to riſe, and with many acknowledgments for his kind interpoſition, conducted him to a hovel on the other ſide of the heath, from whence he diſpatched a boy for a ſurgeon, who lived in the next village; and then, as Altamont declined

remounting his horſe, De Lille left it witl his own to the charge of the peaſant wh lived in this hut, and walked with him lei ſurely to Beachdale. On their way the could talk of nothing but the late adven ture. De Lille obſerved, that often as h had traverſed that heath, it was the firl time he had ever met with any interrup tion; and then added, that to ſpare his wil and daughter unneceſſary uneaſineſs, would be well to ſuppreſs any mentio of the intended robbery. "Not," adde he, "that I do not wiſh to do juſtice t "your gallantry."

Altamont readily concurred in the propc ſal; and De Lille added, "As to the wretc "who attacked me, I could identify him a "any time; had you not a view of his face?

"I certainly had a glimpſe of his fea "tures, and they ſtrongly reminded me c "a much eſteemed friend, whom it is in "poſſible that it ſhould be."

"'Tis a ſtrongly marked countenance, replied De Lille, "and I ſhould know it i

"an

"any quarter of the globe. He has a re-
"markable furrow in the forehead, proba-
"bly occaſioned by accident, which would
"diſtinguiſh him among ten thouſand."

"Do you think ſo ſlight a mark deci-
"ſive?" ſaid Altamont, "for that I re-
"member too in my friend."

"Oh, there are other marks," ſaid De Lille, careleſsly, "but for the preſent, we "will ſay nothing about him."

Altamont was nearly exhauſted when he reached the houſe, from which Cordelia happened to be abſent on a viſit with Mrs. De Lille; and he therefore miſſed whatever pain or pleaſure he might have experienced from obſerving her countenance. In receiving the news, ſhe probably exerted ſome fortitude, ſince her father, from that time, ſeemed to have diſmiſſed his ſuſpicions of her friend, and now mentioned him with cordiality and eſteem. For ſome days he was confined, by the conſequences of the accident, to his chamber; it was certainly tantalizing to be thus eſtranged from Cordelia;

nor was he consoled by her father's dai[illegible] visits, and specious but heartless courtesie[illegible] for the loss of her endearing society. Du[illegible] ing his imprisonment, he received a ver[illegible] sprightly letter from Vallancy, who appear[illegible] to have almost forgotten the *Incognita* in h[illegible] parliamentary anticipations.

De Lille received an invitation to Lor[illegible] Marmiton's, which he was too politic not accept; and having now detected the secr[illegible] of his wife's perverseness, he mentioned Al[illegible] tamont to her, in terms of praise very diffe[illegible] rent from the language he had once addre[illegible] to Cordelia. This judicious stratagem succeeded; and when the invalid was sufficiently recovered to rejoin the family, which happened during De Lille's absence, he might have been struck with the change in her deportment, if he could have attended to any thing so insignificant in the presence of Cordelia. Not that he was immediately restored to all the privileges he had previously enjoyed.

Each had acquired a certain consciousness, which checked the flow of sympathy; and both

both miſſed the venerable aſpect of Haller, in whoſe ſociety they could watch each other's looks, without betraying vigilance or fearing detection. This new ſituation produced not in each a ſimilar change of ſentiment. Altamont, obſerving in Cordelia ſo much more reſerve, was ſecretly diſcouraged by her altered deportment; and as his paſſion increaſed, his confidence diminiſhed. Cordelia from her anxiety to preſerve his friendſhip, had a latent ſuſpicion of his love; not that ſhe admitted to herſelf, what ſhe at once hoped and feared, and doubted and believed; but ſhe dreaded her father's ſcrutiny, and, as ſhe could not be diſingenuous, his enquiry. She dreaded the poſſibility of ſeeing him treated by her family with rudeneſs and contempt. Above all, perhaps, ſhe dreaded the ſuſpenſion of that familiar intercourſe, the loſs of that endearing ſympathy, at once ſo ſatisfying to the heart, ſo congenial to the fancy, from which ſhe received ſuch delight. In this dilemma of ſentiment, love itſelf became her monitor;

monitor; and, as they were fully at liberty to ſelect their own amuſement, ſhe requeſted him to renew his inſtructions; proteſting ſhe was ambitious to convince him that ſhe could now be an exemplary pupil. A monarch could not have conferred on Altamont a title he held ſo dear, as that of Cordelia's preceptor.

But what ſhall be the ſubject of their ſtudies? She has magnanimouſly reſolved to forſake the Elyſian fields of poetry, for the higher regions of philoſophy. *Timidity*, for once, aſſuming the office of wiſdom, involves in one ruthleſs proſcription all the enchanting graces of the imagination; and that every thing leading to ſentiment may be baniſhed from converſation, ſhe profeſſes a deſire to aſcend to that mathematical ſphere, ſo rarely explored by her ſex. Altamont himſelf has little reliſh for this abſtracted world; but any world becomes delightful with Cordelia. And now behold her liſtening with patient endurance, to ſuch words as,

"Iſoſceles and parallel,
"Words hard to ſpeak, and hard to ſpell;"

whilſt

whilst Altamont, with composed gravity, discourses on the radii of the circle. But little does this frigid language correspond with the impassioned enthusiasm kindling in his eyes, whenever he glances on the lovely pupil, who receives the lesson with a bewitching air of deference and docility, yet often fails to collect its import, from the attention spontaneously offered to the now indulgent and devoted tutor. The perusal of the legend is still postponed to some more propitious moment; it is, perhaps, an innocent device of the heart, to prolong by the anticipations of fancy, the precious interval of enjoyment. But this felicity approaches its close. Mrs. De Lille, with triumph in her eyes, announces the arrival of Miss Rouvigny in England, and instantly reminds Altamont of his promise to entice her Vallancy back to Beachdale.

Condelia loved Adela; yet she could not rejoice at the intelligence, since she had a presage, that her arrival was to be the signal for Altamont's departure. "She was too

"much

" much fatigued to write herſelf," reiterat
Mrs. De Lille; " but Sir Frederic, who is
" impatience to return, promiſes ſhe ſh
" be reſtored in a day or two."

Cordelia changed countenance; her em
tion eſcaped the wary Mrs. De Lille, b
was obſerved by Altamont, ſo much mo
lynx-eyed is love than even ſuſpicion.

The firſt moment ſhe was alone with Al
mont, ſhe offered to reſtore the manuſcript
condition that he ſhould read it to her on the
morrow. Altamont is too happy to eſcape
from Euclid; his ardour for the manuſcript
is revived; for, of late, curioſity had been ſuſ-
pended, and even gratitude abſorbed in a
dearer object. Though delighted with to-
day, he therefore longs for the morrow,
which promiſes him ſo much enjoyment.

The morrow came; the family as uſual
aſſembled at the breakfaſt-table, when both
Altamont and Cordelia were ſtruck with the
perplexity in Mrs. De Lille's countenance,
who, having haſtily ſwallowed a cup of tea,
aroſe, and darted through the park towards
the

the Grange, the residence of the wealthy farmer Mr. Mapletoft, and for some years the retreat of Mrs. Gladwin's old *protegée*.

In the last three weeks, Mrs. De Lille had often visited this worthy creature, to whom for three years before, she had scarcely vouchsafed a single civility. It will be necessary to account for this change of conduct, though Mrs. De Lille herself would have been at a loss to explain the motives by which she was secretly influenced.

It may be remembered, that the introduction of Celia's friend to the Grange, nearly coincided with the period of Mr. Bruce's departure from the vicarage; and, like every other transaction effected by her agency, was conducted in the shape of mystery. Mrs. Winifred was no spinster, and expressions often escaped her, which intimated, that she had been peculiarly unfortunate in her conjugal connection. No mention was ever made of her family; she was obviously illiterate and uneducated; but, what was most surprizing, she appeared to consider

Celia

Celia as eminently her ſuperior, though ſhe paid for her board alone, a ſum more than equal to the income of her nominal patroneſs; and it was ſoon diſcovered, that ſhe diſpenſed alms to a conſiderable amount. Her purſe was almoſt as acceſſible as her medicine-cheſt, in which ſhe took infinite delight. She made ſoups for the ſick, diſtributed cloaths to the naked, and was ſoon worſhipped as the Lady Bountiful of the pariſh. In all but goodneſs, indeed, ſhe was a ſtriking contraſt to her romantic friend. She was always attired with plain and ſcrupulous neatneſs; the cap and pinner never forſook her head; and a gown of plain grey ſilk was her conſtant uniform. Her dreſs was not plainer than her ſpeech; ſhe made no pretenſions to literature; and, though ſhe had once at Celia's requeſt endeavoured to wade through the Hiſtory of England, ſhe ſoon deſiſted from the taſk, alledging that, upon this occaſion, ſhe dozed ſo much by day, ſhe could not ſleep at night.

With novels ſhe experienced not the ſame difficulties; and often did ſhe ſit in her

her eaſy chair, groaning over the ſorrows of her diſtreſſed heroines, and raving at the diabolical tricks of their male perſecutors. From this exerciſe of fancy alone could it have been ſuſpected that ſhe was capable of one vindictive ſentiment: but ſympathy betrayed this ſecret of her heart, that with all her kindneſs, all her benevolence, and even her charity, ſhe never forgot or forgave an injury; often, in her ſimple language, declaring, that ſhe could ſooner die, than bleſs her enemy. In Mr. Mapletoft's houſehold, ſhe had happily found an object for her warmeſt affections, in a poor ſlighted youth, who had been tranſplanted from a numerous family; and who received his maintenance from his rich relation, as an act of charity. Feeble and ſickly, with a decided averſion to all active purſuits, he was found wholly uſeleſs in the farm; and, as Mr. Mapletoft choſe not to throw away money on his education, he was left to himſelf, and ſtigmatized as a zany, and conſidered as an incumbrance, till he found a friend

a friend in Mrs. Winifred; who having nurſed him in an ague, ſoon conceived for her docile patient the moſt tender friendſhip. Having diſcovered that he was fond of reading, ſhe procured for him, through the intereſt of Mrs. Gladwin, full access to the library at the abbey; where he owed his fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Quintin, who ſometimes employed him as a ſecretary, ſometimes as a reader, and now and then gave him in return a leſſon in the Latin grammar, and a pompous diſſertation on heraldry. The ſituation of Aleck Satchell (as he was called) was now changed. The Mapletofts, perceiving Mrs. Winifred's predilection, imagined he was to be her heir. Mr. Quintin, flattered by his docility, pronounced him a *prodigy* of application; and Aleck himſelf was perfectly ſatisfied that he ſhould ſome day or other realize all the fond fantaſtic dreams of greatneſs, which had been, he knew not when, or how long ſince, impreſſed on his ductile fancy.

A viſionary

A viſionary is almoſt always the outcaſt of nature; a being, whom fortune ſhould ſeem to have excluded from happineſs, and rarely admitted within the dear domeſtic circle; he has not ſhared in the rich, unbartered bleſſings of friendſhip; the cheap, yet precious, pleaſures of home. He is not found in the loweſt claſs of poverty. Whoever has to earn the bread he eats is in no danger of wandering into dreams: but he who wants every thing which the ſoul requires, muſt inevitably become obtuſe or fantaſtic. It was thus with Aleck, who during infancy had no playmate, having been adopted by a ſuperſtitious grandmother, who duly every morning ſhook her tea-cup, and deſcanted on her dreams. At night ſhe was often diſturbed with that little ſpider, whoſe *tick-like* murmur has been ſuppoſed to betoken death. She ſaw portents in the candle; and if a coal bounced from the fire, believed it was a ſummons to the grave. She was accuſtomed alſo to calculate on years,

years, even and odd; and had a thouſand other vagaries, which were dropt into Aleck's ear. She had taught him to read, and Jacob Behmen, and the Hiſtory of Witchcraft and of Apparitions, formed his firſt ſtudies. Once, too, this care-worn perſonage took him to a cunning woman, who told his fortune; and predicted, he ſhould one day be a great man. The grandame laughed; but ever after, if ſhe was pleaſed with the boy, would ſtroke his head, repeat the prophecy; and then, looking into an old court calendar, count over the places by the poſſeſſion of which, it might be accompliſhed. Aleck's natural indolence left him paſſive to impreſſions; he inſenſibly acquired ſome vague conceptions, that he was born to no common deſtiny. He amaſſed in imagination a little treaſury of hope, and was ſatisfied with his lot. When he was transferred to Mr. Mapletoft's family, where he had no longer this fond flattering grandame, he endured every ſlight and mortification, ſtill truſting,

he

he knew not why, to this myſterious prophecy. Though not bleſſed with inſtruction, he read voraciouſly whatever books he could meet with; ſome of theſe, the refuſe of an old lumber cheſt, happened to be of a metaphyſical caſt. His early ſuperſtitions were clinging to his mind, but this new courſe of ſtudy taught him to deſpiſe their names, whilſt he ſtill nouriſhed his fancy with their eſſence. A paſſion to account for every thing ſuddenly took poſſeſſion of his mind; and, reflecting on his grandmother's dreams, he began to think that if he knew the events of the day, he could eaſily predict the viſions of the night. He purſued this fanciful enquiry with ſucceſs; for as he was perſevering in his queſtions, he generally extracted an anſwer to correſpond with his previous calculation. He now went one ſtep farther; he began to ſpeculate on the compoſition of dreams, and at length fancied he could, by making certain impreſſions on the mind, induce any particular perſon to dream as he pleaſed.

In this too he ſucceeded, for the ſame reaſon as before; as by dint of importunity, he ſeldom failed to extort the conceſſion he wiſhed. It is ſeldom poſſible to retrace our dreams; the effort of memory is commonly aided by fancy; and with the uneducated people, on whom Aleck operated, one illuſion is often miſtaken for the other.

"Why do we fall in love?" was once ſaid ſportively by a young man as lively as Vallancy.

Aleck began to ponder on the ſubject, which appeared to him pregnant with philoſophy. He conſidered, that the general ſuſceptibility to tender impreſſions could by no means explain the circumſtance of particular predilection. The caprice of the paſſion was proverbial; it was notorious that neither beauty nor talents extorted the preference; and what determined the affections to one individual more than another, was often a problem to the underſtanding; and the occult cauſe had often been reſolve into ſecret ſympathies, charms, ſpells, ar

incantations; he obſerved that few people dived into this ſubject, without admitting the operation of a certain ſpecies of fatality, which ſuppoſed the attraction to be invinſible. But might not all this, thought Aleck, be reſolved into intermediate mental agency? May not two individuals be impelled to think of each other, becauſe they have been accidentally aſſociated together in the minds of a third perſon? Might not thought flow like light; and was not its action produced by vibrations? This influence might hitherto have been accidentally, exerted though the exiſtence of its principle was unſuſpected; as the magnetic property of ſteel exiſted long before its application to the compaſs. And might not ſome ſuperior mind, by intenſe, vehement, efficient application, acquire the ſteerage of the human affections?

To the obvious objection, that ſuch power might be miſapplied, he had an eaſy anſwer; that ſuch power could

never be exercised by any one, who was himself under the dominion of the passions; because it demanded that ardent and perfect devotedness to an abstract subject of which no impassioned mind was capable. The hypothesis once launched, solved a thousand things which had been hitherto deemed insoluble. It elucidated the fables of mythology; which he conceived to be nothing more than personifications of this principle; this medium of sympathy, was by him to be reclaimed for mankind. To this he attributed the attachment of the Spartans to their Lycurgus, and the submission of Athens to her Solon.

"It was by intense abstraction in these "sages," cried Aleck; "it was by think-"ing constantly and vehemently of their "fellow citizens, that they established their "mental ascendant." Then he reasoned, that the being who should be sublime enough to compel the affections, might also in time be powerful enough to still the

the paſſions, which had been hitherto pernicious to the world; and the golden age of the poets, and the Utopia of philoſophers, would be realized, whenever there ſhould be a ſufficient number of ſuperior minds to balance and harmonize the moral ſympathies. Enchanted with his theory, he put it to the teſt of experiment; and for this purpoſe, aſſociated in imagination two young people of the village; thinking of them to the excluſion of every other idea, and with an ardent aſpiration for their future felicity.

The reſult was flattering; for it happened that they were ſoon united. Charmed with his firſt ſucceſs, he made the trial on another couple with ſimilar *reſults;* and for the courſe of two years, operated on many more, ſome of whom proved refractory. But being once prepoſſeſſed with his faith, ſuch failures did not depreſs his courage; and, by degrees, he reſolved all ſuch caſes into unſuitable tempers, or previous attach-

ment. Hitherto, however, he had tried only on the young and ſuſceptible. To aſcertain the extent of his power, he deemed it neceſſary to aſſociate in his mind two individuals of another claſs. There lived in the village a carrier, whoſe name of Nicholas was familiarly abbreviated into Nick. He was a tall lank figure; remarkable for nothing but his care and taciturnity; he trudged twice a week to the neighbouring town, at the ſide of a little light cart, drawn by a ſingle aſs. He had buried his wife, and appeared not to think of another. Indeed, he never waſted time in unprofitable diſcourſe, even to his cuſtomers; and day after day jogged on, ſcarcely opening his lips, except to admoniſh his dog, or rebuke his aſs.

In Mrs. Mapletoft's houſhold, was a tall elderly damſel, ſo ſtaid and circumſpect, that ſhe was treated with the deference due to a matron. Aleck, being perſuaded, that theſe two people would harmonize together, thought of them intenſely;

and

and even at church kept looking from Nick to Betty, by which unsuspected manœuvre, he really caused them to look at each other. Whether Betty mused on this extraordinary symptom of attention in Nick is not known: but the next day she was sent to the carrier, by Mrs. Winifred, with a small parcel, to which she attached some importance. The damsel found him too hoarse to speak; she reported his case to the kind-hearted doctress, who immediately sent a bottle of elder wine and a posset by the same messenger; various other friendly offices succeeded; and Aleck, who had devoted himself to the object with unremitted ardour, had at length the satisfaction to see them united; and often, on passing their snug little cottage, which had been neatly furnished by Mrs. Winifred, and by Betty's care was rendered light and tidy, he secretly felicitated himself on having been the unknown and unsuspected agent of their mutual satisfaction and tranquillity. This last effort was so decisive, that he

haſtened to Mrs. Winifred, to whom alone he divulged his diſcovery, and for whoſe ſatisfaction he now attempted to explain his principles.

To explain to another what he knows, or fancies that he knows, is always a ſevere effort to the viſionary, who inſtinctively ſhelters the offspring of his brain in quiet obſcurity.

Fortunately for Aleck, the perſon ſelected for his confidence, oppoſed no ſtartling objections to his darling ſyſtem, of which ſhe did not comprehend the import. Fortunately too, he had learnt to inveſt his ideas with a dignified nomenclature, which materially ſoftened their abſurdity. In imitation of many other original thinkers, he enveloped his meaning in a pompous ſcientific phraſeology, and talked of the *lever* of the heart, and the *momentum* of an impreſſion: he talked of cogent, and paſſive agency; the equilibrium and the harmony of the affections. With theſe magnificent analogies, he ſeemed to have raiſed a ſub-

ſtratum

ſtratum for his ſyſtem, and in pronouncing certain words, he was himſelf aſtoniſhed at his own fluency.

Mrs. Winifred liſtened with delight, conceiving all he meant to communicate to refer to ſome ſpiritual miſſion; and with honeſt pride, told him, ſhe always thought he would come to be ſomebody. Then, as from the crabbed words he uſed, ſhe conceived his operations, whatever they might be, to be attended with painful efforts, ſhe would riſe from her ſeat, and bid him take her eaſy chair, whilſt ſhe went to fetch ſomething to comfort his poor ſtomach. Cheered by her kindneſs, (for when does kindneſs fail to exhilarate,) Aleck again propounded and expounded, whilſt his good old friend, looking ſometimes up, and ſometimes down, purſued her knitting, yet often ſtole a momentary glance at the ſpeaker; as an old affectionate puſs, ſits blinking at a playful puppy, or more frolickſome kitten, gamboling round its own tail, then quietly ſhuts his eyes, and drops

his whiſkers, yet, ſtill purring with fond confiding complacency.

In the midſt of Aleck's abſtractions ſhe would place her hand on his forehead, and turn back his hair, and ſmooth it again, without cauſing either diſturbance or displeaſure; ſometimes delighted with the ſound of his voice, ſhe moved her lips after his; but alas! thoſe hard words were not to be articulated by her feeble organs, and ſhe muttered *mob* for *mobile*, and *mum* for *momentum*. The lever ſhe conſtantly perverted to the cleaver, not without ſhuddering at the involuntary aſſociation. But his *divine harmony* ſhe was pleaſed to hear, and it ſeemed to do her heart good to pronounce it after him. Sometimes as ſhe gazed on Aleck wondering what his fate ſhould be, and whether he would be recompenſed for his exertions in behalf of his fellow-creatures a tear dropt on her knitting needle, and as ſhe ſoftly wiped it away, ſhe ſighed "God "bleſs thee." It was a ſcene at once tender and ludicrous. The benevolent Halle

would have raiſed his eyes to heaven, and ſecretly rejoiced that the human heart was ſo richly furniſhed with ſympathies, ſupplying the place of intelligence; and that the ſimple and the wiſe, the illiterate and the learned, could interchange kind confiding affection, and amicably conſort together.

CHAPTER XII.

NOTWITHSTANDING Aleck's reſerve, and Mrs. Winifred's diſcretion, it was rumoured in the village that he poſſeſſed certain occult powers. As a ſeventh ſon he was already entitled to ſome reverence; and, from the period of his eſtabliſhment in Mr. Mapletoft's family, had conſtantly been ſolicited to furniſh amulets for the hooping-cough and ague. Now, however, whether from ſome imperfect communications of his old friend, or ſome hints incautiouſly given to the married parties, it was whiſpered, that he could make people angry or loving juſt as he pleaſed; that he could induce ſleep or ſtupor; and cure either colds or fevers without medicine. The little boys were ſilenced at his approach, and their mothers often ſtilled their clamours with his name. Some of theſe rumours had reached

reached the domeſtics in Vallancy houſe; and Mrs. De Lille, who ſometimes liſtened to her goſſiping maid, had been highly amuſed with the relation. The ſtory was repeated with additions, and ſhe ſtill laughed, but wondered what could have given riſe to ſuch a belief.

Sometimes, in thinking of her ſon and Miſs Rouvigny, ſhe heartily wiſhed that ſuch a power, as was attributed to Aleck, ſhould be lodged with mothers, to induce compliance with their reaſonable wiſhes when they could no longer extort obedience; not that ſhe gave the leaſt credit to theſe tales, but ſhe was curious to trace their origin. It might, perhaps, be poſſible to extract from this ſtrange Aleck ſome uſeful hint to direct her own movements; at any rate it was a harmleſs and diverting ſpeculation. The idea floated in her mind, without exciting any correſpondent action, till after her ſon's arrival at Beachdale; then, ſceptical as ſhe was, ſhe viſited the Grange, courteouſly careſſed Mrs. Winifred, and by pro-

professing a wish to see Aleck pursuing some honourable profession, obtained her complete confidence. At first, she could with difficulty refrain from laughing; but when Mrs. Winifred called in Aleck, and desired him to impart his knowledge; he spoke with such promptitude and confidence, avowed his own convictions with such unpremeditated energy, and so veiled their absurdity by scholastic or philosophical language, that Mrs. De Lille found herself utterly confounded, and, instead of smiling, was lost in doubt and amazement.

Perceiving he had made a favourable impression on his auditress, he launched forth with unusual energy; "It is nothing occult "or strange: It is what every where takes "place. Every one possesses the faculties "for this mental operation; every one is "unconsciously accustomed to employ it."

"Sir," said Mrs. De Lille, "do you "mean to say such power as your's can be "acquired at will?"

"I do,

"I do, Madam. My ſecret is merely "*attention* and *abſtraction*. You have only "to think intenſely of certain perſons, "*purely for their ſake*, without any cal- "culations of *intereſt*, any impulſes of "*paſſion*."

"Well, Sir, and ſhall I thus compel "them to think of each other?"

"If there be nothing incompatible in "their tempers, no previous prepoſſeſſion, "you will;—be aſſured, Madam, the thing "happens every day, without our ſuſpect- "ing it."

Here Mrs. De Lille very gravely aſked, if he really could name any particular inſtance in which this influence had produced an union. Aleck ſmiled at the queſtion, aroſe, went up ſtairs, and preſently returned with a book, in which he had entered the names, and detailed the progreſs, of every individual on whom he had operated. In facts there is always ſomething that impoſes reſpect. Mrs. De Lille was ſtaggered, and it immediately occurred to her that the real

object

object of De Lille's recent attentions at the Grange, was to engage Aleck's assistance in creating an attachment between her son and Cordelia; she sickened at the surmise, and even went again to ascertain if it was just.

Aleck never mentioned her husband, and she was at length persuaded her conjecture was unfounded; but, in the course of her conferences with the *Visionary*, she so often thought his system desirable, that she began to think it feasible; she was too sensible of ridicule to commit herself on such a subject, and therefore carefully concealed all her newly-acquired knowledge. But whilst Altamont was initiating Cordelia into mathematical truths, she was endeavouring to initiate herself into Aleck's subtleties, secretly resolving not to *trust* but to *use* him; to attend to his hints; to collect all his ideas; and, if possible, to operate with her own faculties in the manner she wished. In his instructions he exacted two things, almost equally difficult and repugnant to her character; that she should not think of herself,

ſelf, nor of any other being, with diſpleaſure. Such abſtraction as this was indeed difficult, if not impoſſible; yet Mrs. De Lille had now ſo ſtrong a motive to uſe ſelf-reſtraint, that, for a whole week, ſhe was never out of temper.

The ſight of Aleck was now eſſential to her tranquillity; and, when ſhe had ſo abruptly quitted the breakfaſt table, ſhe hurried to the Grange, almoſt with as much ardour as Altamont attended Cordelia to the pavilion. This impoſing name which had been given to an apartment open to the garden, fitted up as a ſtudy, and embelliſhed with the portrait of Miſs Rouvigny, in the character of Flora, had glaſs doors on each ſide, the one opening to the lawn, the other to the flowery parterres, which embalmed the air with delicious fragrance. Here Cordelia preſented to Altamont the manuſcript, preciſely as ſhe had received it from Haller. Altamont obſerved, at the commencement of the firſt page, theſe words, "A legend "for my children." The writing was perfectly

" them, whenever they ſhould be pled
" to claim it, my fidelity and allegia

" During my reſidence at Rome, I
" united in brotherly friendſhip wi
" young Engliſhman of my own pe
" ſion, whoſe ſiſter had lately pre
" her ſcruples to our communion,
" avowed her preference of the refo
" faith.

" My friend Albert, deeply lame
" her apoſtaſy, repeatedly employed
" pen to combat her new principles,
" ſometimes engaged my clandeſtine aſſ
" ance in the correſpondence. In ret
" for ſuch petty ſervices, he communica
" to me her letters, which were ſometin
" unavoidably on the ſame ſubject. In l
" replies to his arguments, ſhe often d
" covered powers of reaſoning which e
" torted our admiration. It was impoſſil
" not to be charmed with the eloquence
" her ſtyle, the energy and intrepidity
" her ſentiments.

" E

"But I was, at this period, too much the "slave of prejudice, to relish in an indivi- "dual of her sex such proofs of mental "independence; and when Albert once "intimated a wish that it might be my fate "to reclaim her to the primitive faith, and "to receive her hand as the seal of her "conversion, I secretly revolted at the "suggestion; and, though assured that she "was young and lovely, still imagined for "her a masculine form, and a harsh, re- "pulsive aspect. I had, however, a strong "curiosity to see so extraordinary a female, "and, at parting from Albert, promised to "visit him at his uncle's seat (where he "resided with his sister), as soon as I had "seen my father, who, from cares and "mortifications, was prematurely sinking "to the grave.

"I returned, then, to the dear native "country which a long season of estrange- "ment had not banished from remem- "brance; but I received no joyful wel- "come. From the period of my uncle's

"usurpa-

" ufurpation, a fchifm had prevailed in o
" family. My elder brother had bee
" prodigal, and my father, overwhelm
" with chagrin and difappointment, w
" about to make a voyage to Lifbon
" his health, attended only by my fi
" who had long afpired to the relig
" vocation. The moment of met
" was almoft immediately faddened
" that of parting; and for what purp
" was I returned? The curfe of banifhm
" ftill purfued my fteps. In this our
" loved country, I was an alien ra
" than a citizen: I found no occupat
" for talents, no fcope for ambition
" wherever I turned, fome invidious cau
" of profcription oppofed my progrefs;
" whatever I afpired, jealoufy or fufpick
" ftigmatized the effort, and intercept
" the recompence.

" The love of fame, that nobleft impul
" of the youthful mind, that active fpi
" which vivifies patriotifm, and fcatte
" through a free people the germs

" eve

" every generous and heroic ſentiment, " in me was but a ſelf-amuſing paſſion, " fatal to my own peace, and boonleſs to " the community. It was little to be ex- " cluded from power and privilege; I " was debarred from hope; I was not " allowed to participate in national glory. " The oblation I would have offered was " rejected; I was like a ſtranger in the " land of my fathers; I had no acceſs to " the temple of honour; and was almoſt " robbed of life in being condemned to " obſcurity.

" Under ſuch circumſtances, I deter- " mined to engage in the Auſtrian ſervice, " in which foreigners often roſe to emi- " nence and diſtinction.

" On leaving Ireland I did not forget " my friend Albert, who had reminded " me of my promiſed viſit, and was earneſt " in his entreaties, to prevent my final " expatriation. I determined to paſs ſome " time at his uncle's ſeat, and from thence " to proceed on my foreign career. Having

" taken

" taken a ſilent farewel of the manſion i
" which I received my birth, I commence
" my ſolitary journey; indulging a ſort o
" mental intoxication, on which I cann
" now reflect without aſtoniſhment. Th
" painful circumſtances in which I ha
" been lately placed no longer operated
" my mind. In imagination, I overle
" all narrow bounds and circumſcriptio
" I had a thouſand viſions of futurity, i
" vaſt and magnificent; my ambition wa
" pure from envy; there was no pinnacl
" of greatneſs, to which another had reached
" but my heart had ſecret aſpirations fo
" ſome nobler pre-eminence.

" Theſe ſplendid illuſions of fancy wer
" at length diſmiſſed, when I arrived o
" the weſtern coaſt of England, and, happ
" to eſcape from the limitation of a veſſel
" proceeded on foot to my friend's habita
" tion. In retracing this paſſage of m
" life, an agitation like that of youthfu
" hope trembles through my frame. Th
" moſt minute circumſtances are recalle
" wit

" with the vivid ſenſations of the moment,
" for of that delicious evening not one
" emotion is loſt; not a look eſcaped; nor
" is one word, one thought forgotten.

" It was twilight when I approached the
" houſe, and though unable to diſcern a
" ſingle feature of the landſcape, I had a
" general impreſſion of its beauty. The
" vernal fragrance in the air; the luxuriant
" foliage interpoſing its grateful gloom; the
" mingling ſhadows of hills and dales,
" contraſted with the blue horizon; the
" daſhing of a cataract, heard only in in-
" tervals of ſilence, when rural ſounds,
" and all the little nameleſs notices of
" human neighbourhood were ſuſpended:
" all theſe conſpired to create a picture
" for the eye, and to give a foretaſte of
" future enjoyment.

" The houſe had once been a priory,
" and was ſtill approached by a long
" avenue planted with elm trees, which
" ſtill gave it a religious aſpect. I was
" here kindly greeted by Albert, who had

" been watching my arrival, and who, per-
" haps to prolong the firſt precious mo-
" ments of confidence, conducted me by a
" private circuitous route through the garden
" to the houſe. The room into which he
" uſhered me was lofty and ſpacious. I
" perceived at one of the venetian windows
" a female figure, not one feature of whose
" face was now diſcernible. She was in-
" ſtantly announced by my friend as his
" ſiſter; the Suſanna, with whoſe mind
" I fancied myſelf ſo well acquainted, but
" who welcomed me with ſo ſweet and
" frank a voice, as at once diſarmed me
" of half my prejudice. When ſhe left
" the room to give orders for my reception
" I perceived a ſort of gloomy void; when
" ſhe returned and renewed the attention
" due to her brother's friend, joined in the
" converſation, with that modeſt frankneſs
" that charming ſpontaneous courteſy, which
" belongs to innocence, I forgot where I
" was; I had no faculties for any other
" object. Yet, whilſt my eyes followed

"her graceful motions, and I liſtened al-
"moſt with devotion to her enchanting
"accents, I wiſhed to prolong the ob-
"ſcurity by which ſhe was half concealed,
"with an avaricious love of pleaſure. I
"almoſt feared to ſee her face, leſt it ſhould
"not harmonize with the image already
"traced by fancy. But the apprehenſion
"was unfounded; her countenance revealed
"the lovelineſs of her character; her fine
"features were always lighted up with
"intelligence and ſenſibility; but at times
"there was in her eyes an emanation of
"ſoul, a look, an expreſſion, all unearthly;
"not the tranſient luſtre of youth, but the
"bright refulgence of immortality.

"I retired warm with admiration; and
"by a ſtrange contradiction, I found the
"very qualities by which I had previouſly
"been repelled, among the moſt powerful
"and irreſiſtible of her attractions. That
"a woman, ſo young and ſo gentle, ſhould
"have been capable of ſuch energy and
"intrepidity; that ſhe, who ſeemed from

" her delicacy and ſoftneſs, formed
" *love alone*, ſhould have dared, from
" ciple, to brave the reproofs, or, wha
" more, the affectionate perſecution of
" family,—it was this paradox in
" racter that at once touched and
" dued my ſoul; it was for Suſanna
" to reconcile ſuch contradictions;
" could be no ſecond Suſanna in
" univerſe!

" Yet with all my enthuſiaſm, I
" for her apoſtacy; and, with a lover's
" determined to attempt her conver
" It was on a delicious morning, and du
" a rural excurſion which had been plan
" for the purpoſe, that I entered on
" arduous taſk. The moſt volupt
" odour embalmed the air, the birds
" ſinging around us, and the ſongs of
" merry ruſtics reſounded on every fi
" Never was there ſuch a ſcene for p
" mical diſcuſſion, and never was ther
" lovely a diſputant. But how was I
" niſhed, to diſcover, under her ge

" mod

" modeſt, unobtruſive ſimplicity, the moſt
" comprehenſive powers of underſtanding,
" enforced by the moſt touching, artleſs,
" all-perſuaſive eloquence. Inſtead of re-
" forming her faith, I endangered my
" own; her anſwers excited doubts never
" before admitted to my mind; for the
" firſt time, I learnt to diſtruſt the impoſing
" name of authority: love had given a
" leſſon of candour, and I ſoon became ſo
" liberal in my conceſſions, that Suſanna
" would ſay, with a ſmile, I was more
" than half a heretic. But our ſocial hours
" were not confined to ſuch ſubjects. The
" delights of her ſociety were inexhauſtible;
" her judgment was ſo prompt, her taſte
" ſo exquiſite, her impreſſions ſo vivid,—
" and yet ſo deep, ſo lively, and ſtill ſo
" permanent; her ſympathies were ſo widely
" diffuſive, her principles ſo pure, her
" benevolence ſo expanded, ſhe inſpired
" virtue by her bold conviction of its ex-
" iſtence. All her ideas were of ſponta-
" neous growth, and ſhe ſcattered them

" with frank and guileless simplicity; un-
" consciously enriching every subject on
" which she touched.

" Several months passed in this delight-
" ful intercourse, in which, without ever
" mentioning love, we mutually demon-
" strated affection. My intended travels
" were suspended, or rather forgotten. I
" became more ardently attached to liberty
" for Susanna's sake; she had infused into
" me a new soul; the mist of prejudice
" dispersed from my eyes; the boulder
" weight of bigotry was removed from
" my heart.

" Albert had at first observed our friend-
" ship with pleasure; and he again intimated,
" that if Susanna's conversion was effected,
" the disparity of fortune on my part would
" form no objection with his uncle, on
" whom he and his sister were equally de-
" pendent. But I was no longer anxious
" to accomplish this object; and I was too
" ingenuous to disguise the change in my
" sentiments. From that moment, my

" friend

" friend assumed a different aspect. I was
" beginning to perceive the estrangement,
" when, fatally for me, the Pretender made
" his long meditated invasion, and recalled
" my former pledge of service and fidelity.
" Though far from having acquired just
" conceptions of the English constitution,
" I had insensibly corrected many of my
" former errors, and was no longer absurd
" enough to conceive, that the welfare and
" prosperity of those powerful realms should
" be hazarded, for the sake of one unfor-
" tunate, but imprudent family. Yet a
" promise was so sacred an obligation; to
" desert a friend, in the moment of diffi-
" culty and danger, implied such derelic-
" tion of principle, such baseness of senti-
" ment, that I could not decide to cancel
" the engagement. Albert, though he
" blamed my former infatuation, now not
" unwilling to see me separated from his
" sister, pronounced my engagement irre-
" vocable, by the laws of honour; and, by
" my romantic mind, the laws of honour

" were omnipotent. I could conceive no
" degradation ſo dreadful, as the con-
" ſciouſneſs of deliberate treachery, and
" puſillanimous deſertion. Raſhly, there-
" fore, I engaged in an enterpriſe, from its
" firſt movement devoted to deſtruction;
" madly tore myſelf from Suſanna, though
" I witneſſed her ſilent anguiſh, and dis-
" covered, even in her averted eyes, the
" aſſurances of tenderneſs and affection.

" I paſs rapidly over this act of folly,
" on which I cannot now with patience
" reflect. The fate of the expedition was
" ſoon decided; and for myſelf, I had
" hazarded and loſt all for honour. I was
" known in the camp by a Scotch name,
" which I had aſſumed from motives of
" tenderneſs to my family, whom I was
" unwilling to involve in the conſequences
" of my temerity. Under this fictitious
" title my perſon was minutely deſcribed,
" and a reward offered for my apprehen-
" ſion. Various were the ſtratagems
" employed to elude diſcovery and pur-

" ſuit

" ſuit; not for the ſake of prolonging life,
" ſince I twice rejected the opportunity of
" eſcaping to France; but with the hope
" of once more ſeeing my Suſanna, whoſe
" image, ſupreme in loveliness and truth,
" ſtill threw a gleam of momentary bliſs
" over my wretched exiſtence. Animated
" by this object, I encountered perils and
" hardſhips innumerable, till finally I ar-
" rived within a few miles of the ſpot where
" I had firſt known her. At this diſtance
" from the ſcene of hoſtility, I con-
" ceived myſelf ſafe, or rather had no
" further inducements for conſulting ſafety;
" I therefore diſcarded the diſguiſe, in
" which I had performed the laſt part of
" my journey, and eagerly proceeded; not
" with the dejected aſpect of an outlawed
" man, but rather with the ardour of the
" happy lover, who deſcries the goal of
" hope, and already anticipates the raptu-
" rous welcome. I approached the man-
" ſion, and though no longer greeted in
" the avenue, I almoſt mechanically ſtruck

" into the ſame path by which Albert h
" led me to the garden; and withou
" ſeeing a ſervant, or one human bei
" proceeded as before to the room
" which I had firſt beheld Suſanna, whe
" found it blank and empty. A ſudden
" chilled my heart. I ſhould have co
" cluded the houſe to be deſolate, ha
" not heard from an adjoining apartm
" two voices in angry altercation. My o
" name was pronounced with churliſh
" patience; I ſcarcely attended to
" import of the words, ſo intenſe was
" ſolicitude for Suſanna. As I liſtened,
" heard an outer door recoil with violen
" there was then a pauſe of ſilence, in whi
" I had no power to move. A convulſi
" tremor ſhook my frame. I dreaded
" hear that Suſanna no longer exiſte
" At this moment I was ſtartled by a ſig
" ſo deep, ſo plaintive, that it might ha
" touched the moſt obdurate heart, but
" mine, it was the bleſſed harbinger of jo

" f

" for Susanna spoke with her own delight-
" ful voice.

" 'Oh brother, how can you change
" from so warm a friend, to so bitter a
" foe?'

" 'I loved him, till he betrayed my con-
" fidence; and, with base hypocrisy, under
" the pretext of restoring your faith, in-
" veigled your affections.'

" 'Cornelius is incapable of hypocrisy;
" how can you be so suspicious?'

" 'How can you, Susanna, be so cre-
" dulous? Think not he will be constant
" in love; this apostate from his church;
" this hypocrite who deluded your brother;
" this coward who conceals his name; this
" traitor, who has contrived to make his
" escape, in some pitiful disguise, will not
" long think of the girl, who would sacrifice
" for him the honour of her family.'

" I could hold no longer, but, transported
" at once with love and indignation,
" rushed into the room. 'No,' cried I, 'I
" assume no disguise. I attempt not to

" escape. Take my life. Satisfy your
" revenge.'

" Susanna, who was at first motionless
" with astonishment, now, throwing herself
" between us, exclaimed, 'Oh, my friend,
" my brother.'

" Albert haughtily replied, 'Fear not,
" Susanna, that I shall sully my sword with
" his blood; but he is a rebel publickly
" proclaimed, and were my uncle present
" he would deliver him to justice.'

" 'Impossible,' cried Susanna; 'he
" could not be so cruel.'

" 'How, girl, would you sacrifice all
" your family to this apostate? Are you
" not aware, that it would be at our peril
" to harbour him.'

" 'Heaven forbid,' cried I, 'that any
" should suffer for my unworthy sake.
" came but to take one last and everlasting
" look; and now let me go hence, no
" matter whither.'

" Now first feeling the loss of strength,
" staggered towards the door; a mist g
" ther

" thered before my eyes, as I strained them
" to gaze on my Susanna. Terrified by my
" pale countenance, she caught my arm,
" and with gentle violence, compelled me
" to be seated. Albert himself, from an
" involuntary impulse of pity, brought a
" cordial, which his sister presented to my
" lips; at that moment he heard his un-
" cle's voice, and with evident alarm, ex-
" claimed, 'What shall we do? he cannot
" be concealed. Fly, Cornelius! I would
" not have him sacrificed.'

" 'No,' cried I, 'here would I die; here
" would I obtain my release.'

" 'Madman, you must not die beneath
" this roof,' cried he.

" 'Oh, my brother,' cried Susanna;
" 'go to my uncle, prevent his entrance,
" whilst I assist him to escape.'

" He instantly obeyed; and Susanna,
" opening a glass door which commu-
" nicated with the garden, conducted me
" by a covered walk to a grotto, through
" which was a subterraneous passage to the
" Park,

" Park, which opened to the country. Here-
" bidding me remain, till ſhe ſhould ſend
" her nurſe, a truſty old domeſtic, to convey
" me to a ſecure retreat, ſhe haſtened
" back to the houſe to prevent ſuſpicion,
" and to watch over my ſafety. In about
" half an hour, her faithful agent arrived,
" and having furniſhed me with the diſ-
" guiſe of a ploughman's frock, con-
" ducted me by the ſubterraneous route
" to an old ruinous edifice, excavated from
" a cliff; which, being ſuppoſed to be
" haunted, was a place of impreg-
" nable ſecurity. Here ſhe uſhered me
" into an apartment, which, though dark
" and dreary, was to my ſurpriſe, fur-
" niſhed with various articles for my
" uſe. And I learnt from my attendant
" that Suſanna, having long expected my
" arrival, had choſen this ſpot for my ſanc-
" tuary; ſhe added, that her uncle was
" ſoon to accompany Albert on a viſit to a
" lady, to whom he was to be united; and
" that

" that ſhe would then ſee, and reſtore me
" to liberty.

" The next day ſhe reviſited me, with
" new admonitions to vigilance. Though
" I had happily not been ſeen to enter
" the houſe, my approach through the
" Park was obſerved; and the puſillani-
" mous uncle, jealous for his own exculpa-
" tion, had lodged an information againſt
" me. She added, that Albert believed I
" was proceeding on my journey; and
" that Suſanna conjured me, for her ſake,
" to ſubmit with patience to my dreary
" captivity. I was ſo careleſs of life, that
" I ſhould ſcarcely have obeyed the in-
" junction; but for my ardent deſire to
" have one more interview with my be-
" loved. Even with this motive for obe-
" dience, I found the time intolerably
" tedious; ſometimes my attendant con-
" veyed a book to my dreary apartment.
" I had my ſingle lamp, my ſolitary ſeat;
" ſanctity alone was wanting, to render

" this

" this a hermit's cell. My impatience be-
" came extreme, and I was tempted once
" more to go boldly to the houſe, and
" extort my promiſed meeting.

" One evening, when even my attendant
" had been for two days abſent, a light
" footſtep deſcended to my gloomy apart-
" ment, and ſmiling like a benignant angel
" of peace and liberty, I beheld my Su-
" ſanna.

" 'At length,' cried ſhe, 'I am come
" to fulfil my promiſe. My brother,
" fully perſuaded that you are now far
" diſtant, is gone on his intended viſit.
" With the aſſiſtance of your incomparable
" guide, I have prepared every thing for
" your eſcape: your paſſage is taken in
" veſſel which is to ſail to-morrow for
" Liſbon, and horſes are now waiting to
" convey you to the port.' At theſe word
" her countenance changed, and her voice
" faultered, as ſhe added, 'Go then, Cor-
" nelius, whilſt you may; and in your cruel
" exile ſometimes remember Suſanna.'

" 'No,

"'No, never,' cried I, 'my life is for-
" feited, nor ſhall yours be endangered by
" having aided my eſcape.'

"She began to uſe that language of
" entreaty, which from her was almoſt
" always irreſiſtible. 'No,' cried I;
" 'ſince I was infatuated enough to join
" the ſtandard of rebellion againſt the
" country in which you received your
" birth, let the folly be expiated with my
" blood. I ſhould not ſhrink from com-
" mon calamities; neither poverty nor per-
" ſecution would ſhake my fortitude; but
" to have a gulph placed between me and
" happineſs, never to return — never to
" hope for your recompenſing love; ſuch a
" ſeparation as this is deſpair. When I ſo
" part from thee, welcome death, for life
" is over.'

"Here ſhe heſitated—ſhe caſt down her
" eyes—'But ſuppoſe the caſe reverſed,
" Cornelius; ſuppoſe that I were the de-
" linquent, and, like you, an outlaw, would

" you

" you not make desperate efforts to redeem
" my life?'

" 'Susanna, you know I should
" think it could be purchased at too dear
" a price: and were I only doomed to
" exile, you would perhaps consent to leave
" your country for my sake. Susanna, I
" could be supremely blest with you in any
" region; the love——.' There was a
" short but awful pause! She trembled—
" she bowed down her head—her lips
" moved as if she laboured for utterance;
" and at length, with half averted eyes
" she said, 'Cornelius!'—but in a tone so
" low, so plaintive, that as she paused, she
" cast on me a timid glance, uncertain
" whether she was understood, till, by my
" increasing agitation, she perceived that I
" had heard her; reassured, she at length
" proceeded—'Cornelius! if you could
" do so much for me, think me not quite
" incapable of the same constancy: if you
" could renounce fortune, honour, fame,
" it is little for me to relinquish a country

" ;

"in which I have no longer connections or "friends; from this moment, therefore, "be our destiny the same; and if you ac- "cept me, Cornelius, I am wholly yours.'

"Amazement locked up my faculties, "and for a moment I was lost in rapturous "entrancement; but her generosity recalled "my sense of justice; I resisted her offer; "I even rejected her love; but she, who "had now regained her native energy, con- "tinued:—'It was through me you in- "curred this penalty; but, for me, you "would have been in another country, "free, prosperous, and happy: you can- "not banish from my mind the dreadful "impression, that I have caused all your "misery. The munificence of a friend, "who died during your absence, has sup- "plied me with a small sum, sufficient at "least to secure us from penury. Though "feeble by nature, I can learn, for your "sake, to grow familiar with danger. Fear "not my cowardice; even now we are al- "most of the same persuasion; let us taste

"the

" the ſame cup of adverſity, and our com-
" munion will be perfect.'

" With ſuch arguments Suſanna pre-
" vailed; I ſubmitted to her guidance, and
" in three weeks we were both tranſported
" to another country; a ſacred indiſſoluble
" bond atteſting our union.

" We arrived at Liſbon in time to ſee
" my father, who frankly forgave my raſh-
" neſs, and beſtowed on us both his pa-
" ternal benediction. Though evidently
" dying, he had been perſuaded to try the
" effects of a voyage to Madeira, and gladly
" liſtened to our propoſal of embarking
" with him. My ſiſter, who had at length
" taken the veil, remained in a convent at
" Liſbon; but her place was moſt tenderly
" ſupplied by my Suſanna, who, as ſhe looked
" at me, ſeemed to regard my parent with
" more than filial love. Grateful for her
" attentions, he was eager to augment our
" little treaſure; but he had been ſo much
" impoveriſhed by his brother and his elder
" ſon, that he could only beſtow on us the

" little

"little property he had lately received "from a relation who had died in Portugal, "and to ſecure which had been one of his "original motives for leaving Ireland.

"But wealth was not wanting to us in our "delicious retreat, which was ſituated on "the firſt aſcent of a mountain, and was in-"deed an earthly paradiſe. But it was not "long permitted to my father to witneſs our "felicity: he expired without pain, and "his remains were buried in the church, "which has been erected on the ſcite of "Macham's Cave, where tradition has "placed his Anna's tomb*.

(Here Altamont found a ſudden break in the manuſcript; the character appeared ſomewhat changed, the ſtyle ſtill more altered at the recommencement.)

"And this is Madeira ſtill, the ſame "iſland to which I bore her, and I am at

* Macham is ſuppoſed to have diſcovered the iſland in the 14th century. He had conveyed to it his miſtreſs, who died of fatigue. The tale has been too often told to require repetition.

"this

" this moment within view of that spot
" which contained our earthly paradise. It
" was here that, day after day, we con-
" templated the same beautiful scenes, and
" found our admiration constantly renewed.
" We breathed in an air soft and delicious
" as our mutual love, and friendly to all.
" The feverish dreams of ambition vanished
" from my mind. I was reconciled to the
" loss of glory, since it was replaced by
" truth, nature, and Susanna. Our quiet
" pursuits, our simple recreations, were all
" heightened by endearing sympathy; even
" our cares were converted to pleasures, by
" forming between us an augmented bond
" of union. So perfectly did we now har-
" monize, that I had a tender compunction
" in witnessing any superstitious rites and
" observances which might offend my be-
" loved; whilst she, for my sake, by degrees
" regarded, with somewhat of reverential
" complacency, the errors we now equally
" disclaimed.

" We

"We had acquired a peculiar taſte for happineſs—a ſubtle and myſterious faculty of enjoyment. Our felicity repoſed on integrity, confidence, and truth. With what delight did ſhe liſten when I expreſſed a generous ſentiment! how refulgent were her eyes, when I confirmed it by an action of kindneſs and benevolence! To ſuch bliſs there was but one alloy, the fatal anticipation of its cloſe.

"It was from this rock, where I am now ſitting, under the ſhade of a branched palm, which was then but beginning to ſhoot from its ſlender ſtalk; it was from this ſpot I pointed out to my beloved the dale beſide the church, where tradition 'has placed Macham's and his Anna's grave; how bitterly did we lament their fate; how gratefully contraſt it with our own; how tenderly we wept for their 'orrows, as if they were ſtill conſcious to ove or pity. 'And yet,' cried Suſanna, it is a conſolation to reflect, that one id not long ſurvive the other.' The

"ſame

" ſame ſentiment was on my lips, and at
" the ſame moment an agonizing pang of
" ſeparation chilled our hearts. Neither
" of us ſpoke; but the image of death roſe
" to our eyes; and, as Suſanna ſunk in
" my arms, we wept together.

" 'But we are immortal,' I at length
" ſaid. 'Yes,' rejoined ſhe, with her
" wonted energy, 'God will not ſuffer two
" ſuch hearts to be ſundered for ever.'
" And is it really on this ſpot that I have
" taſted of happineſs? By what ſtrange
" myſterious proceſs am I thus changed,
" that I can no longer pay any tender tri-
" bute to the memory of her who formed
" my ſupreme good. I, who could ſo freely
" weep for the ſorrows of unknown, per-
" haps ideal, beings, have no longer a tear
" to give my own. My heart is dried up.
" The iron has entered into my ſoul, and
" it is benumbed for ever. I may give
" alms in charity; I may even ſpeak words
" of comfort to the afflicted; but I am no
" longer touched with diſtreſs; I am grown

" familiar

" familiar to the contemplation of evil; I
" no longer defire good; here am I,
" wretched and defolate. What a dreary
" ruin, what a dark fepulchre is my bofom!
" I am fo bereaved of hope, I have no
" new forfeiture to make to difappoint-
" ment. It cannot be that I have ceafed to
" love; fince, even in writing her name,
" the warm life-blood rufhes to my heart.
" She is never abfent from my thoughts;
" but I am banifhed from her prefence.
" The fweet image no longer vifits my
" dreams; I cannot bring her before my
" mind's eye; the features are ever vanifh-
" ing; the fhadowy form diffolves away.
" I have a conviction that fhe lives; yet,
" for me, methinks, fhe no more exifts. My
" faith is immutable; but hope is gone. I
" am fo eftranged from joy, I cannot
" imagine any thing fair or lovely. I
" know that I muft live hereafter; but the
" afpirations for felicity are departed from
" me. I am ready to fay, 'And who fhall
" fhew me any good?' I began thefe me-

" moirs for my children. I fondly antici
" pated the moment when I ſhould preſen
" them with this picture of their incom
" parable mother; but now for whom
" ſhould I write or ſpeak; there is no
" human being who can commune with
" me on the only theme that could give
" ſolace to my heart. That church, this
" rock, this palm, are the only objects that
" ſpeak to me of Suſanna."

Altamont had proceeded thus far, when his voice, long faltering from emotion, totally failed him. Cordelia was equally touched; aſhamed of her tears, unable to reſtrain them, ſhe reclined her head on her hand, concealing her eyes that they might not too ſtrongly betray her feelings. " We will " read no more now," ſaid ſhe, ſoftly, perceiving the manuſcript was not finiſhed; " it is too much." " And yet Cordelia," cried Altamont, looking at her with newly-inſpired hope, " they were the happieſt upon " earth." A ſigh eſcaped her; he took her hand, but was alarmed by its icy coldneſs.

She

She aſſured him ſhe was well, but her looks contradicted the aſſertion. Altamont bent over her with mingled anguiſh and delight; his ſoul hovered on his lips; he had no longer any power to ſuppreſs the communication; but at this moment, when, all impaſſioned, he had forgotten every thing but one object, Cordelia ſuddenly withdrew her hand, ſtarted from her ſeat, ſprung to the door opening to the lawn, and, without a word or look, haſtened towards the houſe with the utmoſt precipitation. Altamont gazed in aſtoniſhment, uncertain whether to attribute her flight to terror or reſentment; but he ſaw not the real cauſe of her diſturbance, which was no other than the appearance of Sir Frederic Mowbray; who, at the moment of this unſeaſonable interruption, was approaching from the garden to the pavilion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.

THE HEART

AND

THE FANCY.

VOL. II.

Strahan and Preston,
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THE HEART AND THE FANCY,

OR

VALSINORE.

A TALE.

By MISS BENGER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1813.

was Mrs. Rivers, the late *chaperon* of Miſs Rouvigny), and paſſing through the garden, oſtenſibly to proceed to the abbey, indulged the hope of ſurprizing Cordelia in her favourite retreat. At the ſame moment that ſhe perceived his approach, he was himſelf appalled by the glimpſe of a fine martial form, in which he eaſily recollected the young man he had ſeen in Flanders as Vallancy.

His firſt impulſe was to turn from an object that cauſed him ſo much pain, and he haſtily ſtruck into a ſhady path, to conceal his agitation; but he ſoon determined to confront this real or ſuppoſed rival, and again approaching the pavilion, found it empty. Not only was Cordelia flown; Altamont had made his exit, taking with him the manuſcript of Cornelius. Sir Frederic, ſo often the ſport of imaginary terror, now obſtinately reſiſted the moſt probable evidence; and calmed his ſpirit by declaring, in the true ſpirit of tyrannic love, that none but himſelf ſhould poſſeſs Cordelia.

Having

Having repressed his agitation, he returned to the house, where he found Mrs. De Lille in almost rapturous delight, at the unexpected arrival of her son; who, repining at his long separation from Altamont, had accompanied De Lille to Beachdale. It was long since his mother had greeted her husband with such cordial smiles of complacency. For the moment suspicion was lulled asleep, and she was sufficiently composed and easy, to have practised the difficult lessons of Aleck. To complete her satisfaction, she now learnt, from the mutual recognitions which passed between her son and Sir Frederic, the history of their former meeting, and detected, in defiance of the efforts of Vallancy, that her neice was really the original, recalled to his recollection by the picture of Flora. Elated with this discovery, she overflowed with good humour, and Altamont, on joining the company, was received with unusual cordiality and kindness. But Vallancy, who at once perceived her joy, and its latent source, and who had already half discarded

 the

the *Incognita* from his mind, by a ſudden revolution of caprice, was prompted to thwart her expectations; and without expreſſing the leaſt deſire to ſee his couſin, who was cloſetted with Cordelia, walked out with Altamont, proteſting he ſhould now never look in Adela's face, without thinking of papers and parchments.

"The *Incognita*," added he, "was a "charming girl, to while away an hour "with; but this heireſs, with all her leaſes "and leſſees, always came to my fancy like "a clumſy Cybele with a tower on her head, "inſtead of appearing a nymph, or a grace."

"You are not romantic enough to quar- "rel with her for being rich."

"No, truly, if I could but forget it; but "you may be aſſured, ſhe has been taught "to impute ſiniſter motives to every man "who ſpeaks to her. In juſtice to my- "ſelf, I ought to treat her with indiffe- "rence; ſo let us ſpeculate on a tour to "Ireland."

"Will you go without ſeeing her?"

"No,

"No, no; not ſo ſavage neither; I am "really ſorry to leave the poor thing ſhut "up here, with my mother and old Quintin; "and Sir Frederic not much better, ſince "he is already encumbered with one wife, "and pre-contracted to a ſecond." Then without giving his friend time to reply to this remark, he ſtarted to another ſubject; "I forgot to tell you, I have heard of poor "Woodville."

"And what have you heard? why ſhould "you call him poor?"

"Becauſe he is poor, and miſerable "enough. In my electioneering expedi-"tion, I had occaſion to ſpend two or three "days in London, where I met with Jack "Nevers, who knew Woodville in his pro-"ſperity; and afterwards ſaw him in Ireland, "where it ſeems he married a girl without "a penny. He has ſince been trying to "eſtabliſh an academy, but failing in that, "he attempted to give leſſons to grown gen-"tlemen; that ſcheme failed likewiſe, and "he has ſince accepted ſome inſignificant

"clerk's place, and occasionally transferred "for the mails, or reported for the house."

"But where was he to be found?"

"That was my own question. His resi- "dence was not known, but he was to be "heard of at the Chapter coffee-house. I "had not time to make enquiries myself, "so I desired Nevers to do it for me."

"And the result," cried Altamont impatiently.

"Ah, the result; to tell you the honest "truth, the circumstance slipped out of my "mind. Well, don't look so disconsolately, "I have spoken for him to Lord Marmitott, "and I will write to Jack Nevers, to find "out where he is; and I will send him "money."

"You must do it with delicacy. Wood- "ville will never forget himself, however "he may have been forgotten."

"Oh! do not think he would be so ridi- "culous as to refuse assistance, he has bee "in such distress; his wife takes in pla "work; he skulks about, in dread of bei

"arreste

" arrested; and he is so altered, Jack says,
" one should not know him."

" *I should*," cried Altamont, now recollecting the person he had past, who so strongly resembled him; and shuddering at the involuntary impression he had received on the heath.

" What is the matter, Altamont? you look
" in despair."

" Nothing; but I would have given any
" thing I possess, to have had this infor-
" mation sooner."

" Well, well; I will write to Nevers im-
" mediately;" and this time he kept his word; whilst Altamont, too much interested for his unfortunate friend, to trust again to Vallancy's memory, sat by him till the letter was sealed and dispatched to the post.

In performing his task, Vallancy mentioned Nevers as one of Woodville's early friends, who had since dropt his acquaintance, because he could not relieve his distress, and feared to wound his delicacy; in

reality, because he was too indolent to make exertions in his behalf; and too proud, or rather perhaps, too mean, to sanction any claim of intimacy, from one who could no longer support the appearance of a *gentleman*.

Altamont was indignant at the description of such a friend. Had he consulted Woodville on this subject, he might perhaps have learnt, that from the associates of his prosperity, an unfortunate man seldom experiences so great a *kindness* as neglect; that calumny too commonly visits the house of poverty, and drags back to invidious remembrance, the wretch whom sorrow had dismissed to uncommiserated suffering, and unhonoured oblivion.

CHAPTER II.

ADELA Rouvigny, though older than Cordelia, poſſeſſed a more youthful aſpect; her form was ſufficiently light for an Ariel, her complexion glowed with the animation of a Hebe, her ſoft blue eyes were radiant with hope and joy. The buoyancy of her ſpirits gave a volatile rapidity to all her looks and motions; yet was every glance engaging, and every movement graceful. In ſpite of the adulation which had been breathed into her infant ear; in ſpite of the prejudices inſtilled by her aunt into her youthful mind; her temper was ſweet and open, her heart affectionate and grateful. Some faults ſhe certainly retained; but charming as ſhe was, it would have been impoſſible to wiſh her to aſpire to perfection. Vanity had not deſtroyed ſympathy; and though ſhe certainly was not ſatisfied without

the homage of the other ſex, ſhe could have wiſhed to obtain it, without exciting envy in her own. The moſt amiable of coquettes; though ſhe aimed at every heart, this love of empire was but the love of pleaſure. She thought not of inflicting pain, but ſhe was eager to diffuſe delight; and whether ſhe was with the ſplenetic Quintin, or the elegant Vallancy, her ſyren voice was modulated by the gentle wiſh to pleaſe; and her ſeducing ſmiles, animated by the conſciouſneſs of her own attractions, beſpoke her own perennial gaiety, and irreſiſtibly compelled participation in her enjoyment.

For the firſt five minutes, after meeting with Cordelia, ſhe was ſaddened by the recollections of her father, and intermingled tears with ſmiles; but the cloud was tranſient, ſhe recovered her vivacity; and having mentioned the expedient adopted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, of travelling under the name of Baron Cromek, ſhe related the incident which had introduced her to Altamont and Vallancy; confeſſing ſhe had herſelf ſpor-

tively devised the artifice which disengaged them from their companions. Instead of having gone to Dunkirk, they had taken a day's journey; and on their return, had the satisfaction to find the travellers had followed their pretended route. "Imagine," added she, "my triumph on having thus secured the pleasure of a *surprise*, besides "keeping within the pale of *decorum*; and "yet these righteous intentions of mine "were ill recompensed; for, in our little ex- "cursion some malignant genius visited me "with the fever, which so long detained me "from dear England."

Cordelia, in her turn, related with what interest Vallancy had contemplated her picture.

"And pray what do you think of Val- "lancy?"

Cordelia was liberal in his praise, yet professed to have seen little of him.

"And what do you say to Altamont?"

"He is now here, and was you know "my *first* preceptor."

"He is now here!" echoed Adela, adjusting the glossy ringlets that waved round her neck, "he is now here, you say; well! "I have not yet determined which of them "shall be my cavalier."

Whether the information she had received, accelerated the operations of the toilette; or whether she at length recollected, how improper it was to her *chaperon* Mrs. Rivers, to remain so long absent; certain it is, she finished her dress with great dispatch, and immediately proposed returning to the drawing-room. Cordelia, who had not the same motives for diligence; and who, indeed, trembled at the thoughts of meeting Altamont under her father's eye, persuaded her to proceed alone; vainly hoping, in this interval, to regain composure. This expectation was completely fallacious; for the longer she thought of her precipitate retreat, the more she increased her confusion and regret. Innocence does not always inspire courage; and when she at length quitted her room, it was with the sensations

of

of a culprit. In the meanwhile Adela had been undeceived, and re-introduced to Altamont and Vallancy; who gallantly reproached her defertion, whilft fhe fportively retorted the charge of deception.

"I believe," faid Mrs. De Lille, "you
" muft exchange forgivenefs."

"*Forgivenefs*," cried Adela, "is almoft
" as hard a word as *obedience*."

"No," faid Vallancy, "we will have
" nothing to remind us of any laws, civil
" or canonical. We acknowledge no au-
" thority but that of beauty, and no court
" but honour."

"Oh, yes, the court of honour; and
" pray let us make it fomething in the ftyle
" of chivalry. I think, as no damfel ever
" entered the lifts herfelf, I muft remit my
" caufe to Mr. Altamont; for though he
" is not my relation, I hope he will not
" ceafe to be my friend."

Altamont bowed, nor was Vallancy difpleafed with this courtefy to his own intimate friend; but finding he was an exclufive ob-

ject of attention, he redoubled his efforts to extort the preference, to which vanity taught him to think he was entitled. "I know not "how it happens," said he, advancing to his fair companion, "but I certainly seem "to have been long acquainted with you, "and yet I am long likely to remain igno- "rant of the most interesting part of your "character, for I suspect nobody will tell "me of your faults."

"To save time and trouble, you may set "down to my account, as many as to other "people, who are not under any great or "terrible temptations."

"No, that is infinitely too vague and un- "satisfactory; I would give you virtues *en* "*masse*, but not a single fault gratis; I class "all my friends by their defects; not one "enters my heart, without some such "voucher of sympathy."

"So then, you would have them wear a "black mark, to prove that they belong "to you."

"Not

"Not Black, I can be satisfied with the "most delicate tint, be it of the *sapphire* or "the *amethyst*; 'tis enough if the tint but "marks the gem. As to my female friends, "I can be content if I may but cypher them "in sympathetic ink, which to no eyes but "mine shall be visible."

"And pray is Mr. Altamont in this mys-"terious cypher?"

"I am afraid, if it was not for his ro-"mance and enthusiasm, he would be *in-"corrigible*."

"Oh! then, if such qualities will pro-"cure admission, Cordelia herself may be "of your *corps d'elité?*"

"Cordelia perhaps; but for yourself I "shall certainly exact a more liberal pro-"portion of fallibility. I know you labour "under natural disabilities to envy and "malice; yet I don't despair, for I really "think you have a strong propensity to "mischief. The rattlesnake has lent you "his most destructive property?"

"You

"You are too tantalizing to attribute to "me the properties I moſt wiſh to poſſeſs. "I admire enthuſiaſts, and you ſee (look-"ing towards Altamont) I cannot faſcinate "them." Vallancy was, perhaps, not flattered by *this* attention to his friend, but he had no time to expreſs diſpleaſure.

De Lille, who had been playing cheſs with Mrs. Rivers, ſuddenly exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, "By heavens, here's "Celia Gladwin!" "Welcome to Ama-"tonda," cried Vallancy; whilſt Altamont flew to the lawn, to greet his ever ardent and affectionate friend. Mrs. Gladwin approached not the houſe with her wonted complacency; for, having accidentally heard of Altamont's arrival, ſhe had loſt no time in travelling from Cumberland, to announce her ſurprize at his neglect, in not having himſelf communicated the important intelligence. He had brought a letter from his mother, which ſhould have apprized her of this circumſtance; but which, having been entruſted to

Lord Marmiton to be franked, had never reached the place of its deſtination. The circumſtance was no ſooner explained, than all her anger vaniſhed: to ſay the truth, ſhe had ſcarcely ſeen her hero, and contemplated his improvements, when ſhe frankly pronounced his abſolution; and joined the party with even a double portion of cheerfulneſs and pleaſure.

De Lille, though evidently embarraſſed, received her with his wonted courteſy; and his lady, knowing ſhe had always a home at the Grange, was not diſturbed by her preſence. By Mr. Quintin alone, who was juſt arrived with Sir Frederic Mowbray, was ſhe received with indifference; but to him ſhe was peculiarly diſtaſteful, as ſhe ſeldom liſtened to his harangues, and had no reverence for his heraldry. Far different was the reception ſhe met with from Cordelia, who, ſtill ſtruggling with timidity, was happy on her entrance to have ſo good an excuſe for not noticing Altamont; and it was alſo ſome conſolation to ſhower on

his

his friend the kindneſſes ſhe was forced to withhold from himſelf. Sir Frederic now advanced, and, having ſmoothed his brow to perfect compoſure, addreſſed her with his accuſtomed eaſe, and almoſt inſenſibly engroſſed her converſation; whilſt Altamont, attributing her late precipitation to diſpleaſure, and ſeeing in her preſent eſtrangement not timidity, but coldneſs; far from attempting to divide her attentions, ſeemed to ſhun all opportunities of approaching her. The Baronet was not ſlow to perceive this diſtance; and, as he knew Cordelia to be incapable of artifice, imputed their mutual ſhyneſs to ſome concealed reſentment; his own hopes were raiſed by this ſuggeſtion, and as he watched them both with inſidious vigilance, he had a malicious ſatisfaction in anticipating for his deſpiſed rival, thoſe jealous pangs which had ſo long tortured his own ſelfiſh boſom.

In the meanwhile, Altamont was honourably diſtinguiſhed by Miſs Rouvigny, who appeared willing to tranſfer to him the rights

of

of relationſhip. It was impoſſible that any man ſhould be inſenſible to the attentions of the charming Adela; he certainly wiſhed, too, not to appear ungrateful; and Miſs Gladwin, who watched them both, was ſoon perſuaded they were mutually enamoured. Happily her thoughts were not audibly expreſſed; happily too, they were not ſuſpected by Mrs. De Lille, who was ſo much delighted with the unlooked for coalition between her ſon and her neice, that ſhe overflowed with complacency; and was ſufficiently compoſed and harmonized to have practiſed the leſſons, had ſhe now remembered them, of the myſtical abſtracted Aleck.

CHAPTER III.

"PRAY Aleck," ſaid good Mrs. Winifred, half riſing from her eaſy chair, "why don't you talk over matters with "Miſs Celia, who would talk to you again "in your own way?"

This was preciſely the reaſon why Aleck did not diſcuſs the ſubject with Miſs Celia; and he muttered, ſhe was an *enthuſiaſt*.

"I am ſure," returned Mrs. Winifred, "ſhe is a wiſe woman; and ſpeaks juſt like "a book!"

"Yes," ſaid Aleck, "ſhe is fluent; but "ſhe is a little *viſionary*."

"I wiſh, dear Aleck, ſhe knew all that "is in you. By what I can underſtand, "you are in many things much of one "mind."

Alexander Satchell was bleſſed with a ſedative ſweetneſs of temper, a compoſed equa-

equanimity of mind, that nothing could ruffle or resist; but at this indirect comparison between him and Mrs. Gladwin, his spirit rose, the glow of ambition mounted to his cheeks; and he exclaimed, "he had lately thought of a new modification of his principles, and such as he conceived would be more useful to mankind. He had reflected, that to excite the human affections was seldom so desirable as to allay them; and he was convinced he had now discovered the secret of usefulness and felicity. In fact, he added, he should in future study to produce tranquillity and equanimity in his fellow-creatures; and leave to *such as Mrs. Gladwin*, the more obvious, but less salutary, influence, by which the dormant passions could be awakened into life." In reality this idea had been floating in his mind ever since he had heard Celia assert, with vehemence, her conviction that there was a mutual sympathy between Altamont and Adela; she had even protested that they must love; she would defy them to help it.

Touched

Touched by these words, and offended with any thing like approximation to his own peculiar science, Aleck had instantly reformed his nomenclature, and limited his own mental actions to a province in which she would not attempt to participate.

Mrs. Winifred was pleased with the modification, since she could more readily comprehend the language in which it was expressed. She asked if his mental agency might not prevent law-suits? He evaded the question by observing, that law-suits were not *generated* by the affections. "That's "true, indeed," said she, "there is no-"thing so good in them." As she promulged this opinion she looked at Aleck, who uttered no reproving sentence. She was so pleased, and so proud to find she could converse on such high matters, that she could not but feel endeared to Aleck, to whom she owed so new and delightful a perception; and for the rest of the day she thought only of this mental agency, and its wonder-working influence.

Three

Three weeks have paſſed ſince the arrival of Miſs Rouvigny; three ſhort weeks have glided away, and Vallancy ſtill remains at Beachdale; ſo much piqued by his couſin's indifference, that he totally forgets his reſolution to ſhun her ſociety; and though at firſt merely actuated by vanity, by degrees comes to experience the reſtleſneſs, if not the tenderneſs of love. Altamont, too, ſtill lingers near Cordelia; but he no longer enjoys the privileges of intimacy and confidence; he no longer explains to her the problems of Euclid, or weeps with her over the fragment of Cornelius: he ſtill ſees her, but it is under painful reſtraint; he approaches her with embarraſſment, and ſhe meets him with equal reſerve; he has loſt the hopes that imparted to every object ſuch delight; he is ſunk to the vaſſalage of fear; his gallant, generous nature is attainted with jealouſy. For the firſt two or three days, he had imputed her eſtrangement to diſpleaſure, at the too ardent expreſſion of feeling which eſcaped

him in the pavilion. In her caution and circumſpection, he ſaw only a marked and ſtudied diſcouragement. He was prompted to leave Beachdale; but there was ſtill ſo much gentleneſs mixed with her reſerve, that he could not reſolve to renounce the delight of ſeeing her; and the recollection of the ſympathy ſhe had alſo betrayed for Suſanna, convinced him that her coldneſs was at leaſt not produced by inſenſibility. Cordelia perceived the change in his deportment, and even detected the cauſe; but ſhe could not allude to the paſt, without hazarding the future. She obſerved her father's eyes watching all her movements, and to elude his vigilance, was happy to attend to Sir Frederic Mowbray, of whose paſſion ſhe was unconſcious, and in whose ſociety ſhe experienced all the care and confidence of eſtabliſhed friendſhip. She exerted all her ſelf-command, to prevent De Lille from ſuſpecting the interest he took in Altamont's converſation; it was for his ſake, and with the hope of prolo

his ſojourn at Beachdale, that ſhe ſubmitted to this reſtraint, and for him ſhe could almoſt practiſe the duplicity her nature abhorred. Often, when engaged in a game of cheſs with Quintin, or a tête-a-tête with Sir Frederic, ſhe was tantaliſed by the tones of Altamont's voice, when excluded from his diſcourſe. Sometimes, indeed, ſhe abſtracted herſelf ſufficiently to collect its import; whilſt others heard, Cordelia eagerly liſtened, equally proud to remark his ſuperiority over his companions; and to find the ſympathy atteſted, by the aſſent which her heart ſpontaneouſly dictated to all his opinions.

In a few days however, ſhe perceived a ſtill greater change in his deportment; he no longer diſcovered any ardour to enjoy her ſociety; whether her father was preſent or abſent, he had the ſame reſerved aſpect; if he addreſſed her, it was in no peculiar accent; if they were ever accidentally left alone, they became mutually embarraſſed. No alluſion was ever made to the precep-

tor; there was no mention of the manuſcript. As the future ſeemed abandoned to chance, the paſt was conſigned to oblivion; nor could it eſcape her obſervation, that Adela laviſhed on him her moſt flattering attentions; if it was poſſible, ſhe made him her companion in their walks, and ſhe never ſeemed ſatisfied if he liſtened not to her converſation. Cordelia dreaded to ſee which was the *Cavalier*, and for the firſt time thought an heireſs a moſt enviable being. Whilſt ſhe ſuffered from this remote ſource, ſhe was little aware that Altamont conſidered her almoſt as the property of another. Vallancy, with his uſual careleſſneſs, had caſually mentioned what his mother had imparted to him on his firſt arrival at Beachdale, that ſhe believed Sir Frederic was deſperately enamoured of Cordelia; and that whenever Lady Mowbray died, an event which could be at no great diſtance, there would be a marriage. Vallancy repeated his mother's ſtrict injunctions to ſecreſy, and quietly diſmiſſed

the ſubject from his thoughts. Altamont was at firſt incredulous; but when he obſerved Sir Frederic's aſſiduities, and the facility with which ſhe admitted them; when he recollected that all her reſerve, or diſpleaſure, or embarraſſment, could be traced from the day of his return to Beachdale; his faith was ſtaggered, his heart ſeemed to have parted from hope. Cordelia appeared no longer the faultleſs being he had worſhipped, yet was ſhe perhaps innocent of the engagement which had been formed with her father; ſhe was perhaps merely the object of attachment. But why extend to him ſuch ſmiles of encouragement? Again, was ſhe arraigned and condemned: and every day he wiſhed to leave the houſe, yet never once regretted that he had ſo long been its inmate; on the contrary, he cheriſhed every dream of departed pleaſure, and found in fancy a balm for the wounds it had inflicted. Mrs. De Lille continued in her happieſt mood. Her huſband was perfectly ſatisfied with his daughter's

conduct. Sir Frederic, not so easily deceived, still saw in the neglected Altamont his rival; and, discarding delicacy with probity, resolved to leave no arts unemployed, to produce a separation between those conscious, though unacknowledged, lovers.

The sportive gaiety of Adela was always creating some new and unexpected subject of amusement. In her company, it was scarcely possible to be tenacious of gravity or ill-humour; even Mr. Quintin was compelled to smile at the follies of the age, and insensibly forgot his propensity to ominous predictions. Sometimes, indeed, his fair tyrant went farther; and having heard him and Mrs. Gladwin expatiate on the grace and dignity which, during the best of all administrations, had been exhibited in a court minuet, she insisted that they should delight their friends by walking one together, and, to their own astonishment, extorted their obedience. "Oh, sorceress," whispered Vallancy, "by "what magical spell have you brought

"these

"these two antipodal spheres in contact?"
"By a sound sweeter than the music of
"the spheres—with their own praise. Ob-
"serve Mr. Quintin," she added; "I pro-
"test he shall be my Cavalier."

"Observe Mrs. Gladwin," returned he;
"ah, she is now dreaming of her admired
"Capt. Altamont."

Celia was looking at Herbert, whose eyes
he fancied to be rivetted on Adela; and
so full was she of this idea, that at the close
of the minuet, she was beginning it again
with great composure; but was stopt by
Quintin, who exclaimed, that they were not
encored.

"Yes, indeed, but you are," cried
Adela; "since that blessed age cannot
"return, you should at least give us a
"second representation."

Quintin, turning abruptly from his part-
ner, said, "She knows nothing of the
"court, poor thing. I do not suppose she
"ever saw the Louvre danced in her life.
"Do you think she steps like a countess?"

"No," whiſpered Vallancy, "but very
"like a queen at cheſs, when ſhe ſweeps
"with a ſingle move, from one corner o
"the board to the other."

Sometimes Adela engaged in an argu-
ment with Quintin on the rights an
wrongs of women, till he was almoſt angry
and then ſoothed him into good humou
by playfully repeating his pedigree. On
thoſe occaſions it was uſual for Vallancy to
aſſert the prerogative of his ſex, whilſt Alta-
mont and Sir Frederic affected to remain
neuter. The moſt energetic diſputant was
Celia Gladwin, who always claimed for her
ſex pre-eminence in truth, fortitude, and
conſtancy.

"Conſtancy, Madam," cried Quintin,
"they may have by dint of obſtinacy; but
"to conſiſtency, I believe a woman ſeldom
"has any pretenſions, though I confeſs I
"wiſh you could have proved them to
"poſſeſs diſcretion."

"Oh, my dear Sir," cried Adela, "that
"is ſo common-place a quality."

"Not

"Not ſo, fair lady; in diſcretion I in-
"clude prudence, propriety, and ſecrecy;
"now in my opinion, a love-ſick girl is
"the only female capable of concealment."

"Mr. Quintin," cried Celia, riſing with vehemence, "I predict, you will, ere many
"days, change your opinion. What
"would you ſay, Sir, to *two* women divid-
"ing a ſecret between them for fifteen
"years?"

"Say, Madam? That their ſecret would
"not admit of a ſubdiviſion; it muſt
"have been ſome partnerſhip in fraud—
"ſome ſiſterly compact of iniquity."

"No, Sir, no—the prejudice is unwor-
"thy of you: I could bring witneſſes;
"Mr. De Lille can vouch." Here, ſud-denly checking herſelf, ſhe added, "Mr.
"De Lille could prove to you that women
"are capable of diſcretion."

"Very true, Madam; he has an example
"in his own wife."

Mrs. De Lille coloured at this unlucky compliment, but her own conſciouſneſs did

not prevent her remarking her husband's embarrassment, and she was revisited by a qualm of suspicion. Adela, now anxious to close the contention, called upon Altamont to vindicate the character of her sex.

"I am not sure," said he, "that it "would be any compliment to them, to "allow that they equal men in every pro- "perty of prudence. They have so few "faults, that they are perhaps not equally "circumspect in concealing them. Inno- "cence is almost too ingenuous for dis- "cretion.

"Through chrystal walls the slightest moth will "peep."

"Their chartered virtue is modesty; and "if to that we add generosity, truth, con- "stancy, candour, and benevolence, I be- "lieve we shall not too much enlarge their "property."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Altamont," cried Adela, "for this kind interposition. "May truth, constancy, and generosity be

"your

"your handmaids as long as you are ready
"to protect them."

Altamont and Cordelia exchanged a momentary glance. Both thought of Susanna, but the latter had also an uneasy recollection of the word *cavalier*. Vallancy was by no means flattered; but Celia was enchanted; she translated this half sportive sally into a delicate intimation of attachment; and almost wondered Herbert could be so slow to perceive the lady's partiality, till she recollected that timidity and distrust were always inseparable from genuine love; and with this solution she was satisfied.

Adela possessed rare talents for mimicry, and she would often imitate the tone and manners of some of the first theatrical performers with a felicity which indicated talents of no inferior order for the stage. She was one evening exhibiting in the comic style, in the pavilion, when Mr. Quintin suddenly made his appearance, and with reproving gravity contemplated her performance; easily comprehending his looks,

ſhe ſuddenly approached him, and gracefully dropping on one knee, "Moſt potent, "grave, and reverend ſignior,—" but, perceiving no ſmile, ſhe aroſe, and retreating a few paces, "No, I will not be a "beggar, but a queen: you ſhall confeſs I "have a noble ambition, for I will be the "daughter of the great Guſtavus; and "you ſhall be my Lord Whitelocke; and "Vallancy, Prince Charles my ſucceſſor: "Cordelia is the Grace of my court; and "all the reſt of you are Engliſh, with the "exception of Mrs. Gladwin, who muſt "condeſcend to be my lady of honour. "Will this ſatisfy my guardian? Will he "ſuffer me to take a part in ſuch a maſque "as this?"

Mr. Quintin's dark beetled brows were inſtantly unbent; the furrow in his left cheek was ſoftened in a ſmile; and he again fancied himſelf in the atmoſphere of a court.

The new queen unbinding from her waiſt a blue ribbon, ſuſpended it from her neck, to deſignate Chriſtina's favourite order of

the

Amaranth*; and ſtealing from Cordelia ſprig of myrtle, ſhe ſeated herſelf at the upper end of the room, to receive the compliments of her illuſtrious viſitor. Mr. Quin advanced with much dignity, and bowed low to the earth; the queen returned the ſalutation with as many courteſies; and having exchanged a few court phraſes, in which the ambaſſador's gravity almoſt deſtroyed the compoſure of the ſpectators, the young queen, with a gracious ſmile, enquired if there was no Engliſh gentleman who would accept from her hands that badge of her favourite order of knighthood—the blue ribbon ſuſpended from her neck, and the ſprig of myrtle in her hair, which was to preſent that paradaſaic flower, the Amaranth?

"Whoever accepts this pledge," ſaid she, "muſt be loyal to his ſovereign, and

* The order of the Amaranth was inſtituted by Chriſtina, and ſhe was accuſtomed to wear the blue ribbon, which was its badge, on every occaſion.

" conſtant to his lady. I truſt, for the
" honour of your country, My Lord, you
" can preſent ſome one not unworthy of
" this fair diſtinction."

" I truſt, Madam," ſaid Vallancy, " you
" will not confer ſuch a mark of favour on
" a foreigner."

" Oh! prejudice of man, diſclaimed by
" woman. Why ſhould we limit virtue to
" our latitude? I am a princeſs, it is true,
" but my proudeſt title is to be a philan-
" thropiſt."

The ambaſſador, with much ceremony, preſented Altamont, to whom the queen offered her pledge of conſtancy. Altamont perceiving that Vallancy was uneaſy, and, unwilling to excite in him even a momentary jealouſy, would have declined the honour, on the plea that he was deſtined to be a vagrant.

" The more reaſon, then, you ſhould
" belong to this order of knighthood: take
" this ſymbol of hope, which is the faireſt
" flower of paradiſe."

Altamont.

Altamont.—" Lady, I renounce hope."

Queen.—" You cannot; hope is winged, " and, like Otho's falcon, which won her " way from Elſinore to Cromer, ſhall follow " you. Take, then, this pledge, and be " happy."

Altamont, bowing with appropriate gallantry, kiſſed the lady's hand on receiving the blue ribbon; and with it the flower, which he immediately put into his boſom.

" Given like a queen," cried Quintin, in an ecſtacy of admiration.

Vallancy, who had been impatient at this ſentimental trifling, advancing, demanded admiſſion to the ſame order.

" No, Sir," cried the queen, half reproachfully, " loyal you cannot be, for " you are deſtined to reign: conſtant you " will not be, ſince you are ſure to con- " quer. You need not hope, ſince you " are already rich in pleaſure; beſides all " this, you are my heir, and I abdicate " royalty in your favour."

It

It was well for Mrs. De Lille that ſhe was not preſent; Vallancy bowed and retreated with an air that beſpoke diſpleaſure; Altamont was embarraſſed; Mrs. Gladwin could with difficulty repreſs her tranſports.

"Upon my word," cried Quintin, "this "was bravely acted."

"Yes," rejoined Vallancy, "to the "very life,—'twas the *maſque* of nature."

Sir Frederic, obſerving with infinite ſatisfaction his ill-diſſembled reſentment, whiſpered to Cordelia ſomething to which ſhe was incapable of attending; whilſt Adela, with an air of unconſcious innocence, approaching Vallancy, begged he would now act his part.

"No," ſaid he, "when I act, I ſhall be "a *friar*."

"Well, pronounce any vow—but that "of ſilence—"

He was again pleaſed, in ſpite of himſelf; but flinging from the pavilion, exclaimed, "Incomparable coquette! I will leave "Beachdale."

Altamont

Altamont had made a ſimilar deciſion; he recalled the laſt words of Haller, he fancied he had been deceived in Cordelia, and promiſed to waſte himſelf no longer.

When the party aſſembled, every one but Adela wore a ſombre aſpect.

De Lille had gone out early on one of his ſecret expeditions, and to his wife's inexpreſſible chagrin, was not returned. She had, indeed, no reaſon to impute his abſence to any unfortunate accident, ſince he had charged his ſervant to inform her, he might ſpend two or three days from home; but the myſtery recalled all her former ſuſpicions, and whatever efforts ſhe made, ſhe found it impoſſible to appear in ſpirits. She ſat, therefore, in moody ſilence, almoſt as abſtracted as Aleck, till ſhe was ſuddenly rouzed by Altamont's announcing his intention of going to London on the next day; when Vallancy inſtantly declared his reſolution to accompany him.

Similar expreſſions inſtantly burſt from Mrs. De Lille and Mrs. Gladwin; "You

" will not go, *Vallancy*," was energetical
parodied by " You ſhall not go, *Altamo*

Sir Frederic looked at Cordelia, and
changed countenance; Cordelia ſtole
glance at Adela, and fancied her br
was clouded with care. Mrs. De Li
continued her entreaties; but Altamo
was firm, and Vallancy affected to be
flexible.

" But when will you return?"

Vallancy pretended to have a predilecti
to viſit Ireland. Altamont, from a ſudd
impulſe, profeſſed an inclination to go
Germany. Cordelia's eyes brightened,
ſhe hoped he meant to join Haller, w
had always been a point of union betw
them. Mrs. Gladwin conſidered a few
ments, and then aſked if De Lille wo
not be at home to-morrow; but, as if
denly illumined by a happy preſage,
added, " Yes, I pledge myſelf for h
" turn; I have his promiſe, and that
" ſure he holds ſacred; at any rate,
" would be dangerous. Herbert Alt

by the memory of your father, I conjure you to ſtay till after to-morrow; and then," looking ſignificantly at Adela, "if you chooſe to go, I ſhall not oppoſe your departure. I ſhall expect all of you who are young, to accompany me to-morrow morning, on a little expedition, no matter whither. Mr. Vallancy, I ſhall not excuſe your attendance."

"You have given me too ſtrong a motive for obedience; a myſtery poſſeſſes for me a thouſand attractions; if I was ever to marry, it ſhould be in the oriental fashion, without ſeeing my bride."

"Ah! Mr. Vallancy, you have not yet learnt what it is to love."

"I confeſs, Madam, I am no apt ſcholar in acquiring that profound ſcience."

"No," reſumed ſhe, "you have never yet ſeen the woman who could be your monitor."

"No, Madam, I am perſuaded I might paſs through all the tranſmigrations of

"Indur,

" Indur, before I ſhould meet with ſuch
" prodigy."

Here Mrs. De Lille, with ſome alarm, interrupted the controverſy; and as Altemont had conſented to defer his journey another day, ſhe preſſed Mrs. Gladwin to remain, during that interval, under her roof—a propoſal which was gratefully accepted, as ſhe confeſſed ſhe wiſhed much to ſee Mr. De Lille, previous to the excurſion.

Vallancy, ſmiling at this idiomatic expreſſion of ſecreſy, inſenſibly recovered his good humour; though he ſtill preſerved an air of ſullenneſs towards his couſin, who reſumed her vivacity. It was otherwiſe with Cordelia; ſhe was ſtill pale; ſhe again ſaw only the ſtern preceptor; ſhe longed to remind him of the unfiniſhed manuſcript; not that ſhe was now intereſted in the deſtiny of Cornelius or Suſanna: ſhe could think but of one object, and to him ſhe had, perhaps, appeared capricious or ungrateful. Why could he not gueſs her thoughts; why was not her heart tranſpa-

rent!

it? Yet ſhe wiſhed not this. With all tenderneſs and enthuſiaſm, ſhe would for the world, have betrayed her feel- : ſo truly did delicacy ſupply the place pride, and even of prudence, to Cordelia!

CHAPTER IV.

IT is painful to relinquish any habits confirmed by time and attachment, but particularly painful to renounce the commerce of the heart, to suspend the habit of familiar communication and unreserved confidence. Cordelia and Adela, who had been long accustomed, on retiring for the night, to spend some time in talking together, did not now depart from this established usage, though, in the present instance, it certainly contributed little to their enjoyment. The conversation was languid and constrained; each seemed afraid lest she should guess the other's thoughts, and instead of canvassing the incidents of the evening, they talked of Haller and of Germany; and Adela gave some interesting anecdotes of a first lover, whom she confessed to have made some impression on her heart.

Whilst

Whilst they were thus engaged, Vallancy was also conferring with Altamont on subjects of a very different nature; his momentary jealousy had yielded to his friend's ingenuous conduct, and at the same time he recollected, not without compunction, how inattentive he had been to that friend's most earnest request, having kept for three days unopened letter, from the person to whom he had written for information respecting the Woodvilles. Such carelessness was almost habitual with Vallancy, and might be called the indolence of prosperity. Naturally humane, he was not insensible to his error, and, in the present instance, reflected on it with real concern and regret.

The letter contained some interesting and melancholy particulars of the unfortunate Woodville. He had been arrested about a month ago, and, by some means unknown to Nevers, was enlarged. Since that period he had, by means equally unknown, obtained the situation of captain's clerk, and was just embarked for the West Indies.

"If

" If you wish to see him," added Nevers, " you must set off instantly for Spithead, " where his ship is now under sailing or- " ders."

" And I will see him," cried Altamont.

" You cannot," said Vallancy. " The " ship sailed yesterday. Had I opened the " letter sooner ——but I will honestly con- " fess I forgot to look at it.—Here's some " information respecting his wife—Nevers " gives her address. Well, we will go and " see her: we could have done him no " good. Here, take the letter, Altamont; " I am a shabby fellow, but I can't help it."

He then talked of Adela's coquetry, protesting he would not return without Altamont to Beachdale. " Not that you can " find much amusement here, I confess; " for you won't laugh at Amatonda, and " there's no pleasure with Cordelia, she is " so engrossed with the Baronet."

" I *shall* not return, Vallancy, I am re- " solved."

" But why?"

" Oh,

"Oh, never ask why; there are a thousand reasons."

"Now, Altamont, you have betrayed the secret, and my mother shall not see me here, without you——"

"I guess your surmise: it is wholly unjust. Mrs. De Lille has uniformly treated me with respect and cordiality."

"And her husband?"

"I have seen little of him—but he has behaved with perfect propriety."

"And are you cured of your romantic suspicions, Altamont? Do you now attribute to him those mysterious remittances?"

"No, no; on that subject I am satisfied."

"And what then can determine you, at this season, to leave Beachdale?"

"I am always a vagrant," (this unlucky word recalled to Vallancy's mind the expressions used by Christina, which had so deeply offended him — he coloured, and was silent), whilst Altamont added, "and I be-

"lieve

" lieve I muſt anſwer in Amatonda's phraſe,
" '"tis my *deſtiny*.'"

" O, well, I ſeek not to penetrate the
" myſtery," cried Vallancy, to whom it now occurred that his friend had diſcovered in Adela ſome deciſive ſymptom of attachment; but this ſurmiſe was ſo humiliating to vanity, he reſiſted it with all his energy, and theſe friends alſo parted with mutual reſervation and concealment.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the family assembled at breakfast, it was discovered that Mrs. Gladwin was absent, having taken a walk to the Grange, to prepare for the projected excursion. She returned not till it was nearly twelve, at which hour the carriage was to be ready. She again enquired, with earnestness, for De Lille, and expressed great vexation at his prolonged absence. "However," cried she, "I have given my "word, I shall not retract. Come what "may come, I have crossed the Rubicon."

Vallancy, perceiving her uneasy looks and restless perturbation, forgetting his spleen to Adela, entertained her with a ludicrous picture of Amatonda's distress.—"Pity but De Lille were present to answer "her with corresponding looks. Could "you not imagine them both transformed

" to two carrier pigeons, exchanging their
" pretty billets? Pray enquire of her—

" Is it treason? is it love?
" Tell me, tell me, gentle dove."

" Oh," cried Adela, " 'tis neither love
" nor treason; 'tis simply plotting; and
" woe to you if the plot be not discovered."

" The great seal of England should not
" console me for the disappointment."

During these lively sallies, Cordelia, standing near the bow window, had hoped she should exchange a few words with Altamont; but just as he was approaching her, they were interrupted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had invited himself to the party, and who, under the masque of civility to the one, and of friendship to the other, was always harassing their movements.

And now the clock strikes, the landau is at the door, and Celia, still repining at De Lille's absence, leads the way, and is followed by her wondering companions. They were no sooner seated than she exclaimed,

claimed, " Mr. Quintin ſhould have been " preſent, to be convinced that a woman " was capable of diſcretion; but I will not " anticipate," added ſhe; " the ſecret ſhall " remain to the laſt moment;" and indeed he was revolving in her mind in what manner to give the moſt theatrical effect to her intended diſcovery.

" But, deareſt Madam," cried Vallancy, " will you not favour us with ſome intimation of this prodigious myſtery? Does no one ſhare the burthen with you?"

She ſhook her head.

" It concerns not you, Vallancy." She then threw a ſignificant look on Altamont and Adela, and relapſed into her reverie. The latter had her accuſtomed vivacity, and as all the reſt of the party were penſive or agitated, ſhe converſed almoſt ſolely with her couſin.

" Really," ſaid he, " I think we are the only interlocutors among the Dramatis Perſonæ."

"And pray," retorted ſhe, "do you "assign me the place of a mute or a confi- "dante? though, on recollection, the one "is ſynonimous with the other."

"I make you the heroine — the *queen*."

Here Celia, rouſed from her muſing fit, exclaimed, "The *hero* of the piece is Her- "bert Altamont, and here we are; at this "ſpot we ſhall alight."

"What! here, Madam! why, we have "come but four miles. Is this to be the "ſcene of your grand *denouement*?"

No anſwer was returned, but the carriage ſtopped; Sir Frederic aſſiſted Celia to alight, who, without his aid, muſt have fallen to the ground, from extreme perturbation. No poetaſter hammering for a rhyme, no parliamentary probationer conning a maiden ſpeech, ever ſhewed more perplexity; no *quadrille-loving* dame declaring the *ſans prendre vole*; no hardy chefs player, redeeming the game with a *ſtale mate*, ever experienced more agitation.

They

They alighted at the gate of a meadow, hich led to a farm house. Celia, preceding the groupe, walked on towards a plantation of firs, on the brow of a hill rising front of this rustic mansion. At some stance appeared a bower, to which she ected her steps: it was called the Herage, and was surrounded by a laurel ge, the holly and the yew, with forked ns, guarding the entrance; the seats were ioned with moss and ivy; a grey stone s the only table, and on it was placed a ped book, in which a silver pencil was closed. This lonely spot commanded a elightful view of the forest walks, bored on either side with luxuriant corn elds. "Here," cried Celia, "you may see the whole deme e." Then taking p the book, she requested each of the comany to write in it some sentiment suggested y the occasion.

Sir Frederic wrote,

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
"A few paternal acres bound;

"Content to breathe his native air
"In his own ground."

Adela being next challenged, haſtily wrote,

"I ſeek not fortune; bring to me
"The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty."

Vallancy followed, with Mrs. Piozzi's paraphraſe of the diſtich addreſſed by Johnſon to Miſs Aſton:

"Expreſſions of freedom fall oddly from you;
"If freedom we ſeek, fair enſlaver, adieu!"

Cordelia expreſſed her ſecret unhappineſs in a quotation from Mrs. Greville's Ode to Indifference:

"Nor peace, nor eaſe, the heart can know,
"That, like the needle, true,
"Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
"But, turning, trembles too."

Altamont, mentally alluding to Cordelia, wrote,

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
"My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

Celia herſelf added a line from Thomſon, and taking the book under her arm, propoſed

sed they should proceed to a summer-
, at some little distance, originally
d as an object by the late proprietor
estate before them; and which, by a
meſſenger dispatched in the early
f the morning, she had prepared for
eception.

oppoſition was made to the propoſal;
ading them down the gentle declivity,
ere suddenly presented with a little
tic dell, fenced on one side with the
lematis, and over-arched by birches,
, and aspens; on the other, the path
o narrow, that the company were
ed to separate; and it for once hap-
l, in spite of all Sir Frederic's pre-
ns, that Altamont was next to Cor-

r a few moments they proceeded in
silence, but a thistle impeded her foot.
mont stooped down to remove it, and as
hanked him, she inadvertently called
Herbert. In an instant hope and con-
ce returned to his heart, as Cordelia

exclaimed, " You will not, ſurely, go to-
" morrow ?"

" Did you wiſh me to ſtay, particularly,
" over to-morrow ?"

" Only, you know, we never finiſhed
" the legend; and," added ſhe, heſitating,
" it was agreed we ſhould read it together."

Altamont was beginning to anſwer in a tone of delight, when the path widened, and Sir Frederic again hung on their ſteps. Yet not even his unwelcome preſence could now divide them from each other; and though their converſation was ſuſpended, they were reſtored, they ſcarcely knew how, to the privileges of intimacy and confidence; ſo completely indeed were they abſorbed in their own feelings, that they heard not the daſhing of a caſcade at ſome diſtance, till Vallancy expreſſed his wiſh to explore the ſpot from whence the murmur iſſued. Altamont objected to this, that the ſight of a waterfall was commonly leſs picturesque than the ſound. Vallancy advanced a few paces, and then returning, exclaimed, " I am clearly
" in the wrong: the ſource of all theſe

" *ſentimental*

"*sentimental* murmurs was nothing but a "*mill*, and my impertinent curiosity has "cheated me of the pleasure of fancying "this a second Tivoli. Even Nature owes "so many charms to fancy."

He was here interrupted by Celia, who, having advanced before her company, now halted, pointing to a small octagonal building, which was to be the bourn of their excursion. It was simply constructed of wood, but had been so ingeniously painted as to represent antiquated stone, and was now nearly covered with laurel and ivy, which ambitiously aspired together, but afforded a snug retreat to the goldfinches and redbreasts, who divided their verdant premises with much concord and harmony.

The door stood open, and presented to view a winding staircase, by which the company ascended to the only apartment the house contained. It was lighted from the roof, but had one glass window reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and opening on the terrace beneath, with which it communi-

cated by a narrow flight of ſteps, which were intended to repreſent the time-worn ſtairs of a ruinous edifice. The walls and ceiling were painted blue; the oak floor was of tranſparent brightneſs; a round table, covered with a damaſk cloth, and a few low ſophas, compriſed the whole of the furniture.

This building had been called Severn's Folly, but was this day named by Celia Oberon's Shell; and that none might mistake the appellation, it was placarded on a ſcreen which ſtood in the centre of the apartment.

"Do none but fairies own this houſe?" ſaid Vallancy, obſerving no traces of human inhabitants.

"You ſhall not find you need attendance," replied Celia, removing the damaſk cloth, under which a choice collation was prepared for her gueſts, the ſight of which redoubled their good humour and cordiality.

"Surely," ſaid Adela, "we are indeed "ſerved by the fairies."

At this moment a gale of fragrance, produced by pots of mignionette and other odoriferous flowers filled the room; and the slow vibrations of two Æolian harps were heard intermingling, in solemn accord, their wild mellifluous harmonies.

"Charming fairies," cried Vallancy, "I "perceive the place is full of spells and "enchantments. Dear Mrs. Gladwin, can "you tell me of any charm by which to "escape the danger of falling in love."

"You," replied she, "are in no danger; "remember your boast of yesterday."

"Oh, trust not a boaster's promises; I "assure you I am in great peril at this mo-"ment."

"I can give you a spell against tempta-"tion," said Adela archly.

"Lady, it comes suspiciously from *you*. I "must expect treachery in the gift."

"'Tis no gift, but simply a prescription "which is offered gratis: keep constantly "talking, and you shall escape the fascina-"tions of a Circe or a Calypso."

descended to the terrace, promising in a few minutes to return to the company.

Celia, who had at first been disconcerted by this interruption, now resuming her subject, confirmed her former assurances, of Herbert's good fortune. "This," cried she, "is the secret so long buried in my bosom; "a *secret* never revealed, but to the man "whose assistance was necessary to its con-"summation. This estate, of which the "title-deeds will shortly be put into your "possession, is purchased for you by a friend, "to enable you to pursue your political "career in peace and glory. And now you "will easily understand why I opposed your "taking orders, since a clergyman is not "eligible to Parliament; you will easily "comprehend why I urged your being sent "to college, and employed some artifice to "persuade you that your mother's myste-"rious friend was still watching over your "welfare.

"Through the same medium, I exerted "my influence to induce you to spend

"some

"some years in seeing other countries. It "was my ambition to render you in every "respect proper for public life. This was "my *experiment*, and it has succeeded; this "was my labour, and it has prospered; "this was my mystery, and it is unfolded. "On the most interesting day of my life, I "can proudly say, Cornelia had not more "cause to glory in the Gracchi. I envy "not a mother."

On another occasion, Vallancy would have smiled at the extravagance of this compliment; but now he was spell-bound in amazement; and Celia, the only person, perhaps, to whom silence gave encouragement, proceeded, "I make no boast; it is all "owing to your own goodness, that my "experiment has succeeded; yet suffer me "to say, had you disappointed my hopes, "you had forfeited your recompence. The "estate is to be held in trust, for the good "of mankind.

"Mistake me not; I do not mean to ex-"clude you from the blessings of domestic

"life.

" life. I have discovered the woman formed
" to harmonize with you, to soften all your
" cares, and recompence your exertions.
" I can trace the progress of a mutual at-
" tachment, and I can venture to say, Pliny
" and Hispulla were not happier than you
" will be."

The gratitude and surprize of Altamont at an event so strange and unexpected, could only be exceeded by his confusion at this intimation; but while the name of Adela trembled on her lips, she was suddenly checked by her re-entrance with Cordelia. Altamont and Vallancy had equally their cheeks flushed with crimson, the one from perplexity, the other from resentment; both made an involuntary movement to the door, to prevent farther elucidation. Sir Frederic relieved their embarrassment by proposing an immediate return; and as Vallancy's servant had brought a horse, Altamont eagerly mounted him, to avoid any further allusions to a subject so distressing to his feelings. The rest of the party resumed their places in the carriage,

ge, but all were totally changed; all was dismissed; all animation had va- Adela was thoughtful, Vallancy taci- Cordelia looked ill, and Sir Frederic, in of exciting suspicion or displeasure, ained himself so much that he appeared lly frigid. Celia herself, exhausted by orts, leaned back, scarcely able to re- her tears, and now and then dropping sentence of morality, on the muta- of human sensations. "I expected cried she, "to have been a day of but joy is overpowering. I wish se flowers had not made Cordelia ill; ave been saddened ever since."

reaching Beachdale, she eagerly en- d for De Lille, expressing equal wonder isturbance at his absence. She then Altamont, privately assuring him, that orrow he should have better evidence her word, to convince him of the fact had announced; for the present, she d not enter on particulars; besides, she d to spend an hour at the Grange. She

told

told him in confidence, it was to ſpeak to Mrs. Winifred; and then admoniſhing him to entire ſecrecy, ſhe reſumed a myſterious air, and ſtealing through the park, proceeded by a circuitous route to her friend's habitation

CHAPTER VI.

ITHERTO it was not neceſſary to anticipate the communication which was immortalize Celia Gladwin's pre-emi-ce in diſcretion; but now that the in-ble moment is arrived, it will be proper xplain the nature of that myſterious ection, which had ſo long ſubſiſted ween her and the kind-hearted *protegée*. acquaintance with this artleſs creature commenced in her youth, and during annual viſits ſhe was accuſtomed to pay ſome rich relations in Monmouthſhire; then ſhewed much kindneſs to Winny, that time the contented wife of a petty mer, who occupied a dairy; but ſoon er removing with his wife to another nty, Celia remained for many years in orance of the changes which had occurred her deſtiny.

After

After a long interval ſhe diſcovered her in London, earning a maintenance by daily labour, and ſteadily refuſing to live with her preſent huſband; who, having been an itinerant player, won her heart by a tale of diſtreſs; waſted the ſavings of the good farmer's induſtry; and, finally, kept another woman in open infidelity. Indignant at this laſt outrage, Winny vowed never to live with him again; and, with Celia's aſſiſtance, procured the ſituation of houſekeeper in a gentleman's family. Warm with gratitude for her benefactreſs, ſhe longed, moſt ardently, to make her ſome acknowledgement; and, by dint of frugality and diligence, ſaved enough to purchaſe a lottery ticket. The tranſaction remained a profound ſecret, till ſhe diſcovered that it was drawn a firſt prize; when almoſt overwhelmed with the intelligence, ſhe flew to her good Miſs Celia, and implored her acceptance of the ticket; declaring ſhe wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to ſee her living like a lady, and to put herſelf under her protection.

With

With equal generosity Celia resisted the plea, and there was a long contest of kindness between them. But Winny founded her plea on a point of English law, with which the lower orders are well acquainted; that a woman after marriage is incapable of possessing any thing independent of her husband, and protested that she dreaded nothing so much as seeing the produce of her good fortune extorted from her by her now detested profligate. Celia, though highly applauding these heroic sentiments, refused to enrich herself by what would be termed a legal fraud, however defensible on the abstract principles of equity and justice. At length the matter was compromised between them, Celia consenting to receive the money to vest it in the funds, in her own name; to transmit to Winny an annual sum sufficient for her support; and to let the surplus accumulate, to be hereafter applied to some great object of patriotism or charity. For herself she still rigidly refused to accept even the smallest recompence; and

was

was more happy in thus disclaiming fortune than another in possessing it; she despised the personal risk incurred by her intrepidity; she gloried in the possibility of being persecuted for having dared to evade a law which, whether justly or not, she conceived to be among the *wrongs of women*. She was, however, soon sensible that Winny's apprehensions from her husband's persecution were not wholly chimerical. He had discovered her retreat; and, wondering at the comfort in which she lived, insisted on living with her. Celia, at length, by bribes induced him to desist; but from that period she had deemed it necessary to use more precaution for her old friend's security.

The occasion was most inviting to her love of mystery, and though the importunate husband was now gone abroad, she suggested her dropping his name, and restricting herself to the appellation of Mrs. Winifred, by which alone she was known in Mr. Maplestoft's family. Celia having been long persuaded

ſuaded that Altamont was deſtined to perform ſome ſignal ſervice for the ſtate, conceived it impoſſible that the eſtate ſhould be more wiſely beſtowed, and propoſed to her *protegée* the ſcheme ſhe had formed for the benefit of mankind.

Winny, who had never ventured to conſider as her own property what ſhe owed to Celia's friendſhip, ſubmitted implicitly to her decrees. Yet ſhe was not without ſome repining wiſhes that her poor dear Aleck might have ſhared with Altamont, but this condition ſhe never ventured to ſuggeſt; for ſuch was her gratitude and her probity, that ſhe never conceived the poſſibility of reſuming any rights ſhe had once ſurrendered to her protectreſs; and fondly as ſhe doated on Aleck, ſhe preſumed not, even for his ſake, to make any claim to the prejudice of her firſt engagement. Of bonds and ſettlements ſhe knew nothing, and to legal forms had an invincible abhorrence; but to her upright mind a word was equally binding with an oath; the promiſe that had paſſed her

lips

lips could only be cancelled by injurious treatment; yet ſhe never blazoned this religious faith with an impoſing name. A ſimple Chriſtian, ſhe merely aſpired to perform her duty; and the point of honour was with her but the teſt of conſcience.

CHAPTER VII.

THE predilection which Mrs. Gladwin had, almost from the first glance, conceived for De Lille, united to the necessity of some assistance in her project, had determined her to entrust him with Winny's design. He was flattered by the confidence; gave her unbounded promises of service, and every assurance of fidelity. At her earnest request, he had secretly purchased the estate contiguous to Vallancy manor, which had occasioned so much speculation in the neighbourhood. The title deeds were at present in his possession, but were finally to be transferred to the intended proprietor. This confidence was not, however, mutual; and the incident of the letter, which excited such uneasiness in Mrs. De Lille, might, had she been prone to suspicion, have in-

ſpired in Mrs. Gladwin equal diſtruſt. From that period, he had been leſs cordial and ingenuous: he never ſpoke of the intended donation with any glow of pleaſure; and he was always ſuggeſting ſome reaſon for protracting the term of probation and concealment.

On the return of Altamont to England, however, Celia had reſolved that the communication ſhould take place; but De Lille alleged that there was ſtill ſomething wanting to make the conveyance complete.

In their laſt converſation, perceiving her ſomewhat irritated, in reality, from her lively conception of Altamont's ſecret conflicts, and ſufferings, (the pangs of hopeleſs love) he promiſed in another week to be ready for the *eclairciſſement;* yet on the morning after he had given her this aſſurance, he went on his private excurſion.

It was not her intention to have proceeded without his concurrence; but having been thrown off her guard by the reſolution expreſſed by Altamont to leave Beachdale,

roceed to Germany, ſhe had haſtily itated her promiſed elucidation; com- ıg that though ſhe could not produce le deeds, ſhe could pledge her word ir exiſtence. She was alſo ſomewhat l by De Lille's procraſtination; and onſequently the leſs repugnance to ling this ſtep without his approbation. s all this, the ſecret ſhe had ſo long red with ſuch eaſe, was no longer table with patience. From the mo- he had approached the criſis of diſ- , ſhe was occupied with her theatrical *nent.*

myſtery now preſſed for develope- with an *impetus* which was not to ſted; and ſhe miſtook the impulſe of m ardent nature, for ſome ſecret ion omnipotent and inevitable as

approaching the Grange, ſhe longed npathy and reciprocation with her ld Winny. Surpriſe and doubt had ed to abſorb Altamont's pleaſure;

and her own anticipated raptures were ſtrangely intercepted; but with this kind-hearted confidant, ſhe expected to taſte unalloyed delight. A trifling circumſtance again thwarted her wiſhes: Winny had been induced by Aleck to ride out in a chaiſe he had borrowed from the Abbey; and was gone, according to her charitable practice, to viſit ſome ſick perſon at a ſhort diſtance from the village. Celia now recollected that her friend had mentioned in the morning her projected excurſion; commenting, with much complacency, on the readineſs Mr. Quintin had ſhewn to oblige Aleck; but neither the information nor the reflection made the ſlighteſt impreſſion on Celia's mind at the moment. Now, however, that ſhe ſighed to diſburthen her heart, ſhe would gladly have followed Winny wherever ſhe might be, to enter on her purpoſed explanation; but the Mapletofts were out, the ſervants knew nothing of her friend's movements; there was no remedy but patience, and of that virtue ſhe was the

leaſt

capable. For the first time, she found
ade irksome; and in this interval of
nse, almost regretted that she had been
recipitate with her disclosure.
he yearned for her affectionate Winny's
ance, that whatever she did was con-
t and best; she, for once, distrusted
judgment, and doubted of her own
; she was even visited by some com-
tious scruples, for having so frankly
sed of another's property; and deter-
d to stipulate for some conditions in
ur of Aleck. She even missed the secret,
which she had so long brooded, that
part from it would make a chasm in
ence.
ll these gloomy reflections were oc-
ned by not finding Winny at home;
as a check to the bouyancy of ex-
ation; and fancy, for once, left the
t subdued to nature. On this day of
triumph,—this interesting epoch of
life, she wept; and after having spent
hours in expectation of Winny's

return, at length rejoined the circle at Vallancy Houſe; not to enjoy ſociety, but to cheat ſuſpenſe of its lingering torments.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SHALL I advance or retreat, Edward?" ſaid Altamont, perceiving his friend ſeated at a writing-deſk, and apparently inſenſible to his approach.

Vallancy having exhibited unequivocal ſymptoms of ill-humour during dinner, had withdrawn to his own apartment, in order, as he ſaid, to write ſome letters previous to his journey. Altamont ſuſpecting the true cauſe of his eſtrangement, determined, by a frank *eclairciſſement*, to put an end to his ſuſpenſe. "Vallancy," repeated he, "will "you not ſpare a quarter of an hour to a "friend?"

"Oh, Sir! Mr. Altamont, I perceive,—" There was no playful affectation in this formality; it was the genuine expreſſion of ſtrong diſpleaſure.

" *Mr. Altamont!* what a rebuke to my
" want of decorum! I ſuppoſe I muſt in
" future ſend up a ſervant to announce my
" name, with all due punctilio."

" In future every thing will be different
" from what it has been; there is a revolu-
" tion ſince *yeſterday*. When am I to wiſh
" you joy? for among other changes it ſeems
" you are likely to become my kinſman."

" I thought to find you in a more ſerious
" mood."

" I was never more ſo in my life. It is
" you that ſtill chooſe to be ſomething for
" which I really can't find a name,—cau-
" tious, circumſpect, *enveloped*. For my
" part, I don't underſtand obliquity,—or
" ſhall I call it delicacy; and really ſhould
" not ſcruple aſking an old friend if he
" was going to be married."

" And do you ſincerely imagine I am
" going to be married?"

" And why not, when the lady ſmiles,
" fortune jumps from the bag, and no-
" thing but the lawyer and the biſhop are
" wanting?

quanting? I'll tell you what, Altamont, among other novelties, do get a new habit of ingenuousness; that cautious air and mystery is necessary to the man who aspires at a profession; and for that very reason is disclaimed by every one who has the privilege to be *born a gentleman.*"

"I hardly know how to answer you, Vallancy."

"Oh, you might know, for you possess all the compound tenses in perfection; there is no elaborate phrase, no elegant artificial language, of which you are master."

"Come, come, this is all the captious petulance of a dissatisfied, restless lover."

"Oh no; don't imagine I am a lover. I like a coquette to while away an hour with; I don't pretend to be stupid or invulnerable as a beetle; but you are really over nice about Miss Rouvigny. You might have safely entrusted your mutual attachment; I never cared for

" her enough to have put her in compe-
" tition with a *friend's* welfare; never
" would have risqued for her my inte-
" grity; no, no, though I may have laughed
" at romance, I hold honour sacred; though
" I might never affect patriotism, I really
" did believe in the existence of honesty;
" and could so far stretch my imagination
" as to give a man credit for unequivocal
" sincerity."

" To what does all this lead?"

" Oh, merely to elucidate a point in
" question, Whether three months after
" you have been presented at court, (you
" and your bride,) you may not be speak-
" ing in the House in praise of all you have
" hitherto abused? Who knows but you
" and I may sit on opposite sides, at once
" complimenting and controverting each
" other?"

" So then, if I should really have this
" accession of fortune, I am to lose your
" friendship."

" If

"If *you should*. Oh, subtle casuist! Where "is the contingency? Your friend asserts the "fact, and my father-in-law, it seems, is to "substantiate the assertion. The estate is "obvious to view, and still you express a "doubt or a surmise. Nay, Altamont, "don't take the girl's word that she loves "you, but exact an affidavit properly and "duly regularly attested."

"If I could not find an excuse for your "spleen, I should think it strange you did "not rejoice in a friend's prosperity."

"But where is there a friend, Altamont? "A friend should be an equal; a partner, "entering, with ardour, into all my pur-"suits; sympathizing in my tastes and "wishes; loving even my faults, and re-"specting my weakest prejudices. The "friend should be my other self; the same "life's blood should flow between us. Now, "Altamont, such an union has never sub-"sisted between us; you were always aim-"ing to be the *benefactor*, and I brooked

" from you admonitions and reproofs I
" could not have endured from a *ſuperior*."

Here Vallancy pauſed. Altamont preſerved a cold ſilence. Irritated by a forbearance he attributed to contempt, Vallancy reſumed, " No other being ſhould
" have uſurped ſuch authority; but the
" tutoring ſeemed to ſatisfy your punctilious
" dignity, and I therefore frankly ſubmitted
" to the yoke." Vallancy again pauſed, and was again unanſwered. " Yet though
" I repined at your reſerve, though I was
" always ſenſible to your want of ſympathy,
" I would not have believed a tale to your
" prejudice; I had an obſtinate faith in
" your integrity; nor would I have ad-
" mitted, on any authority but your own,
" that you were capable of diſingenuous
" artifice—ſeeking what you affected to
" diſclaim, and engroſſing the very object
" you profeſſed to deſpiſe. No reaſoning,
" no rhetoric, not even your own eloquence
" ſhould have perſuaded me to believe
" this."

" And

"And do you seriously suppose I have "stooped to such duplicity?—that I have "sought what I disclaimed, and engrossed "the object I professed to despise?"

Altamont repeated these words with deliberate solemnity; and Vallancy, shocked by their import, in his turn was silent.

"These are strange words to come from "the associate of one's childhood, and in-"clude a charge which, allow me to say, I "should better know how to answer to any "other than you."

"If I have transgressed decorum, Sir, "I am ready to make the reparation due "to the feelings of a gentleman."

"No, Vallancy, I shall not accept the "permission to inflict on one of us ever-"lasting remorse. My courage, at least, is "not suspected; and I warn you, no pro-"vocation on your part shall ever make "me attempt the life of one, I have so "long considered my friend."

Vallancy, recollecting that his own life had been preserved by the person he had just

juſt abuſed, ſtood abaſhed; conſcious of his error, but not noble enough to avow his feelings.

" I can account, however, for your pe-
" tulance," reſumed Altamont, " and in
" part forgive the caprices of a lover."

" I diſclaim the title!"

" 'Tis in vain! Nothing but paſſion could
" have ſo perverted your judgment, that you
" ſhould not diſcover you were yourſelf the
" real object of Miſs Rouvigny's affection."

" My dear Altamont!"

" I wiſh not to excite your preſumption,
" but as we are ſo ſoon to part, I repeat ſhe
" loves you."

" What ſtrange vagary is this? Does
" ſhe not treat me with indifference, and
" caprice?"

" Becauſe ſhe diſtruſts your ſteadineſs;
" ſhe loves you, but ſees your faults and
" has too much ſenſe and ſpirit to ſuffer
" inclination to prevail over judgment."

" And I like her all the better for it;
" but ſtill, my ſapient caſuiſt, how ſhould
" you ſee through her heart?"

" Becauſe

"Because I had an interest in your happiness. I observed that her eyes always brightened at your approach; and that whoever was the person she addressed, her animation was increased by your presence."

"But her attentions to yourself,—was that mere coquetry?"

"Yes, a coquetry the most innocent. Consider the disparity in our situation; and what a coxcomb must that man be, who under my circumstances could impute her politeness to interested motives. No, Miss Rouvigny esteemed me too much, to suppose I was capable of such egregious vanity. As a last proof, since this morning her behaviour is changed."

"But may not that be from the delicacy of affection?"

"Vallancy, you are surely in love. By this diffidence, this distrust, I see you are really capable of the passion; now I heartily forgive your injustice."

"Forgiveness is not enough, Altamont; you must forget my folly."

"I know

"I know not that I ought to do ſo; your "heart prompted ſome bitter things; you "intimated, that we had never been truly "friends."

"Forget thoſe fooliſh words."

"You will, I know, remember longer than "I ſhall reſent them; yet, one thing I muſt, "ſay, ſhould I ever be thrown on adverſity "I could not now, without meanneſs, find "anchorage in Vallancy."

"Well, but you ſhall never be thrown "on adverſity."

"I could never diſmiſs the recollection, "that you remembered our inequality; "never perſuade myſelf to challenge your "ſervices; never, without incurring my "own reproaches, permit you to tax my "gratitude with unrequited obligation."

On rejoining the family they found, ſitting quietly together, Mrs. Gladwin and Mrs. De Lille, who had been but imperfectly apprized of the incidents of the morning, and was muſing on her huſband's abſence and her ſon's intended departure.

Adela

[illegible] was playing to Cordelia, who ſtood [illegible]ſide overlooking the muſic, when [illegible]ons enquired, if ſhe was recovered [illegible] her indiſpoſition. She bluſhed, from [illegible] conſciouſneſs that her diſorder had been [illegible]ſioned by the intereſt ſhe took in his [illegible]ny. Her emotion was not unobſerved; [illegible] hope, the more delicious for being im[illegible]ect and reſtrained, once more ſtole to [illegible] heart. He began to flatter himſelf, that [illegible] he heard reſpecting Sir Frederic was erro[illegible], but however this might be, neither [illegible]our, nor delicacy now forbade the [illegible]owal of his own attachment.

To one who has long pined in conceal[illegible]ent, the privilege of diſcloſure is comparatively the termination of his ſufferings. Altamont ſeemed once more to communicate with Cordelia, and, by a ſingle glance, to divine all ſhe would have ſaid. The muſic ſuſpended converſation, and was this evening acceptable even to Vallancy, who now hoped to deſcry in Adela ſome marks of affection. She happened to play a march,

a march, to which Haller was partial; when Altamont rising from the sofa, in which he had been indulging some poetical dreams of happiness, asked if she still wished to finish the manuscript of Cornelius. Her assent was so unequivocal, that he ventured to propose their resuming it, on the morrow morning, in the pavilion. As she had no time to start objections, and tacitly confirmed the engagement, Altamont had now sufficient matter for speculation.

On this important morrow too, he was to learn from Mrs. Gladwin all the mysteries of his fortune; but this circumstance at the moment escaped his recollection; he thought only of being permitted to dedicate fortune, fame, his faculties, his feelings, his hopes, his joys, his life, and all that ennobles life, to Cordelia.

CHAPTER IX.

CORDELIA, always accuſtomed to be punctual, a habit ſhe derived from that moral ſympathy, which is ever prompting a delicate conſideration for the eaſe and comfort of others; was this morning ready long before the hour appointed for the interview; but fearing, as woman is naturally born to fear, ſhe might ſeem too importunate for the promiſed pleaſure, ſhe remained in her own room, till within a few minutes of the time; and then, deſcending to the garden, glided over the lawn without once glancing towards the pavilion; though ſometimes ſtopping unconſciouſly, with the perſuaſion that ſhe heard Altamont's ſtep, ſince ſhe could not but believe he had been long watching her approach. To her ſurpriſe, however, ſhe received no ſummons; ſhe met with no interruption; ſhe ſlowly returned

[illegible] and will [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] toward [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Deeply
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of her purchase. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] in these [illegible], the
[illegible] [illegible] by Adela, [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the engagement.

The summons to breakfast was much earlier than usual. For [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] cleaner, and called herself Phœbe;
[illegible] [illegible], *with* [illegible], sup-
[illegible] character of [illegible]. Co-
[illegible] one word of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Altamont [illegible] pale,
[illegible] *ally* [illegible], that all
[illegible] was [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible], the addressed
[illegible] [illegible] voice as Herbert.
[illegible] as soon as possible,
[illegible] Valancy and Adela,
[illegible] Dunbery, appearing
[illegible] spot, [illegible] should
[illegible] seem

ſem to remind them of their lapſed engagement.

"If time could but return," cried Altamont; "if to-morrow could be like yeſterday—'Twas all a dream. My romantic friend inveſted me with a viſionary good. 'Twas an ice palace, and is now diſſolved. My 1500l. a-year is completely diſſipated; yet I repine not at the privation, ſince it reverts to a man, in ſome reſpects, nearer to my heart than any relation upon earth." Cordelia looked her ſurpriſe. "This is no time for explanation. The "moments are too precious; perhaps this "may be my laſt hour of happineſs."

"Good heavens! what mean you?"

"Not that I am dying," returned he, with a melancholy ſmile. "I may long con-"ſume days and years, and yet ſurvive "life; for when hope is gone, the heart is "dead for ever; yet, Cordelia, I ſhall never "lament having miſſed wealth or ſplendor. "There is but one man I ſhould ever [illegible] and that man, whatever his cares

"or

" or privations, in a defert or a prifon, I
" fhould deem the happieft upon earth."

Cordelia anfwered not, but there was in his voice a tender touching folemnity her heart taught her to interpret; yet fhe caft down her eyes, ftill fluctuating between hope and diftruft; ftill dreading to hear, what fhe moft wifhed to believe.

" If fuch a being exift," cried Altamont,
" my fate is indeed decided; and whether
" I remain in this country or feek another,
" I muft be an alien from hope and happi-
" nefs every where."

Cordelia now looked up with unaffected perplexity; but before fhe could proceed to make the enquiry, which might for ever have difpelled from his mind the fufpicion of Sir Frederic, they were interrupted by De Lille, who, bowing ftiffly to Altamont, and fmiling farcaftically on his daughter, defired her to look in the ftudy for his pocket edition of Shakefpear; and long before fhe could execute this commiffion, had drawn her companion to another part of the garden,

garden, evidently engaged in a conversation of too serious a cast to warrant intrusion.

It is proper to explain why Altamont failed in his appointment. He had gained the pavilion, as Cordelia divined, long before the hour of meeting; and was standing at the entrance, when he found his arm grasped by Mrs. Gladwin, who, begging a few minutes conversation, led him down the chestnut walk towards the village, and instantly entered on her intended explanation. She was never gifted with brevity; her thoughts spread into so many ramifications; and in the present instance, she was so often impeded by sentiment, that they reached the end of the avenue, before she came to Winny's ticket. Then leaning against the park pales, which were just opposite to the Grange, she proposed stepping out, to ask if her old friend was returned. Said and done with her was the operation of the same moment; and greatly was she rejoiced to observe, at the window, the object of her search, who eagerly throwing up the sash,

ſaſh, beſought her for God's ſake to come in for two moments.

" Worthy creature," cried Celia, as ſhe croſſed the threſhold; " I have pledged my-
" ſelf, my dear Altamont, that you ſhall
" provide for Aleck."

They were met at the door by Mrs. Winfred, whoſe countenance beſpoke not joy, but perturbation and ſadneſs. " Ah! dear,
" dear Miſs Celia, I have ſuch a tale for you!"

" You may ſpeak freely before Altamont.
" He knows all. I have told him every thing."

" I am ſorry for it. It was not my fault;
" no, nor poor Aleck's neither; he meant
" all for the beſt. But what ſhall I ſay
" to this good Mr. Altamont. Oh! dear
" Miſs Celia, you will never forgive me."

Then wringing her hands, ſhe ſunk back in her eaſy chair, whilſt both Altamont and Mrs. Gladwin ſaid every thing they could ſuggeſt to give her encouragement. At length they learnt, that ſhe had yeſterday attended Aleck to viſit a dying man, who had lodged for the laſt three weeks in the farm houſe on Cor-

delia's

lia's favorite hill; so celebrated for the lubrity of its situation. Mr. Frampton ving heard of Aleck, who was supposed to sess some occult art in the cure of diseases, pressed a strong desire to see him. Aleck introduced, and immediately became ngly interested in his recovery.

Nothing is so mortifying to a generous d, as to have any power attributed to it ich it does not possess. Aleck's heart touched by this appeal to his kindness, his fancy instantly kindled at the suggestion, and, with his accustomed facility, he began to speculate on the possibility of administering relief. Might not the malady originate in some diseased affection of the soul; and would not the lungs be healed with the heart? Fraught with this idea, he repeated his visits to Mr. Frampton, thought of him incessantly, and often talked of him to Mrs. Winifred, who delighted to find that he had at length an object intelligible to her apprehension, and proud to co-

 operate

operate in ſo good a work, repeatedly ſent, by his hands, jellies and conſerves to the afflicted patient. Mr. Frampton now heard, in his turn, of Mrs. Winifred, and naturally expreſſed a deſire to ſee her. Aleck, who accounted her a wonderous *Leach*, and ſimply believed her recipes availed beyond the doctor's ſkill, preſſed her to accompany him; and to obviate her only objections reſpecting diſtance, procured a one-horſe chaiſe from Mr. Quintin for her accommodation.

Gladly did Winny alight from the carriage, contemplating, with maternal complacency, her benevolent Aleck; but ſhe was not a little ſhocked to learn that Mr. Frampton was materially worſe. The curate, Mr. Bland, came down ſtairs to meet her, and by him ſhe was uſhered into the ſick chamber. The firſt object ſhe beheld was a couch, on which the ſick man was reclining; beſide him ſat a perſon writing from his dictation: his hoſteſs followed Winifred, making many apologies for the littered apartment.

"Make

"Make no excuſes, my good friend," ſaid Winny; "we muſt all bear with one "another."

At the ſound of her voice the patient, raiſing his head, exclaimed, "It is my "wife!" and Winny, with a piercing ſhriek, diſcovered her huſband, of whoſe death Mrs. Gladwin had, as ſhe imagined, received deciſive evidence. The recognition was inſtantly made; and the ſuppoſed Frampton ſaid he ſhould die in peace if he might but obtain her forgiveneſs. "And "then," ſaid Mrs. Winifred, "he looked "ſo terribly, and ſpoke ſo pitifully, that "though I never believed I ſhould ceaſe to "hate him, I could not help being ſorry to "ſee him ſuffer. And then he aſked me if "I was not enriched by a lottery ticket; "and as I could not tell a lie, I anſwered "nothing. And then he ſaid, 'I know "it is ſo.' And he deſired the man who "was writing, to ſhew me a letter he had "received without a name, which gave him "the account. And then he ſaid, 'You "did not well to deceive me ſo long. I

" ſpeak not for my *own ſake*, but *your*.
" I have a nephew who would not let me
" want for any thing.' And juſt then who
" ſhould come in but your friend, Mr.
" De Lille, who turned up the whites of
" his eyes at ſeeing me, and could ſcarcely
" believe I was his *uncle's wife*."

" His uncle's wife!" exclaimed Celia,
" that is impoſſible!"

" But indeed, for all that, 'tis true:
" there's the pariſh regiſter to prove it. Mr.
" De Lille's father was my huſband's own
" brother."

" But how could Loyle be De Lille?"

" Oh, 'twas called *Loyle*, but it ſhould
" have been Liſle, and that he changed to
" Lille; for what cauſe, he knows beſt:
" but certain it is, he was my huſband's
" nephew; and the man in black, who was
" writing ſo faſt, ſhewed me the copy of
" a bond he had given him long ago, to
" take to himſelf all the property he either
" had, or ſhould come to have, in the
" world: and my huſband ſaid he was glad

" I had

"I had never been found out, for that then "that deed would have been put in force "against me." She then proceeded to relate, that, being overpowered with the discovery, she was conveyed to an adjoining apartment, where De Lille joined her, protesting his concern, and declaring he was not aware who she was. Here Celia shook her head, with strong indications of incredulity.

Mrs. Winifred then briefly concluded her narrative:—The surprise occasioned by her presence appeared to have brought on a violent paroxysm, in which the patient breathed his last. She was again removed to another room, where De Lille paid her most assiduous attention, and repeatedly assured her of his friendship; offered to concur in any scheme for Aleck's establishment; and finally brought her home, at a late hour, with as much respect as if she had been a queen.

"But now," cried she, "what shall be "done for good Mr. Altamont? for you

" know the law ſpares nothing; and I ſhall
" only have my own dower; for Mr. Bland,
" and the man in black, both ſaid Mr. De
" Lille was my huſband's natural heir; and
" you know he has every penny in his poſ-
" ſeſſion."

" Surely," cried Celia, " Jaſpar De Lille
" will not be ſo baſe as to take advantage
" of a crooked turn in the law? What!
" can you believe him capable of commit-
" ing an act of which a felon might be
" aſhamed;—of abuſing truſt, and betraying
" confidence?"

" But he ſays, dear Miſs Celia, that if
" he ſhould decline the property, the next
" heir would take it; ſo there's no end of
" vexation. But you ſhall hear what he
" ſays himſelf; for, not knowing you were
" at his houſe, he left this letter for you,
" which I ſaw him write; and indeed it
" came from his pen as if it had been be-
" fore indited."

This *indited* letter being produced, was given to Altamont, who, at Mrs. Gladwin's requeſt, read as follows:

" My

" My dear Madam,

" In a moment of extreme agitation, I " employ my pen to explain to you the " moſt painful occurrence of my life. I " will lay open my heart, and throw my- " ſelf on your candour. The moſt ge- " nerous of women will not diſtruſt the " purity of my motives, or the diſintereſt- " edneſs of my conduct."

(Here Celia, jumping up, exclaimed, " I " told you ſo; I knew he would be noble " and diſintereſted.")

" It is curious to reflect, that my preſent " uneaſineſs ariſes from a ſource whence it " could be leaſt ſuſpected; that it is pro- " duced by your confidence; and that what " was at firſt my ſupreme triumph, is be- " come the inſtrument of my moſt exquiſite " torment."

(Here Celia's eyes brightened; Altamont looked down, unable to diſguiſe his diſapprobation of ſuch fulſome flattery. Winny looked up, as if ſhe would have aſked, What is all this to the purpoſe?)

" By what fatality have you been influ-
" enced, by what myſterious inſpiration
" were you directed to repoſe ſuch unli-
" mited truſt in the perſon you ſhould have
" been moſt anxious to avoid? That I have
" not voluntarily betrayed your truſt, is
" now my only happineſs and conſolation."

(" Ah, how elegantly he writes! what
" magic in his pen!" murmured Celia.
Nobody contradicted her. Winny was
ſeized with a fit of coughing, which for a
ſhort time ſuſpended the reading.)

" It is neceſſary to explain to you the cir-
" cumſtance which occaſioned the deluſion
" under which we have both acted; a cir-
" cumſtance which involved the moſt mo-
" mentous event of my life—the only ſe-
" cret I have not repoſed in your faithful
" ſympathizing boſom."

(Ah! ſighed ſhe; ah! thought ſhe, his
wife is not a woman to confide in.)

" I am deſcended from a clergyman of
" the name of Liſle, which cuſtom cor-
" rupted to Loyle. Separated from my
" family

" family in early life, I had no intercourſe
" with any branch of it but my deceaſed
" uncle, the unworthy huſband of your
" excellent friend Mrs. Winifred. Though
" unacquainted with his blameleſs wife, I
" was aware of his flagitious conduct, and
" I truſt it was from no improper or unbe-
" coming pride, that I wiſhed not to ac-
" knowledge ſo diſgraceful a relation. The
" ſlight change in my own name, which
" had been adopted in my youth, in a great
" meaſure ſhielded me from expoſure, and
" I hoped to paſs through life without even
" participating in his reproach. Yet though
" tremblingly alive to the delicacy of repu-
" tation, I was not callous to the claims of
" humanity; and when this diſtreſt kinſ-
" man, ſeven years ago, implored my aid
" to ſave him from the horrors of a jail, I
" did not withhold aſſiſtance; but having
" ſupplied his wants, procured him a ſitua-
" tion abroad, to which, with the view of
" eſcaping from his creditors, he went un-
" der a fictitious name; and by theſe means

" you were induced to credit the rumour of
" his death.

" It was during this interval that you re-
" posed in me your confidence, and that I
" became entrusted with the property to
" which my uncle was legally entitled.
" That I had no suspicion of this fact is, how-
" ever, not extraordinary; for as, with that
" discretion for which you are so eminently
" conspicuous, you disclosed not Mrs. Wini-
" fred's surname, it was impossible I should
" arrive at such a conclusion: I therefore en-
" tered into negociations for the estate, which
" appeared so desirable a purchase; but of
" which, owing to the minority of one of
" the parties concerned, no conveyance
" has been formally executed in Mr. Al-
" tamont's favour. Whilst maturing your
" suggestions for his advantage, without
" knowing why he was thus selected, I re-
" ceived another application from my un-
" fortunate kinsman, who had returned to
" England with a broken constitution, and

" was again purſued by a mercileſs creditor,
" whom he had previouſly ſoftened with
" promiſes of payment. In this extremity
" he threw himſelf on my charity; and you
" will eaſily conceive I was unable to re-
" ſiſt the ſupplication. Sincerely did I de-
" plore the circumſtances which rendered
" his introduction to my own family im-
" practicable; heartily did I wiſh it had
" been poſſible to ſhelter him beneath my
" own roof, and to ſooth the complicated
" ſufferings of age and infirmity. Pre-
" cluded from this ſatisfaction, I procured
" him an aſylum within a few miles of my
" own houſe, where, to eſcape the impor-
" tunity of his creditors, he lived in the
" ſtricteſt privacy, known only by the name
" of Frampton, and only viſited by a me-
" dical attendant. The ſtate of his health
" excited moſt ſerious alarm, and called
" for every poſſible indulgence. To pro-
" cure farther advice, I clandeſtinely ac-
" companied him to London, where the
" firſt phyſician of the age pronounced his

" caſe hopeleſs. This ſentence I carefully
" concealed, but redoubled my former
" cares and attentions.

" It was at this period that he commu-
" nicated to me many intereſting particu-
" lars of his wife Winifred, of whom he
" had ſo long loſt all traces, that he ſup-
" poſed her to be dead. He had formerly
" been informed, by an importunate credi-
" tor, that ſhe was poſſeſſed of conſiderable
" property, the produce of a prize in the lot-
" tery. He now received an anonymous
" letter to this purport, from ſome perſon
" who had penetrated his fictitious name,
" and who intimated that this money had
" paſſed from her hands to thoſe of a
" ſtranger.

" He conſtrued this paſſage into an inti-
" mation of her death; and, to do him
" juſtice, expreſſed much contrition for his
" former tranſgreſſions: yet, conceiving
" himſelf ſomewhat indebted to my kind-
" neſs; conceiving too, that he and his
" heirs were at leaſt as fully entitled to the

property as ſtrangers, he cauſed a bond to be executed in my favour, by which I ſhould, at any time, be enabled to ſeize on the effects (whatever they might be) ſo long ſequeſtered from his uſe.

"It was at this period that, for the firſt time, I had even a ſurmiſe that the perſon for whom I had acted as a truſtee was Mrs. Winifred. I reſiſted the ſuſpicion; and on my return to Beachdale, anxious to eſcape the predicament in which I muſt be placed by ſuch a connection, I made no new reſearches, I uſed no means of enquiry. I am perſuaded your memory will ſupply a thouſand inſtances in which I have ſhunned the ſubject I might have ſo eaſily elucidated. The diſcovery which has at length taken place, was produced by means independent of my agency, and appears to have been ſolely the work of deſtiny. My unhappy kinſman was evidently drawing near his end; yet, with that ſanguine ſpirit which belongs to his ma-

"lady,

" lady, ſtill cheriſhing dreams of recovery,
" and ſtill ſighing to prolong exiſtence.
" He had heard of the ſalubrious air of the
" neighbouring downs. I removed him
" thither. He there heard alſo of an extra-
" ordinary young man, who was ſuppoſed
" to poſſeſs ſome occult power, extending
" far beyond the limits of medical ſcience.
" Mr. Satchell was introduced to him, and,
" unſuſpected by me, induced Mrs. Wi-
" nifred to viſit the dying patient. What
" followed was inevitable. My unfortu-
" nate kinſman is now at reſt. In the laſt
" moments of life, he at once experienced
" the pangs of remorſe and the tenderneſs
" of conſolation.

" I now come to the moſt painful part
" of my taſk, the publicity of this tranſ-
" action having rendered it impoſſible that
" I ſhould continue to participate in a legal
" fraud. As heir-at-law, I am to perform
" the rigid duties of an executor, which
" are, I conceive, in total oppoſition to the
" intended donation to Mr. Altamont.—

" Happily

"Happily the conveyances have not been "executed in his name, which will prevent "ſome confuſion: happily, too, your in-"comparable prudence has withheld from "him thoſe expectations which muſt now "inevitably terminate in diſappointment."

Hitherto Celia had liſtened with ſome ſentiments of complacency, but now ſhe ſuddenly broke forth:—"For all this, if he "does not make it all over, he is the "verieſt wretch on earth!" She then ſnatched the letter from Altamont, adding, "Either he is a great man, or a great "villain."

"Good Mr. Altamont," cried Winny, "happy had it been for me to have died "ere it had come to this."

Here Altamont, touched by her diſtreſs, beſought her to be comforted; adding, that he ſhould heartily rejoice in Mr. De Lille's acquiſition.

"How!" cried Celia, "would you con-"nive at iniquity and injuſtice? Was not "this money obtained through the bounty

"of

" of others? was it not deſtined, through
" your medium, to diffuſe bleſſings to man-
" kind?"

" My dear friend, you are deceived by
" the ardour of your affections. Had I
" ſooner known in what manner this pro-
" perty was obtained, I ſhould have, par-
" don me, voluntarily declined a donation
" ſo repugnant to the nicer feelings of
" honour. I am not going to diſcuſs the
" principle of abſtract right: I readily al-
" low the laws are unjuſt, but I ſcorn to
" evade them."

" Ah, dear Miſs Celia," cried Winny,
" why would you not take it to yourſelf?
" all had then been well. Mr. De Lille
" indeed offers, in this letter, to ſettle part
" of it on you; and he ſaid ſomething about
" compromiſing matters (that was his word
" with Mr. Altamont); any thing to avoid
" a law ſuit."

" Nothing," returned Altamont, " ſhould
" induce me to litigate with Mr. De Lille;
" but I ſhould feel degraded by liſtening to

" any

any terms of compromiſe. There is here no difference, no arbitration neceſſary; one judge is ſufficient: the verdict is already given, and there lies no other appeal."

"Good, excellent young man!" cried Jinny; "oh, may you find your reward!" "Noble creature!" reiterated Celia, forting even diſappointment in her admiion of his magnanimity; "and can you ſo eaſily relinquiſh eaſe, pleaſure, intereſt, and love?"

The laſt word,, probably, recalled ſome nful impreſſions to the mind of Altant; but forcing a ſmile, he was about to wer her in a ſoothing ſtrain, when he ceived De Lille iſſuing from the park, l unwilling to confront him at ſuch an ward moment, haſtily withdrew, juſt in e to eſcape the renconter, returning by ircuitous route to Vallancy houſe.

De Lille approached the Grange with no iable ſenſations. At the moment when was felicitating himſelf on the ſucceſs of one

one ſtratagem he was baffled in another; Celia's premature diſcovery, by thwarting his views of concealment, had wounded the ſtronger paſſion of his little ſoul—his vanity; and he came with a determination either to win her to unbounded ſubmiſſion, or to provoke her to open enmity. He found her ſtanding in front of the door, holding in her hand the half-read letter. Winny ſat moaning in her eaſy chair, and Aleck, who followed his ſteps, placed himſelf on a low ſtool in an oppoſite corner. On his entrance there was a momentary pauſe. Celia, waving her hand, ſaid "Well, "Sir, I am ſure you will do all that honour "requires?"

"I truſt," replied he, "I ſhall do my "duty."

"The firſt duty is to fulfil your engage- "ments?"

He began to recapitulate the ſum of his letter, which Winny ſaid had been long ſince *indited*. She liſtened with downcaſt eyes, violently ſtruggling with her angry ſenſa-

ſenſations. When he ſpoke of Winny's fulfilling her intentions in favour of Aleck, a ſmile of contempt parted her lips: when he alluded to terms of compromiſe with Altamont, her cheeks fluſhed, yet ſhe controuled her ſpeech: but when he ventured to repeat what he had alſo previouſly intimated, that he wiſhed ſhe alſo ſhould receive a gratuity, ſhe raiſed her eyes, and vehemently exclaimed, "Jaſpar De Lille, my ſoul diſ-
" dains thee! meaſure not your views with
" mine; oh, man of little faith and low de-
" ſires! Know, Altamont alſo contemns
" your pretended terms of compromiſe;
" keep the property you have purloined
" from unſuſpecting confidence and vir-
" tuous integrity; keep your money, it is
" not for us — we barter not our honour:"
then tearing the letter, ſhe ſtrewed it over the floor, adding, "Thus be our friendſhip
" ſundered for ever." De Lille attempted to ſooth her, but ſhe was intractable. He then retorted her own breach of faith, in having accelerated the diſcovery without his

know-

knowledge or approbation. Impatient of rebuke, ſhe retorted with acrimony, obſerving, if he was ſincere in his profeſſions, he might adminiſter to the property, and reſtore it ſolely to Winny, who would know how to render it uſeful to ſociety.

De Lille perceiving this was the critical moment, and that ſince ſhe could not be appeaſed ſhe muſt be braved, fired at her inſinuation, chafed again, and made the breach eternal. Yet, on quitting the room, he had the addreſs to take Aleck aſide, and to aſſure him, that had he acceded to Celia's propoſal, Mrs. Winifred would be acceſſible to other claimants, by whom ſhe muſt eventually be involved in a ruinous litigation. Then repeating his offers of ſervice, he left the houſe, happy to think himſelf rid, on ſo fair a pretext, of one who, as a friend, might have made ſuch claims on his generoſity as he was little diſpoſed to allow; and who was too notoriouſly eccentric to have any power, as an enemy, to injure his reputation. Yet his ſatisfaction was far

from

from being complete; and ſcarcely could the proſpect of acquiring ſo much property conſole him for the publication of his real name and connexions.

His father and uncle were the two elder ſons of a Welſh curate, who ſtruggled hard to maintain a numerous family. The former was enabled, by the partial munificence of a maiden aunt, to obtain an enſigncy; his brother, repining at the drudgery of an attorney's office, entered the army alſo, but under very different auſpices; he enliſted: and, to the grief of his father, was ſent abroad before any efforts could be made for procuring his diſcharge. The father of Jaſpar embarked for the Eaſt Indies, and during the voyage, captivated a young portionleſs lady, who was going out under the protection of his colonel's lady. A clandeſtine marriage was the conſequence; a reluctant reconciliation with the lady's friends took place. The young man was beginning to hope for ſome advancement of fortune, when he was carried off by a *coup de*

de ſoleil, juſt after his wife had brought into the world a ſon, who was called Jaſpar.

It was not likely that ſo young a widow ſhould long pine in weeds; her protectreſs ſuggeſted that the infant boy ſhould be ſent to England to the father's relations. The widow reſiſted, till ſhe was addreſſed by a man of fortune, and then conſented. Jaſpar was conveyed to England, remained three years in Wales, and ſeemed deſtined to paſs his life in humble obſcurity. In the meantime the younger De Lille had alſo met with his adventures, and, having obtained his diſcharge, was finally re-eſtabliſhed in his father's houſe. He became fondly attached to his nephew; and diſcovering that he poſſeſſed a talent for muſic, cultivated it with ſuch care, that, before he was ſix years of age, he was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the Little Minſtrel. About this time his uncle learnt that his mother, who ſince her huſband's death had formed a ſplendid eſtabliſhment, was returned for her health to England, and reſided at a beau-

eautiful ſeat in Somerſetſhire. Anxious or the welfare of his brother's offſpring, e contrived to introduce him to this lady's nnor; preſented him as a prodigy in muſic: nd perceiving ſhe was captivated with his ill, divulged the relationſhip between em. Volatile as ſhe was, ſhe could not wholly inſenſible to the tender pleadings nature: and ſhe fondly detained the boy to brought up with her two other children, iſhing on him the ſame luxuries, without ecting that he was reſerved for a far fferent deſtiny.

Under her auſpices, Jaſpar acquired ele- nce and fluency, a keen reliſh for plea- re, an exquiſite tact in cunning, and above l, an inordinate degree of vanity. His lucation was injudiciouſly expenſive; but s mother flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould be le to provide for him advantageouſly in dia; and ſhe inſtilled into his mind the me agreeable expectations: but her un- oked for death deſtroyed theſe firſt viſions youth. Jaſpar was left dependent on the

guardians

guardians of his half-brothers, whom he ſecretly hated and envied, and by whom he was in turn ſuſpected and contemned: finally, he was diſmiſſed with a thouſand pounds, and an enſigncy, and left to ſhape his way to fortune. He was now almoſt an outcaſt on ſociety, for as he was unwillingly owned by his mother's connexions, he could ſcarcely bear to acknowledge the remnants of his father's houſe. The curate had long ſince paid the debt of nature; ſome of his deſcendants were reduced to the loweſt ſtation; but his uncle the only being, beſides his mother, who had ever ſhewn him affection, ſtill claimed a recognition, which was yielded with reluctance.

After paſſing through many viciſſitudes, this man, at length, became an itinerant player, in which ſituation he neither aſked nor received notice. Jaſpar had ambition, or rather that vanity which aſpires to ambitious diſtinction. His profeſſion giving no ſcope to his paſſion, he took a trip to France, ſoftening his name of Liſle into De Lille. At

Paris

Paris he engaged the affections of a lovely girl, who was juſt withdrawn from the convent, and deſtined by her father, an Engliſh baronet, for the ſon of that lady in whoſe houſe ſhe was now an inmate. To eſcape from an union to which ſhe had conceived an inſuperable averſion, Miſs Mordaunt liſtened to De Lille's ſolicitation for a private marriage, and accompanied him to England, where ſhe was entitled to receive a handſome legacy, which was eventually her only fortune.

The father incenſed by this act of diſobedience, and ſhocked to diſcover that ſhe was united to a man of low family, formally renounced his daughter; and that he might not be tempted to revoke his vows, fixed his reſidence on the Continent.

The De Lilles were in a few years reduced to indigence; the elegant Jaſpar found it neceſſary to diſpoſe of his commiſſion, and gratefully accepted that ambiguous ſituation which procured his final eſtabliſhment with Mrs. Vallancy. A ſhort time previous

to his marriage, he was appalled by an application from his uncle, and eagerly purchaſed his ſilence and diſmiſſion, by procuring for him an appointment in the Weſt Indies. During his abſence, it was reported that he was dead; and it was under this perſuaſion, that Celia conſulted De Lille on the means of purchaſing an eſtate for Altamont.

The return of Liſle to England, his ill health, the perſecution of his creditor, his ſupplications to his proſperous nephew, and the relief he obtained, all happened preciſely as he had detailed in his letter to Mrs. Gladwin. His firſt ſtipulation for concealment was prompted by vanity, but to this was ſoon added a ſtronger motive of intereſt. He had originally accepted Celia's confidence, for the pleaſure of exciting her enthuſiaſm and receiving her adulation. He had paid little attention to her ravings of Altamont, and undertook to promote her views, purely to have the *eclat* of diſintereſted generoſity. But in converſing with his uncle, he was apprized of circumſtances

which

which ſoon convinced him, that this deſtitute kinſman was the huſband of Mrs. Winifred. His views were then ſoon extended. Vanity was almoſt ſupplanted by cupidity, and he was ſolely occupied in deviſing plans for ſecuring to himſelf the money, ſo invitingly placed within his reach. His firſt impulſe was to divulge the tranſaction to his uncle; but on ſecond thoughts, he reflected that he might not be benefited by ſecuring his independence; that the property might be diſpoſed of among poorer relations; and that in this caſe he ſhould have ſacrificed his own reputation without obtaining a recompenſe. In this dilemma of ſelfiſhneſs he had recourſe to a refined and elaborate ſyſtem of artifice. He affected to feel for his uncle the moſt affectionate ſolicitude, and beſought him to remain on that ſequeſtered ſpot, for the facility of frequent communication.

The elder Liſle, whoſe health was really in a perilous ſtate, and who had been haſtened by adverſity, was not inſenſible to kindneſs, and readily acquieſced in the ſug-

geſtion. As his malady gained ground, De Lille thought proper to convey to him ſome intimations of his wife's clandeſtine wealth. An anonymous letter was fabricated for this purpoſe, which being received in London, and at the time he was ſtaying there with his nephew to receive medical advice, rendered him anxious to return to his former retreat. De Lille confirmed him in the perſuaſion that his wife was dead, and that the property had paſſed into other hands. He lamented the circumſtances which muſt render any perſonal interference on his part hazardous to his perſonal ſecurity, and ſuggeſted the expedient of a bond being given to himſelf, which, ſhould any traces of the effects be diſcovered, would enable him to take the moſt rigorous meaſures for their recovery. With this propoſal the elder Liſle, who could have no ſuſpicion of his latent views, cordially acquieſced, and the legal inſtrument was accordingly put into De Lille's poſſeſſion.

On

On the patient's return to the Heath, he grew worſe; and as Celia began to manifeſt great impatience, De Lille determined to bring about the diſcovery, by means ſo ſimple and apparently ſo natural, that no evidence ſhould be adduced of his immediate interference. The removal to the White Houſe, the mention of Aleck, and the final interview, all followed in due courſe; and as Celia had always withheld from him Winifred's ſirname, he took advantage of that circumſtance to diſclaim all conſciouſneſs of the relationſhip between them.

In withholding the eſtate from Altamont, he was ſheltered, not merely by the privilege of being heir-at-law, but by the ſpecious plea, that were he to relinquiſh his own rights, he could not annul thoſe of the other relations. He was aware, that he might ſafely offer a compenſation to Altamont, whoſe high ſpirit would never ſtoop to incur pecuniary obligations. To the accuſations of ſuch a fantaſtic being as Celia, he attached little importance. She had certainly been

acceſſary to a legal fraud, a charge which was revolting to the public ear. Romantic generoſity was always ſcanned by the world with ſuſpicious diſtruſt; and experience might lead him to expect, not only to divert cenſure from his own conduct, but to fix on the very perſon who had been duped by his artifice and duplicity.

CHAPTER X.

E LILLE had at firſt diſliked Altamont, from the idea that he was an impedi- t to his views of intereſt; he then diſ- ed him from the conſcioufneſs, that he himſelf undeſerving of confidence; and now hated him, from the conviction he was one whom he had injured, and ı whom he could not extort eſteem. ity was always his maſter-ſpring of ac- ; and this reſtleſs paſſion now ſuggeſted her motive for augmenting his preju- to Altamont. He had not been blind ir Frederic's paſſion for Cordelia; and e appeared to him in many reſpects more rable, as a ſon-in-law, than Vallancy, often contemplated, with rapture, the ability of ſo ſplendid an alliance. m the combination of theſe circum- ces he was greatly diſpleaſed to ob- e the lover-like appearance of Alta-

mont and his daughter, whose circumspection had hitherto eluded his vigilance. No sooner, therefore, had he dismissed the latter, than he haughtily asked, if Altamont participated in the sentiments of his friend, Mrs. Gladwin? Altamont replied, that excellent as she was, he must disown many of her prejudices; and then, with a grace, a candor, a frankness, which it was scarcely possible to resist, disclaimed all pretensions to the property in question. De Lille complimented his liberality; but not doubting that he expected from Cordelia his reward, was more than ever desirous to expel from his house so dangerous an inmate. Unluckily too for Altamont, he happened to express his satisfaction, that Aleck was to be benefited from Winifred's liberality. De Lille's vanity was instantly offended, and when the ingenuous advocate added, that he trusted, her interest in the property was secured under every possible contingency, he coolly replied, the whole would be submitted to the arbitration of Mr.

Quintin

Quintin and Sir Frederic Mowbray, through whose medium he wished to offer to him some recompense for his disappointed expectations. Altamont negatived the proposal with so much spirit, that De Lille's pride was wounded; and, in spite of himself, he envied and esteemed, where he hated and contemned.

During this conference, Mr. Quintin having heard the story from Aleck, came purposely to talk of it, and to his great delight, found his news had not been forestalled. His details were not long,—but his comments were most copious.. He expatiated with delight on the ignorance of women in business, and their incompetence to any transaction of real importance. His dogmas were no longer controverted by Adela; and he had no other interruption, than that of seeing his auditors one by one glide away. Mrs. De Lille, agitated by doubt and hope, went in quest of her husband. Cordelia, overwhelmed with various feelings, withdrew to her chamber. Val-

lancy, alſo, having loudly inveighed againſt De Lille's duplicity, ruſhed out to depoſit his indignation with his injured friend. Adela too roſe, and Mr. Quintin, not reliſhing a tête-a-tête, returned to the Abbey.

Vallancy found Altamont reading a letter, which appeared to have deeply affected him. He put it into his friend's hands, ſaying, "My mother is perhaps by this time again "a widow, in a land of ſtrangers." The letter was written by a friend; and announced that Mr. Bruce was ſo ill, in conſequence of a paralytic ſeizure, that a few hours might probably terminate his exiſtence. In addition too to this melancholy intelligence, it contained an intimation, that, owing to the neglect of ſome legal formalities, it was doubted whether Mrs. Bruce might not forfeit the income, which her huſband had intended to be a proviſion in her favour.

"You ſee, therefore," ſaid Altamont, "how much my preſence is required. My "mother is ſo ill-fitted for ſuch ſtruggles,

"that

"that even with my assistance, she will al-
"most sink under grief and care. I have
"therefore not one moment to lose, and
"must instantly proceed to London."

"I will accompany you thither," cried Vallancy, touched with genuine sympathy, adding with a new perception of delicacy, "I was already going; and but for you, "must have had a solitary journey." Altamont thanking him for the kindness, began making the necessary preparations for his departure, whilst Vallancy ordered his phaeton with all possible expedition.

This second news spread with no less rapidity than the first; and when Altamont, fully equipt for his journey, returned to the parlour, with the single exception of De Lille, he found the whole family assembled. With what different feelings did he now approach that sofa, on which he had so lately sat indulging every dear romantic vision of hope and love. Absorbed in the idea of his mother's sufferings, he entered with a mild composed aspect, and

paid his farewell compliments to Mrs. De Lille, and Miſs Rouvigny, with dignity and propriety. Hitherto his eyes had not ſought Cordelia; but he ſuddenly perceived her leaning againſt the window, in a diſtant corner of the apartment. He approached with a ſerene, though melancholy, ſmile, which ſeemed to atteſt his reſignation; but, when he ſaw her pale looks, and touched her cold trembling hand, the artificial ſmile vaniſhed; the heart almoſt forced a tear; and, with a glance that ſpoke volumes, he ſaid, in a low voice, "Cordelia!" then, breaking away, he followed his friend to the carriage. They ſtopt but for two minutes at the Grange, to apprize Mrs. Gladwin of their ſudden departure; and then proceeded with the utmoſt expedition to London.

CHAPTER XI.

NEVER, ſince early youth, had Altamont and Vallancy been ſo truly cordial, as during this journey. The recollection of their recent difference ſerved only to endear their preſent union. It impreſſed Vallancy with augmented reſpect, and diſpoſed Altamont to be more affectionate, leſt he ſhould ſeem to harbour any remaining reſentment. Vallancy poured forth invectives againſt De Lille, demanding of Altamont, when he would have ſuggeſted any thing in extenuation of his conduct, if he could defend his duplicity to Mrs. Gladwin?

"Certainly not."

"And would you have taken advantage "of the moſt crooked part in the law, to "ſteal a fortune to which you had no "right?"

"Nay,

"Nay, never appeal to me," rejoined Altamont, pained to hear any thing to the prejudice of De Lille, whom he ſtill wiſhed to reſpect as the father of Cordelia; "let us "rather talk of my mother."

Vallancy remembered her affectionately; and, though checked by the recollection of his friend's late aſſertion, that ſhould he ever be thrown on adverſity, he could no longer find anchorage in his affection, ventured to intimate, that he ſhould in future expect to be admitted to a friend's moſt honourable privilege.

Altamont eaſily gueſſing his intentions, replied, that he was juſt going to ſolicit, his aſſiſtance. Vallancy's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure.

"Yes, I muſt make you my bondſman, "to fulfil the engagements I had formed "in my own mind with Mrs. Woodville; "for I have been romantic enough to "diſpoſe of part of my viſionary property "before it came into my poſſeſſion."

"This

"This is the kindeſt thing you ever ſaid "to me. What ſhall I give her?"

"I had intended to remit to her for the "preſent year 60 or 80l."

"Pooh, I owe Woodville 100l. for "having neglected him; here's a 50l. bill, "and a draft on my banker to the ſame "amount; take them both, and in future "ſuffer me, as you have often chidden my "idleneſs, to purſue the profeſſion of a "banker to one individual, at leaſt." He ſtopt, checked by the gravity of his friend's aſpect, "I am pleaſed with "this importunity, ſince it is ſo honourable "to *your feelings*, that it ought not to be "unwelcome to *mine*; but you know my "ſentiments on this ſubject, and they are "immutable." Then fearing leſt his friend ſhould think he retained any latent diſpleaſure, he forced a ſmile, and began talking of Miſs Rouvigny.

"Unparalleled coquette!" exclaimed Vallancy. "And do you really think ſhe

"is

" is well affected to me? Come; come,
" you don't believe ſhe loves me."

" Put that to the teſt, and don't trifle
" with happineſs."

" Happineſs! 'tis ſo ridiculous,—and this
" is the very girl I had determined to
" diſlike."

" For which very reaſon you are bound
" to make her ample reparation."

" Why, yes, I begin to think there's a
" fatality in it, as Mrs. Gladwin ſays; yet
" the little witch is not beautiful,—ſhe is
" ſo low of ſtature."

" So is the Venus de Medicis."

" Then her viſage is ſo round."

" Doubtleſs you have never ſeen her
" dimples."

" She certainly is not half ſo handſome
" as Cordelia."

To this remark Altamont made no re-
joinder. Vallancy reſumed.

" Apropos,—I never told you Sir Frede-
" ric has at length obtained a diſpenſation
" for taking a ſecond wife. He received the
" account

" account of Lady Mowbray's death yeſter-
" day, and for that reaſon was not of our
" party in the evening. It is, perhaps, well
" for me ſhe did not ſet him at liberty
" ſooner, he might have angled for Adela
" inſtead of Cordelia."

Altamont had, two hours before, believed he could renounce hope; love, for the moment, yielding to the imperious dictates of nature; but he now felt an unutterable pang, which convinced him, that if he ſhould reſign hope, he could not eſcape fear; and that jealouſy, at leaſt, had ſtill acceſs to his boſom. His emotion was not perceived by his companion; who, having returned to the ſubject of Miſs Rouvigny, after all his affected diſparagement, became fluent in her praiſe, and found the theme ſo copious, that it was not half exhauſted when they reached London.

CHAPTER XII.

HAPPY to escape from the restraints of uncongenial society (for how can sorrow sympathize with hope), Altamont, leaving Vallancy at the hotel, proceeded immediately with the offering of his munificence to Mrs. Woodville's lodging. It was situatedi n an obscure court, surrounded like a prison by other buildings; and it was not without difficulty that he ascertained which was her penurious habitation. He entered by a low door, and having ascended by a dirty staircase to the second floor, was ushered into a small room of the most gloomy aspect: its close unwholesome atmosphere seemed loaded with care, and on the smoky walls you might trace the dreariness of desolation, darkened by the shadows of disappointment; yet, in spite of the low ceiling.

ceiling and tattered carpet, the three or four rush-bottomed chairs, and the crazy wainscot table, it exhibited some indications of taste and refinement: a few perishing flowers appeared in a glass goblet; a few shells were arranged on the mantlepiece, and some elegantly sketched patterns were strewn on the floor.

Mrs. Woodville was fondly hanging over one sick child, and endeavouring to appease the clamour of the other. At the sight of a stranger she started, and a faint colour tinged her pale cheeks; but her eyes brightened when Altamont announced his name; and she eagerly exclaimed, yes, she had often heard her husband speak of him. Gratified by this proof of remembrance, he now enquired when she had parted from Woodville, and when she hoped to hear of him. She sighed deeply at these enquiries, and confessed she scarcely hoped to hear till he should be arrived in the West Indies. "I will, then, transfer to you, Madam, the "commission I am charged with, and which

"has

" has occaſioned you to be troubled with
" this viſit."

Mrs. Woodville turned pale; for ſhe had been ſo long accuſtomed to calamity, that ſhe fancied in every object the harbinger of evil.

" I hope, Sir," ſaid ſhe, and ſhe paused and trembled.

" A friend of mine, who has been long
" indebted to Mr. Woodville, returns you
" this in part of payment."

A weight ſeemed removed from her heart —her reſpiration was again free, ſhe begged him to be ſeated, flew to reach him a chair, and apologized for the homelineſs of his reception. One of her children had been dangerouſly ill, and ſhe was moſt anxious to remove to the country for his recovery: this ſhe hoped now to do. Altamont inſtantly preſented to her the pocket-book, a benevolent expreſſion beaming in his countenance.

She took the book reſpectfully, but ſeemed loth to examine its contents, unwilling,

ing, perhaps, to discover the precise limitation to those latent hopes which once more arose in her bosom. She then spoke of her Woodville; and looking as if there was something she feared, yet longed to communicate, added, "Yes, indeed, Sir, your "name is familiar to me; we shall ever "have occasion to remember it."

Altamont expressed his chagrin at his friend's estrangement. Mrs. Woodville frankly confessed that they had lately known many cares, but she trusted the worst was over. "But why should I not tell you all? "my husband was lately on the brink of a "prison, when some friend of yours—some "angel in the form of man, who had heard "of him through you, paid the bill, and "set him at liberty."

Altamont had no difficulty in attributing this benevolence to Haller, but he was surprized to find he had remained in London so long after his supposed departure. On further enquiry, he learnt that Woodville had seen him on the very day when he was committed

mitted to the Fleet; and that he had no ſooner aſked his name, than he enquired if he was not acquainted with Altamont. He had then diſmiſſed the writ, and left a ſmall ſum for their immediate relief. On the ſame day Woodville had met with an old acquaintance, who offered him the choice of going to the Weſt Indies. Haller had changed their deſtiny, and Mrs. Woodville gratefully imputed every thing to his influence; yet ſhe ſeemed conſcious that, in thus frankly diſcloſing their diſtreſs, ſhe had offended her huſband's ſcrupulous delicacy; and ſhe confeſſed (colouring deeply) he had not wiſhed theſe particulars ſhould be communicated to Altamont; not that he was unthankful, but he was always ſo much afraid to appear intruding. "But had he ſeen "you," ſhe rejoined, "I am ſure his gra-"titude could not have been ſuppreſſed."

Altamont, wiſhing to relieve her embarraſſment, deſcribed Haller's character, and related in what manner he had been introduced to his acquaintance. At the name of

Beachdale,

Beachdale, Mrs. Woodville ſmiled; and how ſoon was her ſatisfaction reflected to Altamont, when he learnt that the place to which ſhe purpoſed going was no other than the White Houſe, on that favourite hill from which ſhe might deſcry the manſion that contained Cordelia.

There was inſtantly a revulſion in his feelings; he was again only ſenſible to hope and love; and whilſt Mrs. Woodville, now yielding to unreſerved franknefs, mentioned her having been lately employed in drawing patterns, an occupation which, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be ſupplied with orders, ſhe could purſue with equal advantage in town or country, Altamont, ſcarcely hearing what ſhe ſaid, recollected that ſhe might find a benefactrefs in Cordelia—recollected too that he could not have wiſhed for a more happy moment to addrefs her. Elated with this thought, he ſuddenly interrupted her, to deſire ſhe would convey a note to Miſs De Lille, to introduce her to Vallancy Houſe; and in the ſame breath extorted a promiſe,

that ſhe ſhould tranſmit ſome account of herſelf and his friends immediately on her arrival. At this moment it occurred to him, that he had another pretext for writing to Cordelia, having in his precipitation left behind him the legend of Cornelius. He was cheered by this reflection, merely becauſe it ſeemed to form a link of communication between them, and gladly accepted pen and ink for his *firſt* billet to Cordelia.

He was now rouſed from his pleaſing abſtraction by an exclamation from Mrs. Woodville; who having, at length, opened the pocket-book, was rapturouſly contemplating its contents. She gazed on the bills; turned, examined them; and being at length ſatisfied that it was no illuſion, caught her children in her arms, and, to make them partake her joy, laviſhed her careſſes. But her tranſports were checked by the reflection that her Woodville could not ſhare her happineſs. She grieved that he had not been provided with more comforts for his voyage; yet ſhe was conſoled by thinking, that ſhe could

could easily send out any articles he wanted. Then she recollected his debts, and she longed to dedicate the whole sum to discharge them; but, looking on her two sickly children, she believed it sent by heaven for their aid and preservation. She had a thousand uses for the gift, and each of them was sacred.

Altamont, strongly reminded of his mother's trials, could with difficulty restrain his tears; but having urged his request to hear of all his Beachdale friends when Mrs. Woodville should be settled in her new habitation, and committed his address to the pocket-book (precious depository of her new treasure), he took his leave, and returned to the hotel with his heart lightened of half its cares.

He was preparing to reward Vallancy with the description of Mrs. Woodville's raptures, but found, to his surprize, that he was leaving London, having been summoned to attend his grandfather by a special messenger, who had followed him from Beach-

dale. "I muſt hurry away," my friend, "and have only time to beg you to pre-"ſent this trifling token of remembrance "to your mother (putting into his hand a "large gold ſnuff-box), and let her ne-"ceaſe to remember her hare-brained Va-"lancy. As brief parting, like a quick "operation, is the beſt, we muſt now ſe-"parate: there will ſoon be tides between "us; but remember, as there are ſome "things you cannot forgive, there is one "being I can never forget. Farewell."

With theſe words he ſhook hands with his friend, and hurried away, leaving him ſurprized, but not diſpleaſed, at his abrupt departure. He was, indeed, relieved by his abſence, ſince it gave him liberty to meditate on Cordelia. Willing, however, not to neglect his friend's memorial to his mother, he took up the ſnuff-box, but found it faſtened by a ſecret ſpring, which reſiſted his efforts to open. Accident, in this caſe, effected more than exertion. Happening to let the box fall, the ſpring was touched by the

the ſhock, he ſaw the lid open, and immediately drew out an elegant gold purſe, on the ribbon appended to which was delicately wrought the name of Sir Frederic Mowbray. This name was of all others leaſt acceptable to Altamont; but as he recollected to have ſeen the purſe in Mrs. De Lille's fingers, he had not a doubt that it had been incloſed in the box by ſome miſtake of Vallancy, whoſe volatile temper rendered him perpetually liable to commit ſuch blunders. His immediate impulſe, therefore, was to reſtore it to the right owner; and incloſing it in a blank paper, properly directed, he immediately took it to Mrs. Woodville, whoſe wretched lodging was not far from the hotel.

In this ſecond brief interview he reiterated his entreaties that ſhe would write; and ſhe, imputing all this ſolicitude to his affectionate intereſt for her Woodville, thanked him again and again; and, happy to relieve her grateful heart, by performing for him

even the ſmalleſt ſervice, received the purſe with mingled pride and joy, promiſing to guard this ſecond depoſit with no leſs fidelity than that to which ſhe owed ſo many blessings.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR a few days Beachdale appeared deſerted. Sir Frederic thought proper to ſent himſelf from Vallancy Houſe, and ſpent at interval in London, whilſt Mrs. Gladwin turned to her friends in Cumberland. De lle found himſelf in an aukward predicament in providing for his deceaſed kinſman's terment. To avoid the mortification of aking a public acknowledgment of their nſanguinity at Beachdale, he cauſed his mains to be removed to a village fifteen iles diſtant, which happened to be the xt pariſh to the lonely houſe in which he d ſo long reſided. The funeral was conicted with all poſſible privacy; but now a cond difficulty might have occurred with gard to mourning; happily, however, moſt ppily as he thought, a prince of the blood d juſt paid the debt of nature, and almoſt

acquisition, good Mrs. Winifred, as she was still called, consented to leave Beachdale, to which she had conceived a superstitious prejudice since her husband's death, and cheerfully accompanied him to London; where, resuming her former habits of activity, she officiated as his housekeeper and seamstress, hoarding for his sake, and dedicating the fruits of her economy to his future good; yet still reserving a portion for her dear Miss Celia; and always speculating on some second prize which, in the revolutions of fortune's wheel, should turn up for Altamont. Aleck was the object of her tenderest care, her fondest hopes; but her heart was peculiarly formed for gratitude and affection, and she deeply regretted that her beloved benefactress should have been so cruelly disappointed on the very verge of conferring benefits and enjoyment on Altamont, whose merits were additionally apparent from his invariable attention to the object of her own fond partiality.

The

The deſertion of ſo many of the inhabitants of Beachdale threw a temporary gloom over the ſcene; and for ten days Vallancy Houſe had ſcarcely any other viſitor than Mr. Quintin; the young member being ſtill detained, much againſt his will, by his grandfather; and the wary Sir Frederic ſtill remaining, for the ſake of decorum, in London. On his return to the Abbey, he became impatient to obſerve how Cordelia bore her ſeparation from Altamont. At the firſt glance, ſhe appeared not more thoughtful than Adela, who certainly ſighed for more company; but he ſoon diſcovered in her mild, uncomplaining look, a quiet, unrepining ſorrow, a placid yet ſettled dejection. She affected not to decline ſociety; ſhe continued to liſten with complacency, but ſpoke with reluctance; aſſenting to the opinions of her companions without intereſt, and ſmiling at their ſprightly ſallies without gladneſs. Sir Frederic's jealouſy was now envenomed by wounded pride and vindictive reſentment; and to undermine this abſent

favourite in her eſteem, to ſtrike at the very roots of her bigotted attachment, became almoſt as much the object of ambition as of love. But whatever hatred he might nouriſh againſt Altamont, he was too well practiſed in duplicity to have any difficulty in diſguiſing his ſentiments; and artfully contrived, by ſignificant looks and half-broken ſentences, to inſinuate his regrets for the paſt, and to impreſs her with the belief, that he did juſtice to her early preceptor; but he was once indiſcreet enough to ſpeak of him with compaſſion.

Cordelia's cheeks glowed with indignation, as ſhe coolly replied, that "A man "of talents ought not to excite pity, but "admiration."

"Oh, I merely mean that he has no "profeſſion, a ſituation of all others moſt "perilous to a young man of quick parts "and generous feelings."

"He is not too old, Sir, to acquire that "diſtinction.

Sir

Sir Frederic dropt the ſubject with the unwelcome conviction, that this was no ordinary love, no evaneſcent impreſſion of youth, but an ardent, enthuſiaſtic ſentiment. Yet was he leſs than ever diſpoſed to renounce hope. His paſſion was irritated by oppoſition; and ſometimes he was ſo much provoked to find how little he could give her pleaſure, that he almoſt wiſhed for the privilege of inflicting pain.

The return of Valiancy reſtored gaiety and animation to Beachdale. He, at firſt, ſo far reſented De Lille's conduct, as to take up his quarters at the Abbey; but the repreſentations of Sir Frederic, and what was more the ſecret influence of Adela, induced him to forbear noticing the duplicity of De Lille; and though he no longer made Valiancy Houſe his home, he was almoſt its conſtant gueſt.

At firſt, Adela, who had been unuſually ſerious ever ſince Altamont's departure, and whoſe gravity ſometimes created a moſt painful ſympathy in Cordelia, appeared not

to resume her animation; and even became more serious than she had been in his absence. But one day, following Cordelia into her favourite retreat, (the classical pavilion,) she exclaimed with all her native gaiety, "Would I had a confessor, in you, "Cordelia."

"I fancy your transgressions are of no "very serious nature; conscience has at "least no power over your smiles."

"No, my dear, I have not the grace to "feel penitence. I have sinned because I "was a woman; and yet I am half sorry "to have played false to you."

"Played false to me, that is impossible! "What can you mean?"

"Why, I understand from my trusty "Cerberus, Quintin, that Mrs. Celia Glad-"win, that nectar cup of confidence, the "chain bearer of Cupid, as Vallancy says, "took it into her head I was sighing for "Altamont; now I do really and verily "believe you were of the same opinion."

"Nay,

"Nay, now I am ſure you did, by that "blush, ſo don't be honeſt by halves. You "really were cheated as much as Celia."

"If I had not perceived your atten- "tions to him I muſt have been hood- "winked."

"Hood-winked you muſt have been, to "think I cared for him; do you think I "would ſtoop to conquer? No, the exceſs "of my attention was the firſt ſymptom of "my indifference."

"I perceive you do indeed want a con- "feſſor, Adela, but really cannot in con- "ſcience give you abſolution."

"And will you cruelly perſiſt in giving "that vile name of coquetry to the charm- "ing art of pleaſing? an art, Cordelia, ſo "fine, ſo elegant, ſo liberal, and, above all, "ſo natural;—how can you be ſo cen- "ſorious?"

"But ſuppoſe you ſhould have endan- "gered his tranquillity."

"It is perfectly impoſſible: he is too dig- "nified to be a lover; as Beatrice ſays, he is

"too

" too fine for an every day-ſuit, and ſhould
" only be worn on Sundays. Not but if
" one was perfectly at leiſure, or ſhut up
" with him in a ſnow ſtorm, it might be
" worth while to try how far ſuch a
" ſublime being was penetrable.—Apropos,
" Cordelia, I have a moſt important queſ-
" tion, whether it is more flattering to
" make ſuch a man look ſilly, or a gay,
" volatile, airy creature, grave?—Or ſhall
" I put it in more learned terms, to diſ-
" ſolve the gold, or fix the quickſilver?
" there's a problem for your philoſophy."

" That problem you have already re-
" ſolved, by experimenting on Altamont
" and Vallancy."

" There again, you are quite miſchievous
" this morning,—What has a queſtion of
" philoſophy to do with Vallancy? Heaven
" knows, there is little in him; he is all
" impulſe and caprice; never has a reaſon
" to act on; likes or diſlikes, he knows not
" why, and cares not wherefore; angry or
" pleaſed for any thing or nothing, juſt as
fancy

"fancy ſways him; and for his talents,
"though, to be ſure, he is not ſtinted by
"nature, he ſeems to uſe them as the old
"Indians did their gold, merely for trinkets
"and baubles to play with. Oh, he has
"a legion of faults, it would require more
"arithmetic than I am miſtreſs of to count
"them."

"And for which of them do you like
"him beſt?"

"Patience forbid, I ſhould like him for
"any of them! why I have been uſing my
"beſt endeavours to correct the creature;
"and really, Cordelia, when we ſet up for
"ſchool-miſtreſſes to men, we ſtand greatly
"in need of that moſt polite and amiable
"of arts, which you ſeem to include with
"thoſe wicked pomps and vanities which are
"renounced for us by our god-mothers."

"Now, I know you are ſo kind a miſtreſs,
"I am not ſurpriſed to find you ſo dutiful
"a diſciple; for you have ſurely learnt all
"the ſophiſms *of your* Vallancy."

"*My*

" *My* Vallancy! *mine!* Do you think I " include him in my poſſeſſions? No, no, " he will never be appropriated; he has " always one foot at ſea, and one on ſhore.

" To one thing conſtant never."

" And here he is, to thank you for the " compliment."

" And pray, ladies," aſked Vallancy, " is " your conference ended?"

" Ended, indeed! No, Sir," retorted Adela, " it is not even begun; I wonder " you ſhould think of ſuch intruſion."

" Oh, I perceive the ſecret is likely to " be bottled up as long as the *poor Diable* " *Boiteux*, if I do not vigorouſly make the " exploſion."

" Miſchevious man, beware how you in- " vade our ſanctuary."

" Lady, beware how you profane our " ſanctuary. The truth is, Cordelia, ſhe " has uſed you ill; ſhe has lately liſtened " to a tale ſhe knew long ago, and kept " every word of it from you."

" Cordelia,

"Cordelia, don't take his word."

"Cordelia, take the evidence of your "own ſenſes; don't you ſee how like we "are to two reflecting mirrors, or two "harps in perfect uniſon? Every thought "of mine has an image in her mind; aye, "and to every ſentiment of hers, my heart "returns an echo. So perfect is the ſympa-"thy, I am only afraid that ſome day or "other (Heaven avert it long!) we ſhall, "like good old Baucis and Philemon, "ſhoot into the earth, and become two "tender Acacias, piping to the winds "together."

"No, you will never be ſtationary, Val-"lancy, you could as eaſily be ſilent."

"There again, how admirably we har-"monize; for like two partitioning ſove-"reigns, we divide the realms of ſpeech "between us."

"Uſurping to himſelf noun, pronoun, "verb, participle; and leaving to me no-"thing but a poor, melancholy, mo-"notonous interjection!"

"I proteſt

" I proteſt ſhe ſtole that thought from
" me, yeſterday; I do move, that whoever
" ſteals another's ideas ſhall, at leaſt, not
" preſume to mould them into a better
" ſhape."

" So this friend of freedom would ex-
" tend his authority to the government of
" the tongue; dear little franchiſe! never
" ſhall it part from its chartered privi-
" leges!"

" Yet is it never heard, but it might be
" convicted of *bribery*, to ſay nothing of
" corruption. Aſk her, Cordelia, which of
" my faults ſhe beſt likes."

" I have already put this queſtion, and
" ſhe declines an anſwer."

" I will be more liberal in my conceſ-
" ſions,—I love her for her worſt faults;
" her inconſtancy, her caprice, and even
" her coquetry. Stamp but her impreſſion
" on the coin, and I accept it as ſterling;
" and yet ſhe uſed Altamont ill; he
" muſt be of an *aſbeſtine* temperament to
" reſiſt

" resist the impression. Had I been so
" flattered, so noticed—"

" You would have cared for me no
" more than for Celia Gladwin; re-
" member your prejudices, your per-
" verseness, your *inconsistency*, and be
" silent. Your tyrannical sex, by your
" prohibitions and restrictions, compel
" us to concealment, and then persecute
" us for duplicity."

" Why, yes, Nature has made women to
" revolve in a sphere of obliquity."

" Not one word against women; Cor-
" delia has put into her common-place
" book, a sentence from an anonymous
" author against you: ' Women are the
" only beings who have not been degraded
" by slavery. In bondage, they are not
" sordid; under persecution, they are still
" generous; they preserve their faith to the
" faithless; they employ kindness to soften
" the cruel; in suffering, they lose not be-
" nevolence; in the most afflictive trials,

" they

" they poſſeſs magnanimity; their love of
" glory is founded on ſympathy; excluded
" from power, privilege, and diſtinction,
" they have enthuſiaſm for every great
" deſign, for every ſplendid achievment;
" their affections are purified from ſelfiſh-
" neſs; they rejoice in diffuſing joy, and
" are grateful for bleſſings in which they
" are not allowed to participate.' "

" Upon my word, they muſt be fallen
" angels to exiſt in ſuch purgatory."

" Viper-tongued wretch!"

" Huſh! ſoftly, and I will for once,
" though a lover, confeſs the truth: wo-
" man is here an alien, a wanderer from
" ſome brighter ſphere; ſhe ſtill retains
" the impreſſions of a purer nature; ſhe
" has idioms of truth and goodneſs, which
" belong to a better order of beings; her
" virtues are like a few precious pages c
" ſome divine work, redeemed from *He*
" *culaneum*, of which the original is lo
" The felicity to which ſhe would lead
" *ſhe* has brought us with her from a pu

" wor

" world; it is a ſoft, delicious ſtrain; a
" few deſultory, delightful notes, belonging
" to a melody not learned on earth; for
" woman is the *mock-bird* of Paradiſe."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE mutual attachment of Adela and Vallancy was not immediately discovered to Mrs. De Lille, whose extreme solicitude for this favourite object, naturally occasioned a diffidence of its accomplishment. The anxiety she still betrayed was frequently a source of amusement to her mischievous son, in whom even love did not always supply the place of raillery. In the mean while, he was surprized at Altamont's silence; at another time he might have been uneasy, but now he was so agreeably occupied, that he had not leisure to reflect on the circumstance.

One evening, on returning to the Abbey, from which he had been absent the whole day, in a pleasant excursion with the ladies, he was surprized by Sir Frederic putting into his hand a bill of exchange on a

Paris

Paris banker, which had been concealed in the gold purſe returned by Altamont. This purſe he had ſtolen from his mother in a playful mood, intending to reſtore it in due time to the right owner. He forgot to execute theſe righteous intentions, and the purſe remained in his pocket-book till he accompanied Altamont to London, when he ſlipped into it the bill he had juſt procured for his friend's uſe; and introducing both into the ſnuff-box, was perſuaded he had found an infallible expedient for forcing his gratuity on his friend's acceptance.

That Altamont ſhould have been either ſhocked or offended by the diſcovery of Sir Frederic's name had never entered into his calculation; and he was therefore equally ſurprized and mortified to have his free-will offering ſo contemptuouſly rejected. Sir Frederic had a malicious ſatisfaction in obſerving the diſpleaſure, which was but too viſible in his countenance; he had this day received a viſit from Mrs. Woodville, who, two days after

her

her interview with Altamont, received an invitation from a perſon whoſe children had been formerly inſtructed by her huſband, to ſpend a few weeks at a village about fifteen miles diſtant from Beachdale. This alteration in her plans did not prevent her executing Altamont's commiſſion, and ſhe had thankfully accepted the accommodation of a one-horſe chaiſe, to convey her to St. Quintin's Abbey, where learning from Sir Frederic that Miſs De Lille was from home, ſhe ſurrendered her letter to his care; naturally imagining it was ſafer with him than with the ſervants of Vallancy Houſe.

Sir Frederic, whoſe curioſity had been ſtrongly excited by her appearance, employed all his addreſs to diſcover her ſituation; and, under the pretence of having ſome communication to make on the ſubject of their mutual friend, Mr. Altamont, requeſted her permiſſion to call on her during her viſit in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Woodville was embarraſſed by attentions, ſhe attributed to his ignorance of

her

her humble ſtation, and without relating her hiſtory, communicated enough to make him ſenſible of her indigence. His attentions were now redoubled, and ſhe at length left him, penetrated with gratitude for that reſpect, which, to the unfortunate, always ſeems fraught with ſympathy. He eaſily gueſſed that the ſight of the draft would excite irritable feelings in the impetuous Vallancy; nor was he diſappointed in his expectation; he inſtantly pronounced a philippic on petulance and pride, and finally begged nothing more might be ſaid on the ſubject. Sir Frederic eaſily acquieſced in the charge of ſecreſy, and then conſidered in what manner to diſpoſe of the letter ſo unexpectedly put into his poſſeſſion. Though hacknied in duplicity, he ſtill revolted from violating the ſeal committed to his truſt, and long held the billet in his hand with a wavering purpoſe; at length the wax was bent, the laſt poſt of honour ſurrendered. Poorly, however, was this

 treachery

treachery repaid, for the billet contained only the following lines:

" I feel I ſhall not need to apologize to " Cordelia for introducing to her Mrs. " Woodville, the wife of one of my earlieſt " and moſt valued friends. To ſay ſhe is " unfortunate is, I well know, giving her " the ſtrongeſt claim on your kindneſs; " ſhe is going to ſpend ſome time in the " neighbourhood of Beachdale, and in my " mind's eye I ſhall follow her to that " deareſt ſpot on earth. She has promiſed " to write to me from thence, and may " perhaps encourage me to hope that the " unwilling exile is not wholly forgotten. " Remember there is but one thing that " can render him an alien to *his* country " and *yours*. H. A.— I forgot to tell you " the manuſcript of Cornelius is left in " the private drawer of the bureau in my " apartment; it is committed to your care; " you will find in it a ſolution of his myſ- " terious benevolence."

Sir

Sir Frederic read this letter till every word was ſtampt on his remembrance. At firſt he detected in it little to inflame his jealouſy; it was obvious that the writer was neither ſanguine nor preſumptuous. But, on a re-peruſal, he was irritated by the insinuation of that only circumſtance which might render him an alien to his country; he bleſſed the chance which prevented Mrs. Woodville from attaining an interview with Cordelia; he found his own inquietude augmented, and determined to double his former vigilance and circumſpection. Yet he felt degraded in his own eyes by the total dereliction of honour; he did not even venture to pay his accuſtomed viſit to Vallancy Houſe in the morning,—he deferred it till the evening, and then entered under the protection of twilight. Miſs Rouvigny rallied him on his reliſh for obſcurity; but as Cordelia enquired for his health with more than uſual intereſt, he was ſatisfied. All his ſcruples were ſilenced; all his regrets diſmiſſed; the momentary

compunction ſerved only to increaſe his hatred to Altamont.

Among all the changes incident to human deſtiny, there is nothing ſo melancholy as the mutablility of the affections. The moſt trivial accident, a word miſapplied, a look miſconſtrued, an omiſſion the heart diſclaimed, ſhall often interpoſe between ardent friends, and ſunder what had ſeemed to be a rivetted attachment. Vallancy was offended by the ſuppoſed repulſe of kindneſs; and when he received a few ſhort lines from Altamont, merely announcing his arrival, and that Mr. Bruce was ſtill living, he was more offended ſtill. Not one word of acknowledgement or explanation; his impatient ſpirit could ill brook diſdain; and he determined to be in no haſte to ſend an anſwer to ſo laconic an epiſtle. He perſevered in this reſolution ſo long, that he miſſed the opportunity of ſending a reply to Geneva.

Mr. Bruce was ſufficiently recovered to remove, and attended by his wife and Alta-

mont, proceeded to the German Spa. Vallancy learnt this intelligence from Sir Frederic, who had paid his promiſed viſit to Mrs. Woodville, to whom Altamont had written, to apprize her of the change, and to requeſt ſhe would tranſmit to him immediately whatever ſhe had to communicate of Beachdale. Vallancy was ready to aſk, why he had not deigned to give him the ſame notification. Again impatience rendered him unjuſt. Altamont had written under cover to Lord Marmiton, with whom the letter was detained ſo long, that it was not probable an anſwer would reach him at Spa. Vallancy, however, ſullenly acquitted himſelf of this epiſtolary debt, and no ſubſequent demand was made on his correſpondence. In his confidential converſations with Miſs Rouvigny, he would ſometimes ſpeak with aſperity of his friend's intractable ſpirit. He once mentioned Mrs. Woodville as his *protegée*, and on being preſſed for explanation, haſtily changed the ſubject, merely becauſe he was unwilling to make the avowal of his own

liberality. His fair companion inſtantly concluded, that more was meant than met the ear; and, as ſhe had the weakneſs to wiſh her lover to have no intimate of the other ſex, ſhe was unconſciouſly diſpoſed, by this ſentiment, to cheriſh any impreſſions to the prejudice of Altamont. Whatever ſhe thought, ſhe imparted to Cordelia in their late nocturnal conferences, and certainly hazarded ſome ſurmiſes, of no charitable nature, of Mrs. Woodville and her ſuppoſed protector.

Cordelia repelled the inſinuation with a fervor which excited in Adela ſome ſuſpicion of her attachment. Hitherto ſhe had fancied her heart impregnable to love, and ſometimes regretted there was, on this point, ſo little ſympathy between them; but now ſhe became alarmed for the conſequences of ſuch an imprudent choice, and heartily wiſhed, for Cordelia's ſake, to perſuade her that Altamont was unworthy of her affection. She was perhaps piqued at her friend's obſtinate concealment. Like Vallancy, ſhe

demanded

demanded an unreſtricted interchange of thought and ſentiment, without reflecting that if her ſurmiſes were juſt, the hoſtility ſhe had avowed for Altamont muſt exclude her from Cordelia's confidence. Cordelia felt ſhe was alone; and ſince no one did juſtice to Altamont, his name was baniſhed from her lips, though his image was ever preſent to her thoughts.

This mental reſervation, without producing apparent abſtraction, rendered her indifferent to ſociety. To herſelf it ſeemed that her ſenſibilities were blunted, ſince ſhe now read, without emotion, the paſſages by which ſhe had been moſt deeply affected. Yet, in other inſtances, they were more exquiſite. At the name of *alien* or *exile*, ſhe was ready to weep; if ſhe heard of Switzerland, ſhe was reviſited by ſenſations of pleaſure; to ſpeak of it was a ſtill dearer privilege.

This depreſſion was not ſolely owing to concealed love; it was in part produced by the apprehenſion of her father's diſingenuous

conduct. If the parent is humbled by the unworthy child, the child feels alſo equally degraded by the diſhonourable parent. Cordelia now always trembled at her father's approach, the ſound of his voice was painful, ſhe diſtruſted all his profeſſions, and wiſhed to remain blind to his movements. The conſcious De Lille was not ſlow to perceive what was paſſing in her mind; and, as one act of injuſtice inevitably leads to another, he conceived for Altamont, to whom he imputed this eſtrangement, a hatred equally fervent with Sir Frederic's jealouſy.

One day he was ſo much provoked by witneſſing her dejection, that he vented his ſpleen in poignant ſatire on Mrs. Gladwin's male *protegé*. Cordelia was too much hurt to offer any reply, and taking refuge in her own reflections, walked into the park, where ſhe was ſurprized in tears by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who, in his moſt perſuaſive accent, entreated he might participate in her ſorrows. Cordelia haſtily replied, ſhe diſclaimed commiſeration for the weakneſs ſhe

ſought

ſought to combat; adding, "I truſt I as "little need a confident as a confeſſor." She then changed the ſubject, and Sir Frederic preſumed not to preſs farther; but, perceiving ſhe was deeply affected, he inſtantly went to De Lille, extorted an avowal of all that had paſſed, and having convinced him of his error, finally obtained a promiſe that he would never again mention Altamont in terms of ridicule or reproach, never by word or look convey an inſinuation of contempt, by which he could not fail to be endeared to the generous Cordelia.

CHAPTER XV.

WITHIN three months after De Lille's acceſſion of fortune, he was, for ſome real or imaginary ſervices, advanced to the dignity of knighthood. Whether this elevation was owing to Lord Marmiton, or Sir Frederic, is perhaps not very material; by whatever means obtained, it was highly acceptable to Sir Jaſpar and his Lady, who prepared on this occaſion to accompany her niece to London, and once more to make her appearance at St. James's.

To complete her ſatisfaction, ſhe was now aſſured that her fondeſt wiſhes were realized in the reciprocal affection of her ſon and Miſs Rouvigny; and in this happy moment, appeared to think herſelf abſolved for her former treſpaſs againſt the canons of prudence and propriety, and ſuddenly to have reſumed pretenſions to dignity and impor-

tance. So completely was ſhe exhilarated by her new hopes, that ſhe ſeemed to have caſt off the native ſuſpicion of her ſoul, and to overflow with kindneſs and confidence to all human beings. This happy change was preluſive to a more awful revolution of nature. She had lived a week in perfect harmony with her huſband, and, for the firſt time ſince her marriage, had ſhewn affection to Cordelia; when, one evening, juſt as ſhe had been ſpeculating on her approaching viſit to the metropolis, and ſpeaking with ſome complacency of her intended reſtoration to court, ſhe was ſeized with a chill, the forerunner of a violent fever, which in one fortnight terminated her exiſtence.

In the early part of her illneſs, ſhe exacted from Miſs Rouvigny a promiſe, that ſhe would abridge her ſon's probation, by becoming his wife as ſoon as ſhe ſhould have ſeen her next birth-day. With this promiſe ſhe was ſo well ſatisfied, that ſhe appeared to leave life with a grateful ſenſe of

enjoyment. Newſpapers announced her huſband's grief; the ſculptor atteſted his grateful commemoration of her exalted virtues: all this might be venal, but there were ſome real mourners, who followed to her grave. Vallancy recalled, with deep, becauſe unavailing, regret, his former levity and caprice. Even Adela had ſome compunction for having ſo lately conſpired with him, to withold from her the aſſurances which were ſo eſſential to her tranquillity. Cordelia grieved that ſhe ſhould be ſnatched from the world, when ſhe ſeemed moſt to enjoy it. But Quintin miſſed her moſt; he ſtrenuouſly maintained ſhe was a pattern for her ſex; the only ſurviving model of female elegance and propriety.

In conſequence of this melancholy event, Mrs. Rivers, with whom Miſs Rouvigny and Cordelia had previouſly engaged to ſpend the winter, kindly came to Beachdale, to condole with the mourners, and to claim their immediate preſence at her houſe

in

in Berkeley-ſquare. Cordelia would have preferred remaining in the country; but if ſhe could have reſiſted her friend's entreaties, ſhe would not oppoſe her father's commands. De Lille had lately treated her with much more affection; his vanity was gratified by the proſpect of Sir Frederic's alliance; and to win his daughter's conſent, he now laviſhed every partial attention, and promiſed the moſt tender indulgence. He concurred with her lover in wiſhing to draw her from a ſcene of retirement, where ſhe had too much leiſure to muſe on Altamont; but an incident occurred, previous to her leaving Beachdale, which counteracted the ſalutary effects he might have expected, from the change of ſcene, and ſtrongly confirmed her attachment.

One day, in ſearching for ſomething in the bureau which ſtood in Altamont's apartment, ſhe accidently opened the private drawer in which was depoſited the legend of Cornelius. At firſt, ſhe was ready to conclude that the manuſcript had been left

by

by accident, but ſhe read on the envelope theſe words, "To the care and peruſal of "Cordelia;" and, ſimple as they were, they touched Cordelia to the ſoul. They ſeemed to intimate that the manuſcript was bequeathed to her care, and that its owner would never return to reclaim the truſt. At another time, ſhe might have reſiſted the impreſſion; but here, in this houſe of death, ſhe found it invincible, and ſhe touched the paper as a relique of one ſhe ſhould ſee no more, but whom ſhe ſecretly promiſed to love for ever.

And now ſhe ſlowly went over the firſt part of the narrative; ſlowly, that ſhe might read each line, each word, as read by Aſtamont. When ſhe came to the diviſion in the manuſcript, ſhe ſhed torrents of tears; but they no longer flowed for Cornelius. At length, having regained compoſure, ſhe proceeded with the recommencement of the narrative, the writing of which appeared much more recent.

Sequel

Sequel of the Fragment.

"From the moment that I anticipated
" the title of a parent, I reflected with ex-
" treme pain on the infatuation which
" had prompted me to renounce the pri-
" vileges of a Briton. I had insensibly im-
" bibed my wife's sentiments on this sub-
" ject, and was equally anxious with
" herself, that our children should receive
" their first impressions from a people not
" unacquainted with civil and religious
" liberty. We determined, therefore, to
" remove to some English settlement, where
" they would at least be familiar with the
" language of our native country. To
" effect this object, we embarked for the
" Havannah; from thence proceeded to
" Florida; and finally settled in Albany, on
" the frontier of Canada. I here pur-
" chased, under the fictitious name I had
" assumed at Madeira, a small estate, which
" at once gave me occupation and indepen-
" dence. Our habitation, though not
" elegant,

" elegant, was commodious. I at first re-
" gretted those delicious scenes in which
" we had almost exhausted felicity; but the
" presence of Susanna reconciled me to the
" less genial aspect of the new world; and
" the projecting slated roof, under which
" my son received his birth, was dearer in
" my eyes than the house of my fathers.
" Yet never was the memory of those ve-
" nerable ancestors cherished with such
" fond enthusiasm, as when I first felt the
" beatings of his innocent heart, and folded
" in my arms the fragile little being, by
" whom I trusted my name should be trans-
" mitted to posterity.

" My ambition was not extinguished, and
" in giving him the patrimonial name of
" Reginald, I indulged the flattering pre-
" sage, that he at least was destined to
" possess that rank in society from which
" I seemed for ever excluded. The splen-
" did phantoms which had so long floated
" in imagination, now found a stationary
" point in the new object of my affections;

" and

" and even whilſt I ſaw him ſlumbering on
" his mother's boſom, I was occupied in
" ſuggeſting plans for his future aggran-
" dizement. I imparted not all theſe ſpecu-
" lations to Suſanna, who, deſcending with
" dignified humility to her preſent ſtation,
" appeared to have acquired a reliſh for its
" homely duties, and even to have for-
" gotten the rank and elegance ſhe had
" frankly relinquiſhed. She exerted all her
" eloquence to perſuade me, that ſince her
" brother, to whom ſhe had twice written
" ſince her departure from England, was
" ſtill implacable in his reſentment, it was
" better that the Atlantic ſhould roll be-
" tween us; but in this ſingle inſtance her
" influence was unavailing; and before
" Reginald could articulate the name of
" Britain, I had determined he ſhould
" receive his education in Europe.

" For the firſt ten years, indeed, I be-
" lieved I ſhould myſelf be fully competent
" to his inſtruction. I had fortunately
" made a valuable addition to the few claſ-
ſical

" ſical books we had brought from Liſ-
" bon, by the purchaſe of an Engliſh
" library, the collector of which (a new
" ſettler) had died within ſix months of
" my arrival in the country. With ſuch a
" reſource for our hours of leiſure, the
" winters proved not tedious; and, though
" too remote from the town of Albany to
" have any intercourſe with its inhabitants,
" we had no regrets for the abſence of
" ſociety.

" The only diſturbance to our tranquil-
" lity aroſe from the occaſional incurſions
" of the Indian tribes, who, whether they
" eſpouſed the intereſt of the Britiſh colo-
" nies, or of their Canadian neighbours,
" were almoſt conſtantly engaged in petty
" warfare with each other. In the third
" year of our reſidence, my wife bleſſed
" me with a daughter; but the period of
" her birth was connected with an event
" which produced the firſt cloud to the
" felicity of our harmonious union.

" My

" My wife had humanely taken under
" her protection a young Indian female,
" the widow of a French soldier who had
" been killed during the late season of hos-
" tilities. Her kindness was repaid with
" gratitude and attachment. She became
" our son's nurse; received religious in-
" structions with apparent docility; and in
" all respects behaved with such propriety,
" as not to leave the smallest reason for
" suspecting her fidelity. It is not proba-
" ble that this woman would have betrayed
" her trust, but for the temptation of
" returning to her own people; and such
" was her fondness for my son, that she
" determined he should be the companion
" of her flight.

" Her plan was so well concerted, that
" we were for some time led to suppose
" they had both been surprized and for-
" cibly carried into captivity. Such inci-
" dents were of no rare occurrence, and at
" first appeared to be the only probable
" conjecture; but by the indefatigable
" zeal

" zeal of another Indian, who was really
" honourable and faithful, we at length af-
" certained that they were both living
" among the Hurons in perfect ſafety.

" On this diſcovery, a formal applica-
" tion was made to the French governor
" of Montreal; and after many tedious and
" difficult delays, we at length obtained his
" reſtoration. During this interval ſeveral
" years had elapſed; his parents were to-
" tally obliterated from his memory; his
" native language was forgotten; he had
" been dragged by force from his Indian
" mother; and was ſo much altered, that
" but for a natural mark on his forehead,
" we ſhould have found it difficult to be-
" lieve, that the tall, grave, taciturn boy
" before us, was indeed our own Regi-
" nald.

" At the firſt glance I revolted from his
" picturesque Indian garb, and paſſionately
" exclaimed, 'I could not own him till he
" was dreſt like a native of Europe.' The
" change of attire produced not the tranſ-
" formation

" formation I expected; his countenance
" ſtill bore a reſemblance to that of his
" treacherous, but beloved nurſe; he ſub-
" mitted to our cuſtoms with reluctance; he
" replied not to our endearments; he was
" offended by his ſiſter's careſſes; and
" though already imbued with the fortitude
" peculiar to his adopted people, could not
" always ſuppreſs his ſecret grief. I was,
" however, ſtill willing to perſuade myſelf
" that much of his eſtrangement was occa-
" ſioned by ignorance of our language, and
" that this obſtacle being once ſurmounted,
" he would become more ſuſceptible of
" kindneſs and attachment. How eagerly
" did I catch every Engliſh phraſe that
" dropt from his lips! his mother, too,
" watched their motions, but from a far
" different impulſe. She longed to hear
" him expreſs his wants and ſignify his
" wiſhes. It was a ſolace to her maternal
" tenderneſs, to make him ſenſible of her
" ſolicitude to give him pleaſure. By de-
" grees he acquired our language, but his
" reſerve

" reſerve was ſcarcely diminiſhed; he had
" no childiſh gaiety; he recoiled from an
" European playmate; he diſliked our
" modes and habits of life. To entice him
" to ſtudy, ſeemed at firſt impoſſible; he
" took no intereſt in ſedentary purſuits, or
" domeſtic pleaſures; his ſpirits flagged,
" even his health declined; under the
" paternal roof he languiſhed in hopeleſs
" captivity.

" His mother was at infinite pains to
" inſtruct him in the Chriſtian religion; but
" he could not liſten to the divine precept
" which enjoins forgiveneſs, without con-
" tempt and diſguſt. Any effort to excite
" in him a liberal ambition, proved equally
" unſucceſsful. If I related a trait of hiſtory,
" he diſtruſted its truth; if I tried to win
" his attention to poetry, he was incapable
" of transferring its imagery to his own un-
" cultivated mind. Arithmetic pleaſed him
" moſt, though it coſt him ſuch intenſe
" labour, as always to occaſion ſtupor; yet
" was not this indifference the reſult of
" natural

" natural insensibility. I once took him
" with me on the lake, in a *bateau* equipt
" in the Indian style: for the first time I saw
" his fine features animated with pleasure;
" and as we advanced toward the woods,
" he was all life, soul, and activity. On our
" turning back, his eyes filled with tears;
" he gazed on the country he had left, till
" it sunk from his view, but no murmur
" escaped his lips. Touched by his resigna-
" tion, I would have made any sacrifice for
" his happiness but that of seeing him a
" savage. I once said, with my natural
" vehemence, 'I was a rebel to my father's
" house, and my son will be a deserter.'
" I knew not that he was listening; but a
" sudden tinge of red in his cheeks con-
" vinced me he had heard those words,
" and understood their meaning. My wife
" gently checked my impatience, and pro-
" posed that we should no longer persecute
" him with books; but trust to time, and
" the latent spirit of emulation within him,
" for his future improvement. I desisted,

" and

" and despaired; but suddenly a revolution
" was effected in his character. He had
" been severely ill, and during his confine-
" ment, became sensible to our affections;
" his sister read to him, and he presently
" chose to read for himself. His mother
" observed that he pursued, by stealth, those
" studies to which I had so long urged him
" in vain; but she was careful to conceal
" from me this circumstance, hoping, on
" some future occasion, to enhance my
" pleasure by the surprise of discovery.

" One evening, as I pensively approached
" our parlour, I was struck with the sound
" of a deep, sonorous voice, in the exercise
" of poetical recitation. I listened at the
" door, and was soon convinced that the
" exclaimer was no other than Reginald;
" his sister was his only auditress; he had
" himself chosen the subject, which was
" from Pope's Prologue to Cato. He
" pronounced, with an emphasis that
" electrified my soul, the line,

" And honoured Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword."

" At

"At this moment, Susanna surprized "me, almost lost in rapturous amazement. "I could hold no longer, but rushing into "the room, embraced my son with transports of joy and tenderness. His mother "wept with delight; we all mingled tears "and caresses; and I eagerly exclaimed, "'I am repaid for all the sufferings of the "past.' Yet it was on that most happy "evening, I resumed my ambitious projects. "I attributed Reginald's late efforts to a "transcendent genius; but not daring "to propose his future separation from "his mother, I determined to make "every effort for my own restoration to "Britain.

"From this time I bestowed on my son's "mind classical cultivation; and as soon "as he was able to read a Latin author, "Cæsar's Commentaries became his great "delight; he was still more enamoured "of Plutarch's Lives; his eyes flashed at "the name of Coriolanus; he wished he "had been born a Roman. Yet even

" whilst I was exulting in his heroic senti-
" ments, he dashed my triumph, by saying,
" that Regulus, the supreme object of his
" veneration, had acted like a Huron.

" I perceived that his prepossessions for
" savage life still continued; yet my hopes
" were ardent. The heir apparent to the
" throne of England had avowed the most
" liberal sentiments for the House of Stuart;
" and I was encouraged to take some active
" steps for recovering my British birthright.
" I privately communicated my situation to
" the governor of New York, who promised
" to use whatever influence he possessed in
" my favour.

" In making this effort, it formed no
" part of my intentions to enforce any
" claims on the remnant of my father's
" property. Misfortune had visited every
" branch of our family. The uncle, to
" whose injustice we owed our first lapse
" from prosperity, had been impoverished
" by his prodigal children. The estates
" were sold, and the descendants of the
" younger

" younger ſon were left to indigence and
" obſcurity.

" Some years elapſed. The governor
" was recalled; but ſtill promiſed his af-
" ſiſtance. In the meantime, the war was
" carried on with the French Canadians;
" and as Reginald had evidently a predi-
" lection for military adventure, I took
" him with me to viſit the Britiſh lines.
" He was remarkably tall for his age, and
" already poſſeſſed a martial aſpect; I en-
" gaged him to ſerve as a volunteer,
" imagining I could not deviſe a more
" effectual method to eradicate his remain-
" ing Indian prejudices.

" In taking this ſtep I had not conſulted
" Suſanna, whoſe maternal tenderneſs would,
" I feared, revolt from the ſuggeſtion. Yet
" I could not be eaſy without apprizing her
" of the tranſaction; and having placed my
" ſon, as I hoped, in his proper ſphere of
" action, I returned home to diſſipate her
" fears, and reconcile her to his abſence.

" In announcing my miſſion, I tried to " perſuade her that the choice had been " my ſon's; that it was wholly made for his " gratification. She turned pale, but only " ſaid, 'May Heaven ſanctify the choice.' " I had been prepared with arguments, but " her reſignation ſhook my own confidence, " and I could not be ſatisfied without re- " turning to the camp. My daughter ex- " preſſed her childiſh delight at the idea " of ſeeing her brother in his military dreſs, " and by her ſmiles diſſipated her mother's " ſadneſs.

" In a few days I again repaired to the " Britiſh quarters; but what intelligence " awaited me! My ſon was a deſerter. In " a ſlight ſkirmiſh with the French he had " ſhewn the moſt intrepid courage; but " two or three Hurons having been cap- " tured, his former affection revived, and, " to effect their releaſe, he had abſconded " with them, and thus entailed on his me- " mory everlaſting reproach.

" I was

"I was at firſt ſtunned by the calamity, "and wounded where I was moſt irritable, "in the point of honour. I ſeemed, for "the ſecond time, baniſhed from ſociety: "my fondeſt hopes were blaſted: not even "Suſanna could now adminiſter to me con-"ſolation; and it was ſome days before I "could prevail on myſelf to re-approach "my deſolated home. Never before had I "croſſed the threſhold without anticipating "a ſmiling welcome; but now I ſhuddered "at the idea of hearing my wife's voice, or "receiving the careſſes of my ſole ſurviving "child.

"I found Suſanna alone, and her coun-"tenance, though pale, was placid. I "knew not how to enter on my dreadful "taſk. I had expected ſhe would make "ſome enquiry concerning her ſon. I at "length thought it beſt to make the diſ-"cloſure in my daughter's preſence, and "aſked where ſhe was. My wife ſtruggled "for ſpeech; but I at length diſcovered "that this dear child had died, after an ill-

" nefs of fome hours, during my abfence.
" We had loft our darling when fhe fhould
" have been our beft comfort.

" 'This is too much,' cried I. 'I came
" to afflict thee, Sufanna, and my errand
" is already anticipated.'

" She looked at me wiftfully, and at
" length faid, in a low, almoft whifpering
" voice, 'I perceive you are again alone.'
" A deep groan followed; and, clafping her
" hands together, fhe exclaimed, 'Speak!
" for I will bear. I promife to be refigned.
" Where is our fon?'

" 'Where!' cried I; 'would he had
" never exifted!'

" 'Oh, Cornelius, fay not fo; I can en-
" dure any thing but this. Surely, he has
" not difgraced you?'

" I explained, and fhe wept. At the
" fight of her tears my indignation was
" changed to pity.

" 'Unhappy boy!' faid fhe, 'twas the
" fin of ignorance.'

" My

" My rage was then directed against myself. I cursed my fatal obstinacy, my own unextinguished, unapproved ambition.

" 'No,' returned she, with her native energy, 'I only am to blame. I who entrusted him to an Indian.'

" 'And that also, Susanna, was the consequence of my surliness.'

" 'Oh, Cornelius, let us not thus aggravate misery. Man is born to suffer; resist not the will of Providence, but submit meekly to its mysterious dispensations. And here,' added she, falling on my neck, and shedding a flood of tears, 'here is one, that shall at least sorrow with thee.'

" Thus did this heroic woman recall my fortitude by her own noble magnanimity. She was my angel, my guide, my consoler; but whilst she soothed my spirit to tranquillity, she was herself consumed with grief. At night I was startled by her deep-drawn sighs; she wasted in my

" ſight; ſtill ſhe made efforts to ſmile, but
" the ſmile was awful. Generous as ever,
" it was for me ſhe ſuffered, whilſt ſhe
" ſought to fortify my mind for its ap-
" proaching trial.

" On the firſt ſymptoms of her indiſpo-
" ſition, I had tranſported her to Albany,
" and called in the moſt eſteemed phyſi-
" cian. She ſubmitted to his preſcriptions
" with her accuſtomed ſweetneſs, but I ſoon
" ſaw that all preſcriptions were vain.

" 'Let us leave this country,' ſaid ſhe one
" day, with unuſual animation; 'we are
" here reminded of what we have loſt. Let
" us ſell our plantations, and ſeek another
" home.'

" I followed this ſuggeſtion, and we re-
" moved to New York, where, feeble as
" ſhe was, ſhe would have enticed me into
" ſociety. I too well comprehended her
" motives for expreſſing a wiſh which,
" during ſeventeen years, had never paſſed
" her lips.

" One

" One day ſhe propoſed that we ſhould
" travel. ' But whither, Suſanna?' ' To
" Madeira'. As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe raiſed her
" languid eyes, and appalled me by the
" view of her dying countenance. Never
" before had I renounced hope; but now
" that ſhe mentioned Madeira, and that I
" beheld her ſo changed, ſo faded, from
" that reſplendent beauty in which I had
" borne her to our delicious paradiſe, the
" terrible conviction ſtruck my ſoul, and I
" exclaimed, ' No, never to Madeira,
" never!'

" ' Say not ſo,' anſwered ſhe, with a faint
" ſmile; ' ſome time hence it may comfort
" thee to go thither.'

" She articulated theſe words with a ſlow
" yet tender ſolemnity, that revealed their
" ſecret meaning. She ſaw ſhe was under-
" ſtood; and whilſt my impaſſioned anguiſh
" burſt forth, ſaid, with an angelic ſmile,
" ' Shall there not always be this *ſub-intelli-*
" *gence* between us?' From that moment
" I had conſtantly before my eyes the

" image of our parting — in every object
" I beheld the finger of death predicting
" her destiny. Hope I had none; but
" there was a sort of suspense, that state
" of doubt, which, at a happier period, I
" should have deemed insupportable, but
" which was now most precious.

" During this interval, my soul was ab-
" sorbed in one object. I scarcely ever left
" her — I watched with avaricious vigilance
" over the few remaining moments — they
" were all numbered, and each was sacred.

" It was an unspeakable satisfaction to
" minister to her those unavailing draughts
" she took for my sake. Still there was
" little in her apartment that had the air
" of sickness: she even strove to disguise
" the patient under a dress peculiarly ac-
" ceptable to my taste; for never, to the
" latest hour, did she remit those sweet at-
" tentions which endear the most trivial
" part of existence; but, with all her ge-
" nerous duplicity, I could not be insensible
" to the rapid approach of death.

" On the ever-memorable day of our ſe-
" paration, I received from the agent I
" had before employed, reſpecting my re-
" ſtoration to Britain, a letter, in which I
" was aſſured of perſonal indemnity when-
" ever I ſhould return to my native country.
" At what a moment was this promiſe
" given! when I had loſt every motive for
" wiſhing to return, and could no longer
" mention, without a ſenſe of degradation,
" the land of my fathers.

" Suſanna took up the letter I had read
" in mournful ſilence. 'Yes, you muſt
" return,' cried ſhe; 'it is a debt you owe
" to nature: hitherto you have cared too
" much for one to think of the many.'

" 'Surely,' I replied, 'you would not
" have me recall that ambition which has
" been my deſtroyer.'

" 'No, Cornelius, I would not leave
" you in ſuch vaſſalage. Cheriſh indepen-
" dence; but even a ſolitary individual may
" caſt forth a light that ſhall be reflected
" through the world. Remember what

" you once ſaid, that ignorance and preju-
" dice were the roots of all the ſelfiſh feel-
" ings, and you will advocate the cauſe of
" truth. Recall your own leſſons, and
" you will need no other monitor. Let the
" ſtigma of ſlavery be wiped from the
" Chriſtian name. Think that you have
" many brothers, many children; and if
" you can but bequeath one bleſſing to hu-
" manity, you will not have lived in vain.'

" Here obſerving that ſhe ſeemed ex-
" hauſted, I urged her to lie down on her
" couch, and kneeling by her ſide, with
" one hand locked in mine, I watched her
" till ſhe ſunk into a gentle ſlumber. Her
" dark hair, eſcaping from her cap, was
" finely contraſted with her pale forehead;
" a hectic bloom fluſhed her cheeks — a
" gracious ſmile played round her lips.
" She ſoon awoke, and turning on me
" thoſe eyes which beamed with enthuſiaſm,
" attempered by ſweetneſs, ſhe ſaid, 'I
" cannot ſleep, Cornelius; nor would I
" now loſe in ſleep the few moments that

" may

" may yet be ſhared between us. How
" much would I gather into this little ſpace!'
" My beſt friend, we muſt ſeparate. In
" this, as in every other inſtance, it has
" pleaſed Heaven that I ſhould be the fa-
" voured partner; and let it conſole you
" for my departure, that you are ſuffering
" for my ſake.' She ſaw my tears, and
" added, in her moſt ſoothing accents, 'We
" have had a long leaſe of happineſs, and
" our ſouls have ripened in love. It is for
" you to pay my part to ſociety. Return
" to Europe; let your heart flow out to
" the human race; make an intereſt in the
" deſolate, the perſecuted, the afflicted.'

" She here pronounced her ſon's name,
" and involuntarily I beſtowed on him my
" warmeſt bleſſing. An ineffable ſmile
" gladdened her countenance, and claſping
" her hands devoutly, ſhe ſaid, 'Be this
" my ſacrament;' then dropping her head
" on the pillow, ſunk into a ſlumber, from
" which there was no awaking.

" It

" It was ſome time before I was conſcious
" of her diſſolution — her ſpirit ſeemed ho-
" vering over me — it was a Sabbath of
" love and ſorrow, in which my ſoul was
" incapable of one angry emotion, one vul-
" gar care: all the ordinary paſſions retired
" before the majeſty of grief. Recollect-
" ing her converſations, I laboured to ex-
" tract from them ſome parting requeſt,
" ſome dying injunction. I could only diſ-
" cover that ſhe wiſhed me to return to
" Europe, and this I determined to do, as
" ſoon as I ſhould have ſettled my few
" worldly concerns, and obtained ſome in-
" telligence concerning Reginald.

" Softened by affliction, I could now
" quietly reſign all the dreams of ambition,
" and I yearned but to behold my ſon, the
" ſole relic of Suſannah's love. An exchange
" of priſoners was about to be made, by
" ſome of whom I hoped to trace my fu-
" gitive. I commenced my journey to-
" wards the back ſettlements. In my way
" I had to paſs the Britiſh lines, and being

" muffled

" muffled up to eſcape obſervation, I gained
" courage to approach the camp. It was
" a glorious morning, and I felt my ſpirits
" ſomewhat revived by the lovelineſs of
" nature.

" As I advanced to the out-poſt, I ob-
" ſerved the ſoldiers drawn up, as if there
" was to be ſome grand military ſpectacle.
" On enquiry, I was informed by a ſentinel
" that it was to witneſs the puniſhment of
" ſome deſerters. At this word my blood
" was congealed with horror, till recollect-
" ing that Reginald had no aſſociate in his
" flight, I became ſomewhat re-aſſured, and
" proceeded to the ſpot where one of the
" delinquents was ſubmitting to chaſtiſe-
" ment. At the firſt glance I was eaſy,
" for the ſufferer was totally unlike my ſon,
" and turned my ſteps to another part of
" the camp, where I heard a faint murmur
" of his youth and beauty. I proceeded
" with faltering ſteps, too much agitated
" to make any enquiry, but the word death
" vibrated on mine ear, and ſuddenly raiſ-

" ing

" tary comrades ſtanding round him. As
" I approached, I loudly exclaimed 'Save
" my ſon.' The officer, though of a mild,
" engaging aſpect, turned away his head,
" and deſired I might be conducted to his
" tent. 'Hear me,' I cried, but at that
" moment, ſpurring his horſe, he darted
" away; and, with almoſt incredible vele-
" city, vaniſhed from my ſight. I would
" have followed, but was reſtrained by
" force, and dragged, in ſpite of reſiſtance,
" towards the tent; where, as I redoubled
" my efforts to eſcape, I was put under
" arreſt.

" A few moments after, I heard the
" cannon which was to proclaim my ſon's
" doom. All my ſtruggles were then over.
" I fell proſtrate on the ground, and re-
" mained, I know not how long, in a ſort
" of death-like inſenſibility. But I was, at
" length, rouſed, by hearing the voice of
" that young man I had before ſupplicated
" in vain. I inſtantly aroſe, aſking, with
" vehemence, where was my ſon. He caſt
" down

" down his eyes, with a mournful expreſ-
" ſion.

" 'If you have murdered him, let me
" alſo die, for I was the firſt tranſgreſſor.'

" 'Would it had been poſſible to ſave
" him.'

" 'And is it really finiſhed?' I ſaid no
" more; but again, bowing my head, ſunk
" to the ground.

" The officer, ſighing deeply, exclaimed,
" 'Unhappy father!'

" 'Wretch,' cried I, riſing with ungo-
" vernable fury, 'can'ſt thou pity him
" thou would'ſt not ſuccour? Why was
" I not heard? why was not the ſentence
" ſuſpended or repealed? Your rigid
" diſcipline has made me deſolate; child-
" leſs and forſaken I ſhall deſcend to the
" grave. Curſed be the wretches who have
" bereaved me of my ſon! curſed be that
" ſenſe of duty which could ſanctify ſuch
" cruelty! be aſſured you will ſome day
" feel compunction. You, too, may be-
" come, like me, wretched and deſolate;

" your

" your wife may be left to mourn; your
" fatherlefs children remain without a
" helper. Tremble, young man, for your
" heart was fteeled to the holy fupplication
" of nature.'

" 'Hear me,' he cried, 'you are de-
" ceived. I would have faved your fon;
" he refufed to make fubmiffion; he fcorned
" to accept mercy.'

" 'And could no allowance be made for
" his youth?'

" 'I was here but in the place of a fupe-
" rior. I had no authority to abfolve his
" crime; his condemnation had been al-
" ready pronounced; all that remained for
" me was to fufpend its execution.'

" 'And even *that* you refufed to do?'

" 'That, Sir, you will find was done.
" I waited for the return of my general;
" and it was to him that I was haftening at
" the moment you would have ftopt me in
" the camp.'

" 'And was your general then inhu-
" man?'

" 'No,

" 'No, he relented; but your ſon had
" decreed his own deſtruction; and no
" ſooner was he releaſed, than, to eſcape,
" as he imagined, the degradation of chaſ-
" tiſement, he ruſhed on a naked bayonet,
" and fell, pierced with a mortal wound.
" He yet breathes, if you would ſee him.'

" In another moment I was with my
" dying Reginald, who confirmed this
" ſtatement. When all was over, I was
" again conveyed to the tent; where the
" officer I had ſo unjuſtly accuſed, took
" upon him the care of a private inter-
" ment. The ſoldier who would have
" reſcued my boy was my fellow mourner.
" I gave him my purſe; I offered him all
" I poſſeſſed; he refuſed the gift: he too
" was a huſband, and a father.

" This laſt duty performed, I wiſhed
" once more to ſee the man who would
" have been my benefactor. Touched
" with contrition for my former impa-
" tience, I would have offered ſome excuſe,
" but he refuſed to liſten. I ſaw tears
" rolling

" rolling down his cheeks: overpowered
" by this mark of ſympathy in a ſtranger,
" I fell at his feet; I was wholly un-
" manned; I wept: — but what was my
" anguiſh when I diſcovered that he was
" my kinſman, the deſcendant of my fa-
" ther's brother. I had now an unutter-
" able pang at the recollection of my male-
" dictions; but I divulged not the relation
" between us; I had loſt all power to
" allude to the paſt.

" I was conducted from the camp by a
" perſon who had known me in Albany,
" and who compelled me to accept his
" aſſiſtance; of effort or reſiſtance I was
" no longer capable; I was ſeized with a
" ſtupor, bordering on derangement. A
" voyage was thought adviſeable, and being
" now wholly paſſive, I was eaſily induced
" by my hoſt to embark with him for Ja-
" maica. In this new ſituation I recovered
" my perceptions, and with them all the
" energies of grief.

" During

"During my residence in the island, I
"again sunk into heartless despondence,
"but was roused by indignation on witness-
"ing the detested traffic in human beings.
"I recalled my wife's dying words, and
"resolved to expose to Europe the horrors
"of slavery. I had no sooner formed this
"resolution than my mind became more
"easy; and I now recollected, with the
"longings of affection, that delicious island
"in which I had tasted every enjoyment.
"With my friend's assistance, my business
"being now transacted, I once more landed
"in Madeira; where every object spoke
"to me of Susanna.

"It was here I met with a wretched mi-
"ser, who had remitted money to every
"considerable bank in Europe, anxious to
"avert the evil of poverty, though he lived
"in the privation of every enjoyment. He
"was in the last stage of atrophy; his reco-
"very appeared impossible, and he was sud-
"denly impressed with the desire of making

"some

" ſome atonement for his former rapacity;
" he had neither wife, nor children, nor
" any relations for whom he cared; his
" hard heart was equally incapable of piety
" or benevolence. He had heard of my
" ſingular opinions, and ſtruck with my
" contempt for money, determined to make
" me his almoner; for this purpoſe he gave
" me an order on the Hamburgh bank for
" a conſiderable ſum, to be ſolely dedi-
" cated to objects of charity; but he an-
" nexed to this a reſtriction againſt uſing it
" previous to his own deceaſe. He had an
" averſion to the idea of making a will; and
" at his death, which happened two or three
" days before I left Madeira, his immenſe
" treaſures, with the exception of that
" ſmall portion committed to my truſt,
" enriched only the reſpective governments
" of thoſe countries, in which they were
" placed.

" From that time to the preſent, I have
" religiouſly obſerved my engagement, hav-
" ing

" ing never diverted from its proper object
" this little fund of charity. On my return to
" Europe I assumed a new name, and with
" it commenced a new career. The recol-
" lection of my country was too painful to
" be dwelt on; I had no motive for resum-
" ing the privileges of a Briton. I was long
" tortured with the agonizing conscious-
" ness of privation; I gave alms without
" pity; I advocated the cause of man with-
" out benevolence. I was at length induced
" to visit England, where I found, in the
" deepest distress, the widow and son of my
" unacknowledged kinsman. In witnessing
" their afflictions, my heart was again vi-
" sited by compunction; I would not violate
" the fund of charity, but I borrowed from
" it a sum equivalent to all my own worldly
" possessions; and this I bestowed on them,
" with my fervent benediction. The am-
" bition that once raged in my soul is ex-
" tinguished. The salutary counsels of Su-
" sanna have, at length, restored me to
" peace. I have yet one wish ungratified:

" it is, to administer consolation to the com-
" panion of my youth. Albert yet lives;
" he has been schooled in adversity; he is
" chastened by disappointment; could I dis-
" cover his retreat, I would seek him in any
" corner of the globe, and divide with him
" the peace which is now the inmate of my
" breast. I would teach him, in Susanna's
" words, to let his love flow out to the hu-
" man race. It is with the tears, wiped from
" other eyes, that we heal our own bosom
" wounds. It is by renouncing selfishness
" and cherishing sympathy, that the once
" wretched, despairing man, restored to the
" privileges of a human being, learns to say,
" 'It is good for me to have been afflicted.'"

On one of the blank pages following the narrative, Altamont had written with a pencil, " My kinsman and my benefactor,
" whom my heart has so long sought! The
" mysterious being to whom I am so greatly
" indebted, for such you certainly are! mis-
" fortune has indeed visited our house: its
" patrimony is dissipated, its honours lapsed,

its

"its name almoſt forgotten. We are all
"wanderers on the earth; but thou hadſt
"thy Suſanna, and with her a term of more
"than human happineſs. I too love, but
"without hope. I leave my country, and
"with it the ſole object who could make
"life worth acceptance."

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR the firſt three months of their reſidence in London, neither Adela nor Cordelia had much intercourſe with the world. The former was reconciled to her retired life by the ſociety of Vallancy, who was almoſt their daily gueſt; the latter had loſt all reliſh for gaiety, and could ſhe have been permitted to make her choice, would have gladly devoted herſelf to ſolitude and ſecluſion. Whenever ſhe ſaw her father he was cordially affectionate; and ſhe was almoſt perſuaded, the former fluctuations in his deportment had been occaſioned by Mrs. De Lille's jealouſy. He would ſometimes confeſs the errors of his early life with ſuch apparent candour, that ſhe was ready to pronounce him incapable of deliberate duplicity; and while ſhe lamented Mrs. Gladwin's eſtrangement, believed ſhe did her father

their great injustice. In these confidential conversations De Lille sometimes intimated, that he was addicted to play, and that he intended to settle on her a certain fortune, to secure her from the effects of his imprudence. He would then add, that he placed implicit confidence in the rectitude of her principles; and that he was convinced, the possession of independence would never weaken her sense of filial duty.

It was impossible that so much kindness should not touch a heart so tender, so susceptible of filial attachment. Cordelia was really endeared to her father by the sensibility she now discovered to his attentions; he became the darling, not of his heart, but his fancy. He delighted to anticipate her future establishment with Sir Frederic; and he had a sort of malignant satisfaction in the belief, that he should inflict mortification on the too presumptuous Altamont. In the meantime, his elected son-in-law was cautious not to hazard an avowal which might exclude him from the privileges of

intimacy which he now enjoyed. In submitting to the restrictions imposed by prudence, he, however, persisted in that course of small, silent attentions which, without authorizing repulse, sufficiently express attachment. In adopting this cautious line of conduct, he pursued the counsels of Miss Rouvigny, who was now his *confidante* and his *advocate*; and who, from well-meant zeal to eradicate what she considered as a most unfortunate prepossession, seized every opportunity to exalt his worth, and depreciate that of his rival.

Cordelia was not insensible to Sir Frederic's merit: his society was really pleasing; she distrusted not the rectitude of his principles; but extreme circumspection often produced in his manners a sort of artificial frigidity, which repressed the genial flow of sympathy and confidence; and, without attempting to define her feelings, she always found something wanting to perfect enjoyment.

Miss Rouvigny certainly injured his cause whenever she hazarded any insinuation which could provoke a comparison between him

and

and Altamont, whose brilliant talents dazzled the imagination of Cordelia, whilst the conviction, that he was neither prosperous nor happy, subdued her heart. Then she was persuaded, that he loved, without cherishing hope, and became ambitious of emulating him in disinterestedness of sentiment. She recollected too her obligation to his mother's kindness, and willingly found in gratitude a plea for constancy and stability. In her conversations with Adela, however, she never mentioned Altamont; but her friend was now perfectly aware, that it was for his sake she professed her resolution never to enter the married state.

One day, perceiving her unusually dejected, she exclaimed, "Cordelia, what "will you say if I give you some intelligence "from your first preceptor? You must "know, Sir Frederic has access to that pretty "Mrs. Woodville, with whom he keeps up "a constant correspondence; and who being "lately in want of money was supplied by "Sir Frederic's liberality. The *protegée*

" informed your friend of the circumſtance,
" and here is a note, in which was incloſed
" a 40l. bill for repayment. So you ſee he
" can find money for this pretty woman;
" we will hope, for his friend's ſake;
" though to him it might, perhaps, have
" been indifferent whether the ſupply
" came from Sir Frederic or Mr. Alta-
" mont."

Cordelia took the note, which, to her extreme ſurprize, contained an acknowledgment of the money lent to Mrs. Woodville, and a requeſt that he would accept the incloſed in payment.

" I aſſure you," added Adela, with a malicious ſmile, " I had ſome difficulty in coax-
" ing that bit of paper out of him. It was
" merely to quiet your apprehenſions for
" his ſafety that I aſked the boon; but I
" promiſed not to ſhew it to Vallancy;
" ſo you ſee he is well at leaſt, if he is not
" happy."

" I can perceive," ſaid Cordelia, " that
" he is at leaſt honourable and independent."

It

It was easy to divine her friend's motive in making this communication; and, for the first time, it occurred to her, that Sir Frederic was capable of artifice and duplicity. Her esteem for Altamont was not destroyed by the insinuations of Miss Rouvigny, who confessed to the Baronet with some chagrin, that she had found her friend more sceptical than she expected."

This intelligence was sufficiently mortifying, as he had employed in this scheme a considerable portion of ingenuity and address.

The idea had been suggested to his mind in one of his friendly visits to Mrs. Woodville, who having sent to London the 40l. draft she had received from Altamont, which was simply an order on Vallancy's banker, was inexpressibly chagrined when it was returned to her, with the unpleasant intimation, that the banker, not having received proper notice of the demand refused payment.

Sir Frederic, who was ſitting with her no the receipt of the letter, perceiving the change in her countenance, eaſily prevailed on her to explain the nature of her embarraſſment. He inſtantly offered to rectify the miſtake; ſupplied the ſum ſhe had expected to receive, and took the order into his own poſſeſſion, adviſing her to tranſmit to Altamont an account of the tranſaction.

Mrs. Woodville obeyed, and her letter, happening to reach Altamont nearly at the ſame time with Vallancy's laconic epiſtle, excited, as Sir Frederic had foreſeen, ſtrong reſentment for his friend's levity and caprice.

Too much offended to avow diſpleaſure, he returned no anſwer; but, ſcorning to remain under an obligation to Sir Frederic Mowbray, borrowed of Mr. Bruce, and remitted to him a draft, incloſed in the note which had been ſhewn to Cordelia. Sir Frederic preſerved this note with malicious care; and when Miſs Rouvigny intimated, that ſhe feared Cordelia was rendered uneaſy by Altamont's ſilence, he ventured

with

with ſome heſitation to produce his ſignature, as a proof of his exiſtence; he then related as much of the hiſtory appended to the note as ſuited his own purpoſe, and left her to make what report ſhe pleaſed to Cordelia; but with a ſtrict injunction not to divulge it to Vallancy. For this injunction he had, whenever detection ſhould occur, the all-prevailing plea, that he would not give him pain; a plea every day perverted to gloſs over duplicity, and ſanctify deception. Had Adela poſſeſſed his addreſs, the mention of Mrs. Woodville's correſpondence, ſupported by this document, might have made ſome impreſſion on Cordelia's mind; but her friend's motives were too palpable to be miſtaken, and ſhe perhaps was more than ever attached to Altamont; not for correſponding with a young and pretty woman, but for being, as ſhe conceived, aſperſed by calumny. In this inſtance, the Baronet did not ſpeculate with his uſual felicity, being lowered in her eſteem at the very moment when he

expected to make ſome progreſs in her regard.

His paſſion was now ſuſtained by a ſpirit of oppoſition that ill accorded with the tenderneſs of affection. Like the gameſter, he had hazarded every thing on a ſingle ſtake; and, beyond the attainment of ſucceſs, had no dreams of felicity, no anticipations of that mutual confidence and ſecurity, which are the true ſources of domeſtic endearment. As his gratification was ſelfiſh it was limited. Conſcious that he deſerved not Cordelia's love, he was unable to conceive that he ſhould ever diſcard the vigilance and caution of jealouſy. In obtaining her hand, he expected not to ſatisfy her heart: in ſupplanting his rival; he hoped not to engroſs the feelings ſo long devoted to another. Many circumſtances, however, conſpired in his favour; he had all the privileges of friendſhip; and month after month elapſed without producing any tidings of Altamont, who was now almoſt diſmiſſed from Miſs Rouvigny's mind; whilſt Cordelia ſo rarely

pro-

pronounced his name, that to all but Sir Frederic it might have appeared, that the interesting subject of her thoughts was consigned not merely to silence but to oblivion.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALTAMONT had left England with the perſuaſion, that Sir Frederic Mowbray would now devote his hand and heart to Cordelia. To relieve the tortures of ſuſpenſe he had written to Mrs. Woodville, and was inexpreſſibly chagrined to find ſhe was ſo far diſtant from Beachdale. Unfortunately too, though Sir Frederic had taken the precaution to inform her that the letter intruſted to his care had been loſt, ſhe had ſuppreſſed all mention of this circumſtance; purely becauſe, as ſhe ſuppoſed it to have been written on her account, ſhe would not occaſion additional trouble to her huſband's friend. Altamont was, therefore, diſappointed at Cordelia's ſilence, though without having ever hoped for her correſpondence; he endeavoured, indeed, to perſuade himſelf he was philoſophic enough to renounce her; and

nd fancied he was making ſome progreſs n his reſtoration to mental independence, hen a letter from Mrs. Gladwin, who, hough ſhe no longer ſaw any of the De ille's, had lately heard of them in London, nnounced the intended marriage of Valancy with Miſs Rouvigny, and of Cordelia n Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Though the ſource of this intelligence was ſomewhat ſuſpicious, he did not, at firſt, eſitate to admit its authenticity; at firſt, oo, he fancied it was a relief to eſcape from uſpenſe to arrive at any certainty however nwelcome, to exchange doubt and ſoliciude for indifference and deſpondence: but where was now his profeſſion, his occupaion, the ſphere of uſefulneſs and activity in which he had ſo lately hoped to arrive at honourable eminence? His engagement had been formed under Cordelia's auſpices; without her he loſt the energy inſpired by hope; no other object could gild the perſpective of a long and dreary probation; he had no earneſt of reward; no ſolace for the

laborious

laborious purſuits and diſtaſteful drudgery inſeparable from the profeſſion. Like Woodville, he had dwelt too much in his own world; he was too familiar with the dreams of fancy, too much refined by faſtidious ſenſibility, for perſevering exertion or healthful enjoyment. Relieved from all anxiety on his mother's account; he had no motives of duty to rouſe him from inactivity; he had almoſt determined to renounce his Engliſh connexions, and make a pedeſtrian tour over Europe, when love, diſguiſed as pride, prompted him to return to England, to prove that he was ſtill ambitious of Cordelia's eſteem, and not unworthy of her friendſhip.

He had no ſooner arrived at this deciſion than his latent hopes revived, and he became impatient to commence his journey. No objections were ſtarted by his mother or Mr. Bruce; but to execute a commiſſion for the latter, he made a deviation from the regular road, which conſiderably retarded his progreſs. Provoked by theſe unſeaſon-

able

able delays, he was amazed at his recent listleſſneſs and reſignation, and magnanimouſly reſolved never again to ſubmit to the ſame impreſſion. Impatience became his active principle, till he found himſelf near London, when, by a ſtrange contradiction, he wiſhed himſelf at a hundred miles diſtance.

To what purpoſe ſhould he be near Cordelia if they never meet? and how ſhall he intrude on her father's notice; how endure the exultation of her ſuppoſed lover? Since his arrival in England he had already obſerved in the papers an intimation of Vallancy's nuptials, but not one ſyllable of Sir Frederic Mowbray. He ſtill indulges a hope that reſiſts annihilation; and as he rolls along the ſtreets feels reanimated, even by the conſciouſneſs of breathing in the ſame city as Cordelia.

When the carriage ſtopt, he ſuffered his baggage to be carried into the inn, and then proceeded mechanically towards the hotel where he had laſt parted from Vallancy. As he approached the houſe he felt his arm

graſped,

grasped, and, turning round, beheld not his volatile, thoughtless, captious friend, but the generous, the venerable Haller. "And "am I so soon forgotten?" said the sage, perceiving his amazement. The joy that flushed from Altamont's eyes contradicted the assertion; mutual enquiries and explanations succeeded; and Altamont learnt that Haller had arrived in London but the preceding evening, and was to leave it in a few hours. "Let us spend this little interval "together," said the old man, conducting him to his quarters; "and now tell me "that you are preparing to prove yourself "an Englishman. It is time I should hear "of your exertions, as well as your attain"ments."

Altamont shook his head. "It is true "I came to this country with the re"solution to redeem wasted time, but a "spell overhangs my destiny, and there is "one contingency on which I should leave "it, perhaps, for ever."

"Rouse,

"Rouſe, Altamont; a noble mind ſhould "break the enchantment. Is reaſon, truth, "or principle to hang ſuſpended by a poor "contingency? This ſophiſtry is all paſſion "and deluſion; you dream to-night, you "will awake to-morrow; you will the next "day wonder whence came the phantom "ſo lately inveſted with omnipotence."

Altamont, convinced, but not perſuaded, was unable to reply; there was a ſhort pauſe, when Haller ſaid, "Where is the "volatile Vallancy, and his ſedate grand-"father? Where is the poliſhed De Lille, "and, above all, the ingenuous Cordelia?"

"With Vallancy I have lately had no "correſpondence; but I find he is ſoon to "be married to Miſs Rouvigny; and Cor-"delia to Sir Frederic Mowbray."

"Indeed," ſaid Haller, looking incre-dulous, "I ſhould almoſt doubt that intelli-"gence."

Altamont, thrown off his guard, ex-claimed with rapture, "You really doubt?

"She

" She is in London; when will you visit
" her?"

" Not till I have accomplished the pur-
" pose for which I left Germany. Not till
" I return from the retreat to which I am
" now hastening, perhaps for her sake; an
" old man is not swayed by contingencies;
" and the young man who would rise above
" an ordinary level in fame or virtue, must
" restrain the vagrant impulses, which
" either render him weak or wicked, mi-
" serable or contemptible."

He then changed the subject. Altamont was again sensible to the influence of his precepts.

" You will call me unfeeling," said Haller, " if I tell you, that the roots of
" human misery are to be found in an ill
" regulated imagination. To you, indeed,
" misery is but a name, without a substan-
" tial image; but if you can spare me two
" hours, I will introduce you to a scene
" which may at once inspire fortitude and
" pity."

Altamont

Altamont readily acquiesced; and, renovated by Haller's incredulity to the report of Cordelia's marriage, resolved not to let the morrow close without making an effort to see her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE friends ſtepped into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to the entrance of a priſon. "I never come to "a great city," ſaid Haller, "without pay-"a viſit to theſe haunts of terror and re-"morſe. It is one of the hardeſt trials I "can impoſe on my nature, and is the only "penance to which I now ſubmit for errors "which, I truſt, have been expiated by "former ſuffering. I carry with me a "purſe, which affords relief to ſome few "debtors; but for the other unfortunates, "what ſhall be done? Seldom is it in the "power of any man to offer hope, and "without it, what is conſolation? I do not "bring you here to ſoften your heart, but "to call your attention to an evil which "demands redreſs; the debtor is immured

"under

"under the ſame roof, and often within "the ſame cell, as the criminal; and the "man who has, perhaps, been only weak "and unfortunate, is degraded by aſſocia-"tion with the guilty: attend to this, and "let it be one of your future objects to "remove the obloquy from your national "legiſlature." He then uſhered him into ſome of the condemned cells; from thence they proceeded to the other courts of the priſon. Haller having made enquiry concerning ſome petty debtors whom he wiſhed to liberate, and not chooſing to have any witneſs of his bounty, deſired Altamont to wait in one of the outer courts, whilſt he proceeded on his miſſion of charity.

As he was here ruminating with that ſolemn awe which impreſſes an unhacknied mind on the contemplation of human calamity, he obſerved a pretty little boy, about three years old, iſſuing from one of the paſſages; holding in his hand a ball, with which he was amuſing his ſolitude. Altamont drew near, not a little ſurprized at

his

his beauty, the neatneſs of his dreſs, and his air of gentleneſs and courteſy. The little fellow at firſt retreated, as if he had been afraid he ſhould be circumſcribed in his liberty. "Where do you live, my pretty "child?" "With mamma." "And "where is that?" The boy turned towards the paſſage whence he had iſſued, and then looked back, as if he had offered to ſhow his habitation. Altamont followed, almoſt mechanically, till the child led him to a door which was faſtened within; here he tapped, calling out mamma; and at the ſound of his ſoft plaintive voice the door was opened, and Altamont was admitted with him.

The room was ſo dark, that on his firſt entrance, he merely perceived a female figure ſtanding on one ſide, and at the other end a man reclining on a couch; but no ſooner was the door cloſed than the lady uttered a piercing ſhriek, and he recognized Mrs. Woodville; her huſband, ſtarting from his retreat, flew to her relief, but on diſ-

covering

covering Altamont, ſpread his hands over his face; whilſt his wife, falling on her knees, exclaimed, " Oh, do not, do not " ruin him; for mercy's ſake befriend " him." In the utmoſt aſtoniſhment Altamont demanded an explanation. " Do you " not know? Oh, yet then all is well!" and riſing with precipitation, ſhe bolted the door, and looking around with fearful vigilance, ſaid, almoſt in a whiſper, " Then " pray don't ſay you knew him; you could " not bear to betray him; 'twould break " your heart to do it; oh, your heart is " kind and good, I know it well."

Here Altamont, recollecting the terrible impreſſion he had received on the heath, exclaimed, " Oh! Woodville, can I believe " what I have ſeen, what I now ſee?"

" No," cried his wife, claſping her hands in agony, " no, no, you have not ſeen, you " merely fancied that you ſaw; 'twas all a " dream; you did not, could not, know " him."

At this moment, Woodville, uncovering his face, cried, "Do not talk thus, my "love; for, ſunk as I have been, wretched "as I muſt be, I would not purchaſe ex-"iſtence by a friend's perjury."

"But Sir Frederic," ſhe cried, "has "aſſured me there can be no other evi-"dence produced." At the name of Sir Frederic, Altamont liſtened with yet ſtronger intereſt; and he now learnt that Woodville, who had returned but a few weeks before from the Weſt Indies, had been recogniſed by De Lille in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons; and being, as he ſuppoſed, traced to his lodging, was the next morning apprehended and taken into cuſtody.

After his commitment, Sir Frederic had viſited him in priſon, profeſſed the utmoſt ſorrow for his ſituation, and declared, that had De Lille been appriſed of his former intimacy with Vallancy, he would by no means have engaged in the proſecution. He added, however, that as Altamont had been ſtated to be the only witneſs of the fact, it

was impoſſible to criminate him without his teſtimony; and that on the failure of ſuch evidence he muſt be diſcharged without a trial.

Vallancy, though unable to prevail on himſelf to viſit a priſon, had remitted money through the medium of Sir Frederic, and had written to Geneva to acquaint Altamont with the melancholy tranſaction, and to prevent his immediate return to England.

Having related theſe particulars, Mrs. Woodville, throwing herſelf at Altamont's feet, exclaimed, "If you are ſeen and "known we are undone. Forgive this im-"portunity; to us every moment is pre-"cious: ſave him, and my children will "ever, ever bleſs you."

Here the little boy put up his hands, in imitation of his mother, whilſt the father exclaimed, "When I firſt came hither ſhe "believed me innocent; when I confeſſed "all to her, I ſeemed to have nothing more "to ſuffer. Altamont! ſhould I die by "your evidence, I muſt yet bleſs you as

" my preſerver: you ſaved me from that
" deſperate deed; your voice recalled me
" from perdition!"

" Ceaſe, if you would not kill me," cried Mrs. Woodville, directing an implorıng look to Altamont.

" Be calm, dear Madam, I will inſtantly
" fly from this country: from me you ſhall
" have nothing to fear;" then haſtily unbolting the door, he was preparing to withdraw, when, to his conſternation, the venerable Haller entered. A deep crimſon fluſhed Woodville's cheeks, and his wife obſerving that Altamont was known to the ſtranger, ſtaggered to a ſeat, and ſunk down, the image of deſpondence.

" Am I quite forgotten?" ſaid the ſage, with a mildly reproachful aſpect.

" Never," cried Woodville, " never can
" I forget the debt of gratitude I owe you."

" I fear," ſaid Haller, " you are now
" ſuffering under ſtill greater calamity; but
" you are, I doubt not, ſupported by the
" conſciouſneſs of innocence."

There

There was a momentary pauſe. Mrs. Woodville, recovering preſence of mind, exclaimed, "Oh yes, he is, he muſt be "innocent."

"Then fear nothing; it is the privilege "of every Engliſhman to be protected by "the laws of his country. If this charge "be brought forward in malice, it will be "defeated of its end."

Here Woodville, raiſing his eyes, whilſt a hectic colour fluſhed his cheeks, ſaid, "Your friend, Sir, can beſt explain why "I am here; and as the laſt favour I ſhall, "perhaps, ever aſk, I earneſtly beſeech "him to relate to you all he knows of this "unfortunate tranſaction."

At theſe words his wife relapſed into terror; her limbs ſhook—her heart beat audibly—the cold drops of ſweat ſtood on her forehead—her lips moved—ſhe ſtruggled to ſpeak, but a convulſive groan alone eſcaped her.

"My love, forgive me," cried Woodville; "but I would not deceive my bene-"factor for worlds. No, no," added he,

his eyes once more beaming with generous exultation, " there is a point of degrada-
" tion not to be ſurvived."

Haller now comprehending the whole, taking her hand with a look of ineffable benignity, ſaid, " Be comforted, we are all
" faithful friends."

Woodville then drew from his pocket an unfiniſhed letter, and, giving it to Altamont, ſaid, " This will explain what cannot be
" excuſed."

At that moment Haller pronounced his farewel in the moſt ſoothing accent. Altamont followed him in ſilence to the portal of the priſon, where having re-entered the coach that was in waiting for them, he drew up both glaſſes, and leaned back in his ſeat as if he had ſtill been conſcious to Mrs. Woodville's terrors. After a mournful pauſe, he began to relate the adventure on the heath; but ſuddenly interrupting himſelf, exclaimed,
" And yet it ſeems but a dream,—the man
" to whom I have looked up with ſuch ad-
" miration; the accompliſhed being to whoſe

" precepts

" precepts I have so often listened with
" delight."

" I see," replied Fidler, " how it has
" been: you shall alight at the inn, whilst
" I return to the prison, to give them com-
" fort: wait but here an hour, and you
" shall hear what has passed."

This suggestion was pursued; Lucanor withdrew to a private apartment, and then read the following letter:

" It is some years since I last addressed
" you;—to me it appears to have been
" many ages. I have experienced such
" awful changes; I have fallen into such
" an abyss of misery. Scarcely will you
" comprehend by what mistaken I have
" been involved in this unfortunate situation.

" On retracing my steps I am astonished
" I could have mistaken my path, the path
" was too obvious to be missed. I was un-
" happily cherished a sentiment of opinion,
" which led me to stifle to innocent
" circumstances all the errors of my con-
" duct, all the infirmities of my nature.

" At prefent, how light appear thofe evils
" at which I once repined, and which my
" own weaknefs rendered omnipotent. Oh!
" Altamont, when I recollect at what phan-
" toms I once ftarted, by what chimerical
" barriers I was once appalled; and look
" at the fubftantial walls of my prifon, and
" feel at my heart the infufferable weight
" of remorfe, I am ftupified with grief, my
" reafon is fhaken; I lofe myfelf in deep
" and fearful amazement.

" The true fource of my mifery has
" been the weak and pernicious indulgence
" of an ardent and too fufceptible imagina-
" tion. From early youth, whilft I bafked
" in the funfhine of profperity, I was ac-
" cuftomed to impoverifh my ftock of hap-
" pinefs by an anxious anticipation of en-
" joyment: at that period when I was
" called amiable, and the language of
" candour dwelt on my lips, I harboured
" a faftidious fpirit, repugnant to friendfhip
" and benevolence; I meafured character
" by other rules than thofe of truth and
" rectitude;

" rectitude; I required a certain fantastic
" elegance, a romantic delicacy and re-
" finement, to excite confidence and affec-
" tion; and seldom could any being be
" found to satisfy my visionary expectation.
" When it was my fortune to taste of
" adversity, to be exposed to trials and
" disappointments, I was still the same
" creature of impulse, the fool of fancy,
" the victim of caprice! I can now discern
" the modifications of egotism in the false
" shame shuddering at the detection of
" poverty; the spurious delicacy, shrinking
" from exertion; the mock dignity, not
" only refusing solicitation, but almost
" deprecating assistance. Whatever I at-
" tempted, failed; my efforts were too
" spiritless to succeed. Often were the
" interests of my wife and children sacri-
" ficed to the stubborn pretensions of pride,
" and the puerile affectation of magnanimity.

" At length, when I saw the dear infants
" committed to my care, withering with
" disease, their mother faded, and myself

" wasting in premature decay, I became
" impressed with a dreadful presage, that I
" was destined to commit some atrocious
" crime.

" In vain did I seek to escape this new
" chimera of a restless imagination. It was
" a dark speck ever flitting before my
" sight; and shuddering at the penalties of
" remorse, I longed most passionately for
" the moment of my dissolution. One day
" when I had left home to attend a few
" pupils, and afterwards failed in my ap-
" plication for money which was really
" owing to me, but for which I still
" wanted the courage to proclaim my
" pressing necessities; it suddenly occurred
" to me, that if I was to leave London and
" enter as a sailor, I should, at least, escape
" the ignominy of a jail, with which I had
" been repeatedly menaced by an impatient
" creditor. I had been wandering all the day,
" and, on returning in the evening, fancied
" I caught a glimpse of your face, and
" that you looked after me as if you ex-
" pected

" pected a recognition; to escape such
" notice, I proceeded in an opposite direc-
" tion from my own habitation, to the west
" end of the town: from a sudden impulse
" of desperation, I placed myself on the top
" of one of the public stages, and was con-
" veyed, before morning, to a considerable
" distance from London. Luckily I had
" left it doubtful whether I should return
" to my wife on that evening; I therefore
" trusted she would not experience much
" solicitude for my absence. I proceeded
" without any settled purpose to an obscure
" village, and there finding my money re-
" duced to one shilling, and having nothing
" in my pocket but a pistol, which with su-
" perfluous caution I had been accustomed
" to carry with me in my little excursions
" near London, I alighted; and having pro-
" cured bread to satisfy hunger, struck
" into the neighbouring fields, and there
" spent several hours in gloomy solitude,
" abandoned to the most dark and terrible
" meditations.

" Hitherto, ardently as I longed for
" death, the idea of ſuicide had never
" been admitted to my mind. The rites
" of our church had rendered it abhorrent
" to my thoughts; but now, that the ſelf-
" created phantom of imagination purſued
" my ſteps, that the ſcaffold or the gibbet
" roſe before my eyes, that I ſaw my
" children ſtigmatized for my wretched
" ſake, I reſiſted no longer; I even believed
" they would find friends when I was no
" longer with them; and that the curſe
" by which I was purſued would be re-
" pealed when my fate was ſevered from
" theirs. From this ſuggeſtion I gained cou-
" rage, and only waited for a favourable
" moment to fulfil my awful purpoſe. At
" this moment I was accoſted by a beggar-
" woman, with two helpleſs infants, ſoli-
" citing my charity; I ſtarted from her
" with horror; my own wife and fatherleſs
" children came before my eyes! I curſed
" my cowardly purpoſe of deſertion; and,
" ruſhing towards the heath, exclaimed,
" ' Rather

" 'Rather let me perish for their sake
" in fulfilling my destiny.' * * * * * *
" Altamont, you can fill up this blank.
" You well know whose voice arrested my
" hand, and recalled me to reason and
" nature. I instantly returned to the road,
" and, sacrificing pride to duty, solicited
" and obtained a gratuitous conveyance to
" London.

" When I arrived, it was yet early; I
" scarcely ventured to hope I should find
" any one risen in our habitation; I even
" dreaded to enquire for my wife. I was
" prepossessed with the idea that some
" new calamity had befallen her in my
" absence. I approached the house with
" trembling limbs; I scarce lifted the
" knocker, and then dropped it with a
" most feeble sound; but it was sufficient
" for my wife's wakeful ear, she hurried
" down stairs, she could scarcely contain
" her transports at my return. My first
" impulse of joy was quickly changed for
" contrition and remorse; I evaded her
" enquiries,

" enquiries, but I could not ſilence her
" rapturous exclamations for my ſafety. I
" ſecretly bleſſed heaven for my eſcape;
" I wondered at my own perverſion and
" deluſion; and vowed never again to
" deſert her.

" I was ſoothing her with theſe aſſurances
" when the door was opened, and after the
" circumlocution uſual in ſuch caſes, the
" writ was ſerved, on which I was con-
" ducted to priſon, but almoſt immediately
" liberated by the munificence of a venera-
" ble man, who had no ſooner learnt that
" you had been my friend, than he became
" my benefactor."

Here the letter broke off. Altamont was ſtill muſing on its contents, when Haller re-entered; from whom he learnt that Woodville was to be remanded to the priſon of the county where the offence was committed; he added, that they had ſettled a plan for future correſpondence: on his diſcharge he was to leave England; " and then," added Haller, " you will be at

" liberty

" liberty to return to it. In the meantime,
" you could conſole me much by partaking
" my journey; and I think it may open to
" you new ſources of pleaſure and informa-
" tion." To this propoſal Altamont re-
turned a grateful acquieſcence, and in a few
hours they left London together.

CHAPTER XIX.

CORDELIA was naturally ſo ingenuous, that ſhe experienced peculiar pain in ſubmitting to concealment;—confidence was her element; and though long accuſtomed to ſubdue her will, ſhe knew not how to ſuppreſs her feelings; happily, the irkſomeneſs of her ſituation was ſoftened by the ingenious expedient of keeping a ſhort-hand journal, which being written in a character ſhe had learnt from Altamont, ſeemed to eſtabliſh a certain tacit communication between them.

The following extracts from this ſecret regiſter of ſentiment, will ſufficiently prove how little time and abſence had diminiſhed his influence on her affections.

" Another day, another week is gone, " and like the former has not left one veſ- " tige of its courſe. I ſeem to myſelf to be

" in

" in a ſort of trance, in which my moſt ac-
" tive faculties are ſuſpended. Thoſe I
" meet with to-day I ſhall forget to-mor-
" row; and ſhould I even live with them a
" century, I ſhould ſtill know them as little
" as at this moment: every thing is vague,
" deſultory, and ſhadowy; the phantoms
" are for ever changing; my own ſadneſs
" remains the ſame. A year ago, how dif-
" ferent were my feelings; how delightful
" was the month into which we are now
" entering. Little do thoſe about me ſuſ-
" pect my real motive for declining to join
" the brilliant party for this evening. I could
" not ſupport the contraſt preſented by a
" room crowded with indifferent ſpectators,
" to the recollection of that delicious ſcene
" which nature formed for our hearts, on
" which we both gazed with ſuch delight.
" It was there that confidence was eſtabliſhed
" between us, and we became friends. It
" appears to me that life commenced but
" from that moment; and I hold its anni-
" verſary too ſacred to be waſted in frivo-
" lous amuſement.

" How

" How little do they know my heart,
" who think that its affections can be
" checked by ſo poor a thing as vanity.
" They tell me he is ſuſceptible of im-
" preſſions; that he has been often
" touched, but never attached; that he re-
" ſiſts love, and that ambition is the maſter-
" paſſion of his ſoul. I can liſten to all this
" with patience, and even with docility;
" and yet is my faith unſhaken in the recti-
" tude of his principles, his honour, and
" integrity. How, indeed, ſhould I exact
" conſtancy from one, who received no
" hope? How ſhould I expect him to waſte
" in fond futile repinings thoſe beſt and
" moſt precious years of his exiſtence? It
" would ill become him to yield to ſuch
" weakneſs. How many women will he find
" to conſole him for her he once loved?
" Yes, it is proper he ſhould reſpect him-
" ſelf, and act up to his dignity; but with
" me the caſe is quite otherwiſe. To what
" purpoſe ſhould I ſeek to wean my heart
" from him, who firſt infuſed into it the
" love

" love of virtue? For whom ſhould I reclaim
" thoſe long dedicated affections? For an
" eſtabliſhment, a title, a name? Oh how
" ſhall I learn to diſcover in theſe an equi-
" valent for Herbert? To forget him,
" would be a dereliction of principle and
" ſentiment, a degradation of character, an
" apoſtacy equally baſe and contemptible.
" What a perverſion of language, to talk
" of enjoying happineſs with any but the
" beings we love! Happineſs! it is ſurely
" an arbitrary idiom; I loſe all conception
" of its meaning, when Adela tells me, Sir
" Frederic Mowbray is formed to give me
" happineſs. I am not conſcious that I che-
" riſh any prejudice againſt him. I can
" aſſent to all the good ſhe reports of this
" man; and yet he wants that openneſs
" of countenance, that manly frankneſs,
" that energy of thought and feeling,
" which can alone inſpire my confidence.
" He is too cautious, too circumſpect,
" too meaſured, too elaborate, I will not
" ſay artificial, to give me pleaſure. A
" week

" week has been ſpent in diſſipation, and,
" methinks, I was never more com-
" pletely in ſolitude. I endeavour to con-
" ceal what would be called extravagance
" and romance. I would not grieve my
" father by declaring that ſplendor oppreſſes
" me with fatigue. I will not ſhock Adela
" by confeſſing that all I have ſeen in this
" great city, would not compenſate for the
" ſacrifice of one dear quiet delicious hour
" at Beachdale. If I ſhould be called ro-
" mantic, I cannot help it. I am incapable
" of altering my taſtes; pleaſure muſt be
" ſpontaneous; I cannot force my heart
" to dance with hope, to throb with delight.
" A year ago, thoſe ſenſations came to it
" without a prompter.

" The knot is tied. Adela will, I truſt,
" be happy with her Vallancy; gay, I
" ſhould rather ſay, ſince neither of them
" ſeems to underſtand the penſive ſpirit of
" happineſs. They know not how much
" two intelligent hearts can beſtow. There
" is a little world within the ſoul, to which

" they

" they have never penetrated; it was ſurely
" reſerved for the unproſperous, or thoſe,
" at leaſt, who have no part in the revolu-
" tions of fortune. It is the paradiſe of ad-
" verſity, into which the great cannot enter.
" This Sir Frederic gives me pain; his at-
" tentions are now too marked to be miſ-
" taken; yet, will he not be explicit enough
" to allow me the privilege of explanation.
" I have repeatedly avowed before him, my
" election of the ſingle ſtate: he has ſeen
" with what firmneſs I withſtood raillery
" and even reproach; he will, perhaps,
" ſpare us the mutual pain of rejection. I
" fear my father is intereſted in his ſucceſs.
" How often have I wiſhed that he had
" another daughter, who could enter into
" his views of life, and gratify that ambition
" of which I am unable to participate! I am
" grieved to diſcover this eternal barrier
" between us: ſometimes he looks at me
" with ſuch pleaſure, and ſo kindly antici-
" pates my wiſhes; he even permits me to
" be his almoner, he deſires me to diſtri-

" bute

" bute a part of his property in charity. In
" ſuch moments I would give the world to
" make him happy; every thing, but my
" heart, and that is inalienable."

Immediately on the marriage of Vallancy and Miſs Rouvigny, they ſet out accompanied by Cordelia, on a tour through Wales, from whence they proceeded to Ireland, with the intention of ſpending ſome months among the beautiful ſcenes of Killarney.

The bride had a villa in the neighbourhood of Mucruſs; which having been her father's birth-place, was on that account particularly ſelected for their retreat. It was a houſe in the cottage ſtyle, erected at the foot of Greenhill, and commanded various intereſting views of the lake.

Cordelia was charmed with the retreat; but ſhe ſoon found that it was ſufficiently acceſſible to ſociety. Several of Vallancy's acquaintance were in the neighbourhood, as touriſts; with whom many parties were formed, and many aquatic excurſions projected.

jected. The firſt week brought another viſitor, who, to the Vallancy's at leaſt, was neither unexpected, nor unwelcome: this was Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had ſuddenly diſcovered ſome ſerious call of buſineſs to Dublin, and moſt ingeniouſly contrived, that his friend De Lille ſhould have the ſame motives for taking the journey. Sympathy did not, however, conduct the latter to Greenhill; he contented himſelf with paying a viſit to one of Sir Frederic's friends, at about forty miles diſtance, where he was ſufficiently near to watch the progreſs of his ſuit, and to aid it with all his parental influence. As he was perſuaded that Cordelia had no correſpondence with Altamont, the Baronet hoped to find her diſpoſed to receive impreſſions in his own favour; he truſted ſhe would be ſtimulated by pique or jealouſy, or ambition, to give him encouragement; but he was deceived; her rejection was decided, though ſoftened with aſſurances of eſteem, and profeſſions of friendſhip.

Cor-

Cordelia imagined he profeſſed too much delicacy and generoſity to perſiſt in his importunities; but, ſhe alſo was deceived; he renewed his ſolicitations, enforced with all the eloquence of Mrs. Vallancy; he even proteſted he ſhould relinquiſh hope, but with life.

Cordelia, ſhuddering at his vehemence, exclaimed, "When you know all, you will retract this ſentiment."

For the firſt time it occurred to him, that ſhe might have formed ſome clandeſtine engagement, and he cried with unguarded warmth, "Surely you cannot belong to "another?"

"I will not deceive you. I have formed "no engagement, but to you I dare not be "diſingenuous. You aſked for my heart, "and it cannot be given twice. After this "frankneſs, you will not I am ſure renew "the only ſubject which can ever make a "breach in our friendſhip."

Diſconcerted by her ingenuous ſimplicity, he took her offered hand in ſullen ſilence;

but

but ſoon recollecting himſelf, replied, "But "if that heart ſhould be reclaimed, ſhould "you be but once convinced, that it has been "thrown away on one who cares not for "the gem I would give my life to purchaſe; "ſhould it be proved that the man pre-"ferred to me is an ungrateful prodigal, "will you then, Cordelia, condemn me to "deſpair?"

"I did not expect, Sir, my frankneſs "would extort ſuch cruel inſinuations, but "the heart which had been ſo blaſted "would be unworthy of your acceptance; "and pardon me if I add, that were I once "ſo cruelly deceived, I ſhould loſe all faith "in human virtue."

Sir Frederic perceiving he had gone too far, paſſionately conjured her to pronounce his pardon.

"Well, then, let all the paſt be conſigned "to oblivion; let this be a farewell to the "ſubject."

"It will be more eaſy to ſay farewell to "life, Cordelia."

 She

She left him with extreme ſadneſs; ſeriouſly alarmed by his perſeverance, and anxious to extinguiſh thoſe hopes ſhe could not realize. She immediately wrote to her father, avowing what had paſt, and entreating his permiſſion to return with him to England. Though naturally timid, the apprehenſion of exciting his diſpleaſure, was leſs powerful than the dread of failing in her own internal fidelity to Altamont. For the reſt of the day, ſhe avoided her importunate lover; and in the evening, when the company went as uſual on the lake, contrived to ſeparate herſelf from him entirely, by going in another barge. Vexed at this deſertion, he propoſed to Mrs. Vallancy to land at the peninſula, to explore the habitation of a recluſe, who had for ſome time lived in this neighbourhood. Though averſe to ſociety, he had been occaſionally met in his lonely rambles, and was often ſeen in a light boat, navigated by an Iriſh boy, who formed part of his ſmall houſhold. He was ſuppoſed to be fond of muſick,

muſick, as the minſtrels of Killarney were often hired to play on the lake, which was at a ſhort diſtance from his ſequeſtered dwelling. Mrs. Vallancy's curioſity being ſtrongly excited by this deſcription, the whole party landed at Camillan Point. The path running over a ledge of rocks, proved tedious and fatiguing. Vallancy at length obſerved, he ſaw no veſtige of any human habitation. "Yet," replied Sir Frederic, "you are now within a few paces of the en-"trance; that aſh tree ſprings from the "rock which conceals the roof."

Mrs. Vallancy advanced with redoubled eagerneſs, when lo! in the narrow paſs before them appeared two men bearing a coffin, which was deſtined for the recluſe. At this unwelcome ſight ſhe ſtarted, and inſiſted on turning back; ſhe even returned with precipitation, and eagerly reſeated herſelf in the barge, as if ſhe had ſtill feared ſhe was purſued by the image of death. During this interruption, Sir Frederic regained his accuſtomed ſtation by Cordelia. Some

of the company waited for the return of the two men, from whom they learnt, that the death of the recluſe was occaſioned by his having fallen, a few days before, from the cliff; ſome internal injury having cauſed his diſſolution.

" His name," ſaid Sir Frederic, obſerving ſhe was intereſted in the ſubject, " was " as ſingular as his character: he was called " Valſinore."

" Valſinore!" echoed Cordelia, with unutterable aſtoniſhment, " are you ſure it was " Valſinore?"

" Yes, that was the name."

Is it poſſible, thought ſhe, it ſhould have been Altamont's myſterious friend? She was more reſerved than ever to Sir Frederic. The name of Valſinore brought Altamont before her eyes; and ſhe could ſcarcely feel complacency for his rival. She was offended with his perſeverance; ſhe ſecretly accuſed him of wanting delicacy and generoſity; and neither looked at him, nor ſpoke to him, but with repugnance.

That

That night Cordelia felicitated herſelf in her journal, on having taken the firſt ſteps to cure his paſſion; but the next morning, ſhe was not a little ſurprized to find him miſſing at the breakfaſt table. Mrs. Vallancy informed her with much chagrin, that he had left the houſe at day-break, and without any intimation of his return. "I "am grieved, wrote Cordelia, that I treated "an old friend with ſuch unkindneſs: why "would he not ſooner prove that he poſ-"ſeſſed delicacy and generoſity? methinks "I would fain ſooth him with renewed "aſſurances of my eſteem and friendſhip." Theſe reflections prevented her not from thinking of Valſinore: but the ſubject was diſtaſteful to Adela, and the houſe was full of company, and reſounded with muſic and merriment.

On the third evening after Sir Frederic's departure, ſhe excuſed herſelf from attending her friends on the lake, and indulged her penſiveneſs with a ramble to Mucruſs Abbey; once the venerable ſeat of monaſtic

learning, and ſtill the popular place of interment. On approaching theſe venerable walls ſhe paſſed an oak, that appeared coeval with their foundation; and on entering the grove of aſh-trees leading to the church, ſhe ſeemed to have ſuddenly plunged into the ſhades of night: ſhe found the doors of the Abbey open; a funeral proceſſion having juſt croſſed the cloiſter, towards the cemetery, unattended by the crouds and boiſterous clamours, ſo common with the Iriſh people. The pall had but four ſupporters, and was followed by as many mourners, whoſe ſilence deepened the impreſſions of religious ſolemnity. Cordelia approached with ſecret awe the patriarchal yew; whoſe duſky foliage, fitfully moved by the bat's ruſtling pinions, threw over the antique pillars, and each long-echoing aiſle a ſort of ſuperſtitious gloom and fearful obſcurity; whilſt every object preſented an image of death, or a memorial of deſolation. She advanced to the narrow poſtern through which the proceſſion had diſappeared, and

which

which evidently conducted to the chambers of the dead. As, ſhe lingered near the portal, ſhe recalled Altamont's deſcription of his ſenſations on deſcending to Herculaneum; and was ſtill meditating on this ſubject, when the proceſſion re-croſſed the cloiſter, and ſhe obſerved that one of the mourners was miſſing; it immediately occurred to her, that he was perhaps the only one really intereſted in the fate of the deceaſed, and that he had returned to the grave to weep unobſerved. Touched with this reflection, ſhe waited for his return, till ſhe fancied ſhe heard a deep groan; pity giving her courage, ſhe was advancing towards the paſſage whence the ſound proceeded, when ſhe felt her arm graſped; and turning round, beheld Sir Frederic Mowbray. It required ſome fortitude to ſuppreſs the emotion of terror this ſudden apparition excited; but her own agitation ſeemed not equal to his. He trembled as he drew her away, exclaiming, "Cordelia, whither are you going? "let me bear you from this houſe of death."

She was at firſt paſſive from ſurprize; but when ſhe reached the extremity of the cloiſter, ſhe recollected the groan, and entreated him to return to the aſſiſtance of the ſolitary mourner.

" Let me firſt ſee you in ſafety," replied he, hurrying her on, till they again emerged to the open day, where ſhe perceived De Lille, who, at Sir Frederic's requeſt, undertook to explore the cloiſters, whilſt he attended Cordelia to the cottage.

In their way, he informed her, that having met with her father on his way to Dublin, he had returned with him to Greenhill, " Not," added he reproachfully, " again to offend you with my importu-
" nities: I am going to another part of the
" country. I ſhould not even have ſtaid
" here one night, had I not been alarmed
" for your ſafety, by hearing of your
" ſolitary ramble."

" And what danger could be appre-
" hended in this peaceful ſpot?"

" Oh,

"Oh, there is danger every where.—
"Have you ſeen no one?"

"Only a funeral proceſſion."

"And had you really no motive for
"viſiting this ſpot?"

"What motive ſhould I have? I know
"no one; and have not exchanged a ſylla-
"ble with one human being."

Evidently relieved by this aſſurance, he endeavoured to divert her attention to another ſubject, by obſerving, that the funeral ſhe had ſeen was that of the recluſe.

"How!" cried Cordelia, "of Valſi-
"nore! and have I unconſciouſly followed
"him to his grave?"

"And what intereſt then have you in
"his name?"

"Oh, the ſtrongeſt intereſt poſſible:
"but it is not my own ſecret, and I have
"no right to divulge that of another."

Sir Frederic again eyed her with ſuſpicion, and walked by her ſide in gloomy ſilence. When they reached the houſe, they found the Vallancy's, who rallied her

on her taſte for ſolitude; but cordially welcomed back her companion. Scarcely waiting to receive their compliments, he hurried out to meet De Lille, with whom he at length returned, with a ſtill more perturbed aſpect. After the firſt ſalutations, De Lille announced his intention of taking back his daughter to England. Mrs. Vallancy proteſted it was impoſſible: but Cordelia inſiſted on obeying her father's ſummons.

"It is true," ſaid he, "I am come "rather abruptly: but I do not deſpair of "reſtoring her to you a few weeks hence. "I have at preſent ſerious motives for "claiming her ſociety."

Mrs. Vallancy again reſiſted: but when ſhe heard it was his intention to commence the journey on the morrow evening, ſhe became almoſt offended: ſince ſhe had formed a party for Innisfallen, and could not ſubmit to Cordelia's abſence. De Lille was at length compelled to promiſe that ſhe ſhould

partake

partake of the excurſion, before Adela would be appeaſed. He then drew his daughter aſide, and ſaid, "You ſee, Cordelia, what I "do to oblige you."

"And I truſt you will not find me un-"grateful."

"But if I was deſtined to fly to another "country—if I was forced to go to *France* "inſtead of *England*, would you ſtill ac-"company me?"

"Can my father aſk that queſtion?"

"You would not then repine at exile?"

"Not with my father."

"Well, be ready for your departure; "we muſt commence our journey to-morrow "evening. I have been unfortunate, but "whilſt I have ſuch a daughter I ſhall not "be unhappy."

Cordelia, who had expected reproofs and diſpleaſure, was ſo touched with this unlooked for kindneſs, that ſhe melted into tears. The ſolitary mourner and the recluſe were diſmiſſed from her mind; even the

influence of Altamont yielded for the present to her filial sentiments: and she longed most ardently to discover the cause of her father's uneasiness, and to administer sympathy and consolation.

CHAPTER XX.

ON his late rejection, Sir Frederic had immediately repaired to the houſe at which De Lille was viſiting, to conſult with him on the beſt means of vanquiſhing his daughter's inflexibility. The diſappointed father, who had juſt received her application for permiſſion to return with him to England, at firſt ſuggeſted ſchemes of ſeverity; but to this Sir Frederic would by no means conſent: he inſiſted that he ſhould have recourſe to artifice and addreſs, and rather operate on her generoſity than her timidity. It was then agreed, that he ſhould acquieſce in her preſent wiſhes; but that in taking her to England he ſhould communicate an exaggerated account of his loſſes at play, confeſſing he was under the ſtrongeſt obligations to Sir Frederic's liberality.

"And

"And what do you expect from this "plan?" asked De Lille.

"Every thing, if you manage wisely; "for the present, however, you cannot be "too prompt in conveying her from Ire-"land."

De Lille submitted to this advice, and they travelled together towards Greenhill; when stopping at Killarney to give some orders respecting letters, they saw entering the inn a person in whom they easily recognised Altamont.

At this unwelcome apparition Sir Frederic exclaimed, "We are betrayed; he has car-"ried on a clandestine correspondence with "Cordelia."

"In that case," said De Lille, "she "would not have wished to leave Green-"hill."

"You are mistaken; that is merely a "feint to amuse you, whilst she concerts "a plan for the elopement."

"My dear Sir Frederic, this is so extra-"vagant, so totally unsuited to her charac-

"ter,

" ter, I will pledge myſelf his appearance
" is accidental."

He then privately applied to the landlady, from whom he learnt that Altamont had been for ſeveral weeks in the habit of frequenting her houſe, from whence he was accuſtomed to make excurſions in the mountains of Kerry. He was juſt returned from a long pilgrimage to Iveragh, and was to ſleep at the inn that night, but on the next morning to take his departure to explore the beauties of the lakes. De Lille inſiſted on this circumſtance as a proof of his daughter's innocence. Sir Frederic's ſuſpicions were at length appeaſed; and as they proceeded to Greenhill, it was determined that no time ſhould be loſt in tranſporting Cordelia to ſome ſpot where ſhe would be in no danger of meeting with Altamont.

On their arrival they were almoſt equally alarmed to find her abſent, and both were again ready to impute to her the moſt complicated duplicity. Luckily, a ſervant, whom ſhe had paſſed in her lonely walk, was en-

abled

abled to apprize them of her movements, and by his direction they traced her to the abbey, where her ingenuous ſimplicity almoſt diſſipated Sir Frederic's former impreſſions. He concurred, however, ſtrongly with De Lille in conceiving it neceſſary to remove her immediately from Greenhill. The latter having lately been engaged as ſecond in an affair of honour, was to allege the neceſſity of withdrawing for ſome time to France. Cordelia was to be the companion of his flight: Sir Frederic was to join them at a convenient ſeaſon, when either artifice or perſecution was to extort her conſent to their union. Had De Lille truſted implicitly to his daughter's integrity, he would have revolted from ſo deſperate an expedient; but, duped by his own artifice, he was incapable of generous confidence, and doubted not that Cordelia would ſeize the firſt opportunity to elope with a favoured lover. Sir Frederic, on the other hand, who diſtruſted all mankind, ſcarcely relied even on De Lille's friendſhip, and wiſhed to

involve him in ſome labyrinth of iniquity, which ſhould render their intereſts inſeparable.

During theſe machinations, Altamont, who had ſeen in the papers an account of Vallancy's marriage, but was wholly unſuſpicious of his being in Ireland, left Killarney to proceed, according to Haller's directions, to his ſequeſtered retreat.

Since his firſt arrival in the country he had not ſeen his venerable friend, who had been ſtationary near the lakes, whilſt he himſelf had viſited the ſcite of his forefathers by Ballyſhannon, and penetrated to the remote region of Iveragh.

He had taken his departure from Killarney at an early hour, and with the aſſiſtance of a guide, who had been previouſly ſent to the inn for the occaſion, and which was ſimply an experienced dog, had no difficulty in diſcovering the entrance to the cottage, which, though built almoſt on the water edge, was completely ſcreened from view by a rampart of projecting cliffs. His faithful

faithful ſcout, who belonged to the cottage, eager to return home, clambered up the rock, and ſtruck into the little ſhelving path which led to this retired dwelling. Haller appeared reſting on a rock before the houſe; one hand croſſed on his breaſt, the other ſupporting his venerable head. His eyes were fixed on the ground: he raiſed them at Altamont's approach: they were gliſtening with tears.

"You are welcome, my young friend; "I cannot ſay, indeed, with joy, for of "that ſenſation I am no longer capable, "but with ſatisfaction and affection. Since "our ſeparation, I have parted from the "only being to whoſe mind I could refer "for the regiſter of my own paſt recollec-"tions: he was a remnant of myſelf — my "coeval—the ſurvivor of my youth. Theſe "are the laſt drops of nature: to-day, I "can only think of him; to-morrow, we "will talk of other things." He then conducted him to the houſe, the entrance to which was by a window, reaching from top

to

to bottom, which in warm weather was left open, a lattice being let down, which at once excluded the rain and admitted the air. There were two rooms, one within the other, on the ground floor, and as many on the floor above. The furniture was extremely plain and ſimple; but Altamont was ſurpriſed to obſerve a head of Chriſt, by Guido, placed by one of Raphael's Madonas. Haller then put into his hands a letter he had received from Woodville, who from the deficiency of evidence had been neceſſarily liberated, and had embarked with his family for Canada, where a ſmall appointment had been procured him by the intereſt of Vallancy. In this affecting letter he took an everlaſting leave of England, in which he could no longer hope to enjoy an unblemiſhed reputation.

" He who has been arraigned cannot be
" cleared without a public trial, and, till
" thus abſolved of delinquency, has for-
" feited all pretenſions to the confidence of
" his countrymen. Farewell, then, to my
" dear native country, of which I am no

" longer

" longer worthy to be called the ſon, and
" in which my children muſt be diſgraced
" by the memory of their miſguided father!
" Farewell to you, my generous benefactor,
" with whom, at a happier ſeaſon, I ſhould
" have been proud to hold communion, but
" whom I could not now meet without the
" anguiſh of reproach! Let not Altamont
" ſuppoſe I can ever ceaſe to cheriſh his re-
" membrance, though I ſcarcely regret
" having been ſpared that ſolemn parting
" which is to prove eternal. Never could
" I have been readmitted to the privileges
" of his friendſhip. A ſuſpected criminal is
" no aſſociate for upright honourable men;
" any coalition with my diſhonoured name
" would ſully his unblemiſhed reputation.
" I am a weed which muſt be rooted from
" ſociety; I have been a brand plucked
" from the flames, and am now moulder-
" ing in ſilence and oblivion. In my wife
" and my children I ſtill poſſeſs objects of
" tender endearment. May I but live to
" ſecure peace to the one, and to lay the
" foundation

" foundation of reſpectability for the other!
" May I but guard them from the errors on
" which I was wrecked! May I but pre-
" ſerve them from that too ſenſible pore of
" feeling, that reſtleſs imagination, by which
" my principles were undermined, my rea-
" ſon perverted, my peace and integrity
" deſtroyed, and I ſhall not have lived in
" vain! I ſhall perhaps die with the ſweet
" conſolation that my ſons are making a
" happy voyage, though their father was
" fatally ſhipwrecked!"

Altamont was deeply affected by the peruſal of this letter; and whilſt Haller was engaged in looking over ſome papers committed to his care by his late friend, he left the cottage, and took a ramble, exploring the beauties of the lake. It will eaſily be divined to what point his fancy was attracted by this delicious landſcape—the thoughts of Cordelia; no other object was wanting to render this romantic ſpot a paradiſe. After having gazed long on the majeſtic ſweep of mountains, whoſe deepening ſha-

dows

dows were reflected on the ſmooth-tranſlucent lake, he was ſuddenly attracted by a little ſylvan path, cloſely fenced by the delicate aſh and ſilvery birch, whilſt the crimſon bloſſoms of the Arbutus ſpread luxuriantly along the cliff. He turned into this umbrageous path, and beheld, inſtead of the capacious lake, a ſerpentizing ſtream, a river, or rather a rivulet, flowing under the baſe of the towering cliff, and forming between its wooded banks a little ſheltered bay. Altamont pauſed with delight on this ſcene of ſecluſion, when ſuddenly he heard a ſtrain of muſic, which ſhould ſeem to have been wafted thither by enchantment. He liſtened in delicious amazement, when ſuddenly the ſweeps of the meaſured oar fell on his ear, and he perceived, as ſhooting from the woods, an elegant barge, with its gaudy pennon and ſprightly company, followed by a ſmaller boat, from whence iſſued ſounds of delightful muſic. Altamont, though himſelf concealed, had a diſtinct view of the party; but what was his emotion when he beheld

firſt

firſt his friend Vallancy, and then, ſeated between De Lille and Sir Frederic Mowbray, his Cordelia! He ſcarcely breathed or moved for aſtoniſhment, and anxiouſly ſtrained his ſight to take another and another glance. But the firſt moment of joy was cruelly alloyed by jealouſy; and ruſhing from the ſpot, he haſtened back to the cottage to impart his diſcovery to Haller, who gravely anſwered, "It is true; I find they "have been ſome days in the neighbour-"hood?"

"And is ſhe married, or engaged?" cried Altamont. "Not married, ſurely?"

"I know no more at preſent, but ſhall "hope to ſee her to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Altamont, whoſe eyes ſeemed to add, "and why not to-"day?" Haller noticed not his emotion; he was writing ſomething by which he ſeemed deeply affected. Altamont turning away, internally exclaimed, "He was right "when he ſaid there could be no friend-

"ſhip

" ſhip between youth and age, for there is
" no ſympathy."

Though no longer capable of reliſhing the beauties of nature, he continued to wander on the margin of the lake. A variety of veſſels was exhibited on the water; many of them were deſtined for Inniſfallen, which is the fairy region of love and pleaſure. The Vallancys were to dine in the grove of aſh trees which ſhade the ruins of the abbey; from thence, till the evening, they were to wander in little ſocial groupes, with a promiſe of re-aſſembling for the dance in the ivy-covered oratory that overtops the cliff. Ignorant of this arrangement, Altamont repeatedly climbed the higheſt bank of the peninſula, poring through his pocket teleſcope, with the hope of deſcrying the barge on its return. After repeated diſappointments, he began to relinquiſh expectation, but he ſtill mechanically hovered near the ſpot from whence he had ſnatched that momentary glimpſe of Cordelia.

It

It was now late in the afternoon, and dark voluminous ſhadows were falling from the mountains, when ſuddenly a white cloud appearing in the horizon, their lofty ſummits were wrapt in a miſt of darkneſs; a tremendous clap of thunder reverberated from the hollow cliffs, the waters of the lake were agitated; the white ſpray mounting over the flood, which preſented the mimic waves and billows of the ocean. Altamont, who had ſo long wiſhed for the appearance of the barge, now rejoiced in its abſence; ſtill he looked with a ſort of uneaſy ſolicitude towards the lake, and was ſtruck with the perilous poſition of a little ſkiff, which contained but three perſons: a gentleman, a lady, and the rower, who had imprudently diminiſhed the labours of the oar, by extending his flimſy ſail. Though toſſed on the flood, the boat ſtill ſeemed capable of preſerving its balance, till it came near the one-arched bridge on which he ſtood; here the current becoming ſtronger, the gentleman tore down the ſail, and by that move-

ment overſet the boat. Altamont, who had anticipated its fate, and confided in his ſkill in ſwimming, precipitated himſelf from the parapet, graſped the lady's robe, and continued to draw her towards the ſhore. He at length bore her to a little cove into which a fiſherman had juſt puſhed his ſkiff for ſhelter; he deſired the man to row to the aſſiſtance of the other ſufferers, whilſt he ſupported his ſenſeleſs charge towards the cottage.

Hitherto he had only followed the dictates of humanity. The lady's long diſhevelled treſſes were ſpread over her face, and completely diſguiſed her features; but in removing this matted veil, he diſcovered, almoſt incredulouſly, the countenance of Cordelia. His agitation, on this diſcovery, almoſt deprived him of the power to make any efforts for her aſſiſtance; happily, however, he met with the male domeſtic of the cottage, with whoſe aſſiſtance ſhe was ſoon ſheltered under its quiet roof, where the old houſe-

keeper,

keeper, under Haller's directions, purſued the proper means for her recovery.

She had been thrown into this perilous ſtate by the imprudence of De Lille, who had perſuaded her to ſteal with him from the party at Innisfallen, under the pretext of proceeding immediately on their intended journey. He had laid ſuch ſtreſs on this point, that ſhe became anxious to fulfil his wiſhes; and, not doubting that the Vallancys would eaſily forgive this clandeſtine movement, when they knew by what motive it was dictated, ſhe eagerly aſſented to his propoſal of engaging a little boat, which had been plying round the iſland, to tranſport them to the oppoſite ſide of the lake.

The execution of the plan was facilitated by the party having diſperſed in various groupes through the iſland; and De Lille and his daughter had been long abſent before they were miſſed by any of the company except Sir Frederic Mowbray, whoſe duplicity was ſufficiently puniſhed, during the ſtorm, by the tortures of ſuſpenſe.

Unable to ſuffer in ſilence, he imparted his ſuſpicions of De Lille's elopement; and as ſoon as the elements were cleared, embarked in the ſmaller veſſel, in purſuit of the *deſerters*.

On arriving at Mucruſs, he found De Lille, who, by clinging to the keel of the boat, had floated towards the narrow channel communicating with the inner lake, where, by graſping ſome branches of birch and aſh, he had gained the ſhore in ſafety.

The boatman, whoſe ſenſes had been previouſly dulled by libations of whiſkey, had ſwam acroſs the lake; but no traces were diſcovered of Cordelia. De Lille fancied he had ſeen a perſon leap from the bridge to her aſſiſtance; but the impreſſion was vague and unſatisfactory, and he fully participated with his coadjutor in the torments of ſhame and ſuſpenſe, of terror and remorſe.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was long before Cordelia gave any ſigns of returning animation; by degrees ſhe began to have a moſt painful conſciouſneſs of exiſtence: every object ſwam before her; ſhe fancied ſhe was in a cabin, and opening her eyes, looked around for the imaginary waves. A cup was preſented to her lips, of which ſhe taſted, and then ſunk into a heavy ſlumber. On awaking, ſhe obſerved a venerable form, familiar to her eyes, though the name had eſcaped her remembrance; ſhe was again lulled aſleep, and awoke no more till the morning, when ſhe was ſo perfectly recovered as to have a diſtinct recollection of what had befallen her; and obſerving an old woman ſitting on a chair by her bed-ſide, ſhe aſked for her clothes, and became extremely importunate to leave her apartment. The houſekeeper, who being Flemiſh, was by no

means familiar with the Engliſh language, inſtantly called in Haller, who, having quieted her apprehenſions for her father's ſafety, promiſed to gratify her curioſity, when ſhe ſhould join him at breakfaſt. Her drenched garments had been dried by the houſekeeper's care, and ſhe ſoon deſcended to the parlour, where ſhe found only Haller, who thus addreſſed her: "From your aſtoniſhment on meeting "me, I ſhould almoſt conclude you were "ignorant of my having been in this "country, yet your father met me the "other evening in Mucruſs Abbey."

"Good heavens! were you, then, the ſo-"litary mourner? did you follow the re-"cluſe to the grave?"

"I did, Cordelia. In returning to the "church-yard I met your father, and an-"nounced my intention of ſeeing you in a "few days. In reply he gave me an in-"formation, at which I was ſomewhat ſur-"prized, that you were on the eve of "marriage; I preſume, with Sir Frederic "Mowbray."

"Impoſſible!

"Impoſſible! could my father ſay ſo? "impoſſible! His news, then, was prema- "ture; he deceived you, Sir."

"You, perhaps, deceive yourſelf; you "may not know how much your affections "are engaged."

"Yes, yes, I know, I feel I ſhall never "be the wife of Sir Frederic Mowbray."

"Well, well, let us drop the ſubject. "When did you ſee Altamont?"

"It is long, indeed."

"When did you hear of him?"

"That, too, is long. He is dead to us "all; he has renounced our friendſhip."

"Have you then heard nothing of him?"

"Nothing, but that he correſponded "with one Mrs. Woodville. I know not "who ſhe is."

"I do; that correſpondence does him "honour."

"'Twas all calumny, then," exclaimed ſhe, half riſing from her ſeat; "my heart "told me he was incapable of baſeneſs."

"I will confide to you one ſecret reſpect- "ing him, Cordelia. He has juſt won my

" eternal gratitude, by preſerving your
" life."

" Was it he? Then my life ſhall ever be
" precious for his ſake."

Here Altamont, who had been purpoſely placed within the inner room, ruſhing from concealment, threw himſelf before Cordelia, who ſhrieked with ſurprize; and, leaning back on Haller, concealed, under the air of terror, her exceſs of joy and tenderneſs. " Compoſe yourſelf, my child," cried Haller, " and I will ſoon remove your
" perplexity."

After ſome time paſſed in mutual expreſſions of delight, from the pleaſure of an intercourſe ſo painfully regretted, and ſo unexpectedly renewed, Cordelia called upon Haller for the promiſed explanation.

" You remember," ſaid the venerable ſage, " I left in your hands the manuſcript
" of Cornelius; and I doubt not you have
" both grieved for his many ſorrows. The
" manuſcript put into my hands by Alta-
" mont, was merely a manual of monaſtic
" devotion; that which I left with you, as
" its

" its ſubſtitute, contained my own hiſtory.
" I was once that Cornelius. Your father,
" Altamont, was my kinſman. I, too, was
" that Valſinore, who endeavoured to repair,
" by preſent kindneſs, former injuſtice."

Exclamations of wonder burſt from his auditors; and both enquired, at the ſame moment, who then was the Valſinore who lived here ſo lately.

" That you ſhall ſoon hear. The name
" of Valſinore had often been aſſumed by
" my friend Albert in his youth; and it
" was, perhaps, from ſome aſſociation with
" his memory, that I was induced to annex
" that ſignature to the letter I left with
" your widowed mother. I had previouſly
" borne a French name; on my return to
" Germany I exchanged it for Haller, by
" which I have ever ſince been known.
" On my firſt arrival in Europe I had re-
" ſolved not to make any enquiries reſpect-
" ing my own or Sufanna's family, leſt I
" ſhould relapſe into that dreadful ſtate
" from which I had been ſo lately reſtored.

" Many years had elapſed; and I was, in
" many reſpects, become a new being,
" when I accidentally heard of Albert's
" domeſtic misfortunes: his wife had proved
" unfaithful; his daughter had eloped with
" an adventurer; he had renounced his
" country, and, having lodged his property
" in the Hamburgh bank, lived in total
" ſecluſion from the world. By his annual
" demands on this bank I aſcertained his
" exiſtence, without being able to diſcover
" his retreat. It was from Baron Rou-
" vigny I firſt learnt that he had a grand-
" daughter, not unworthy to claim affinity
" with my Suſanna. To ſee you, there-
" fore, Cordelia, was one of my motives
" for viſiting England; and my ſole in-
" ducement for cultivating your father's
" acquaintance. From your account of
" the monkiſh manuſcript, I conjectured
" that Albert might have been the perſon
" who had aſſumed the name of Valſinore;
" and that, inſtead of having periſhed in the

" Avalanche, he had ſelected ſome other
" place of retirement.

" Purſuing this hint on my return to
" Germany, I learnt, from my banker, that
" Sir John Mordaunt was certainly living
" in Ireland, but by what name was un-
" known. I ſoon after learnt of a recluſe
" near Killarney, whoſe unſocial habits cor-
" reſponded with the account I had re-
" ceived of Albert. It was to purſue this
" hint that I arrived in this romantic
" country. I had in my poſſeſſion a ſhort-
" hand copy of the hiſtory I had left at
" Beachdale, written in the character I
" had been accuſtomed to employ with
" Albert in my youth. I connected it with
" the monkiſh manuſcript I had received
" from Altamont, and prepared to explore
" his lonely dwelling. Happily, however,
" on the ſame day I went to the church
" at Mucruſs, where it was whiſpered that
" the ſtrange man was come to perform
" his devotions. I kept my eyes fixed on
" this object; but though I had before

" tried to imagine all the alterations which
" time might have produced, I was ſhocked
" to find myſelf unable to diſcern one
" veſtige of Albert's countenance. After
" the ſervice I followed his ſteps, and took
" the opportunity, whilſt he was diſtributing
" alms to ſome poor children, to aſk if he
" could direct me where to find a perſon
" of the name of Valſinore. He heſitated
" at the queſtion, but at length aſked my
" buſineſs; I ſtated, that I had certain
" papers to ſurrender to his poſſeſſion. He
" looked perplexed, and yet invited me to
" attend him home.

" In the way we converſed on various
" ſubjects, but his obſervations were always
" tinged with miſanthropy. When he
" heard that I was a ſolitary, unconnected
" ſtranger, he regarded me with more
" complacency. When I accidentally
" mentioned my birth-day, which was
" within three days of his own, he ex-
" claimed, 'Then we came into the world
" nearly at the ſame moment.' Obſerving

" the ſatisfaction he derived from this paſ-
" ſive ſympathy, I intimated that I had
" known many heavy calamities, but was
" reſtored to tranquillity; he ſhook his
" head, and coldly anſwered, there were
" ſome wounds never to be healed. When
" we reached his cottage, he invited me in
" homely language to take refreſhments.
" I was again alarmed by the idea that it
" could not be Albert, who had been
" always remarkable for elegance and cour-
" teſy. Not to offend, however, I ac-
" cepted his offer; and, at parting, had an
" invitation to repeat my viſit. I returned
" on the next day, and for many ſucceed-
" ing ones, and thus made with him, by
" degrees, a new acquaintance: at length,
" ſpeaking of Switzerland, I mentioned the
" manuſcript in my poſſeſſion, as belonging
" to a perſon of his name; and put into
" his hands, with the monkiſh manual, the
" hiſtory of my own adventures. He fixed
" his eyes on the latter, exclaiming, 'I
" ſhould know this character, I have ſtill
" the

" the key.' He unlocked a cabinet, from
" which he drew out a folio, with the help
" of which he began reading my manu-
" ſcript. I ſtole out of the room unper-
" ceived, ſurprized at my own ſtrong emo-
" tions: it ſeemed almoſt beyond my faith
" to conceive the poſſibility of having met
" with one ſo nearly related to Suſanna.
" At length I aroſe, and returning to the
" room, beheld him, with his eyes full of
" tears, alternately looking at the manu-
" ſcript and a miniature he held in his
" hand. On ſeeing me he ſtarted, and, in
" a tone of diſpleaſure, ſaid, 'And pray,
" Sir, who are you?' At that moment he
" had dropt the miniature, which I haſtily
" picked up, and beheld a picture of my
" wife, taken in early life. I could not
" now anſwer his queſtion, I could only
" articulate Suſanna; by that name was
" our negociation made; and we ſeemed
" mutually reſtored to the affections of our
" youth."*

Here

Here Haller paufed, but checking his emotion, proceeded: "To be brief, I dif-
" covered that he had long wifhed for this
" meeting; we determined not to feparate;
" we even ventured to form a plan for fu-
" turity; you know how fuddenly this has
" been reverfed. Previous to his death, he
" had made a new will.

" But here, Cordelia, I muft frankly
" confefs, that I have failed to obviate his
" fcruples refpecting his vow: he has left
" his whole property to another; on one
" condition, however, that you fhould
" marry his heir." Cordelia ftarted. Altamont threw an anxious glance on Haller, who continued: "And I confefs, I truft
" you will not refufe to ratify this compact." Cordelia had raifed her eyes in wonder: but they were caft down in tender confufion. When he added, "For your love is
" due to him, who has preferved your
" life."

Here Altamont protefted, that he would not ufurp Cordelia's rights. But fhe recovering

covering from her firſt amazement, declared, it was an act of juſtice. Haller, delighted with their conteſt, joining their hands, exclaimed, " My children, your hearts have " ratified the compact; and let the laſt " wiſhes of the dead be ſacred."

Cordelia made a gentle effort to withdraw her hand: but it was obſtinately reſiſted; and ſhe tacitly acquieſced in the ſentence. But when Haller was leaving the room, no longer able to reſtrain the feelings recalled by memory, ſhe caſt on him a wiſtful glance, as if ſhe would have deprecated his deſertion. At that moment the latticed door was puſhed open, and Sir Frederic Mowbray ruſhed into the room, exclaiming, " You ſhall kill me firſt." Terrified for Altamont, ſhe threw herſelf before him, as if to implore the Baronet to withdraw. When frantic with rage, he diſcharged his piſtol, and ſhe fell back ſenſeleſs on the couch, ſupported by Altamont. " What have " I done!" cried Sir Frederic; " take my " life! I am a villain!" At that moment the vene-

venerable Haller, iſſuing from the other apartment, arreſted his hand, which was now raiſed againſt his own exiſtence—"Unhap-" py man, what frenzy is this?" Luckily De Lille and Vallancy, who had both watched his ſteps, now entered the apartment, and forced him from the ſcene, on which he had committed ſuch atrocious violence. He had been prompted to this deſperation, by hearing from the fiſhermen, who had aſſiſted Altamont in carrying Cordelia to the cottage, that ſhe had been preſerved by a young man, whom he inſtantly divined to be his rival. At this news he ſnatched up his piſtols — was rowed acroſs — clambered up the bank, and ſtole to the latticed door, where he heard enough of Haller's relation to be ſatisfied that he had nothing to hope for. Poſſeſſed with fury, and reſolving that Altamont ſhould fight for her, he ruſhed into the apartment. The ſudden impulſe of tenderneſs betrayed by Cordelia, inflamed his rage; he was no longer a rational being; and till he ſaw her fall, ap-

parently

covering from her firſt amazement, declared, it was an act of juſtice. Haller, delighted with their conteſt, joining their hands, exclaimed, " My children, your hearts have " ratified the compact; and let the laſt " wiſhes of the dead be ſacred."

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"committed murder." In a ſhort time, however, it appeared, that the medical aſſiſtance procured by De Lille was not unneceſſary. The agitation of her ſpirits had completely diſordered her frame; and in a few hours, ſhe was in a high fever, which for ſome days menaced her exiſtence. During this anxious interval, De Lille and Vallancy prevailed on Sir Frederic to withdraw to France; and in his cooler moments, he was not equally eager to part from exiſtence. He conſented to travel, and thus eſcaped the pain of hearing of Cordelia's union with another. Cordelia was removed as ſoon as poſſible to Greenhill, where Mrs. Vallancy, perfectly apprized of the obliquity of Sir Frederic's conduct, heartily felicitated her friend on her firmneſs, and gave a moſt friendly reception to Altamont; who was cordially reconciled to her huſband. De Lille, aſhamed of his late artifice, no ſooner ſaw his daughter reſtored to health, than he quitted Ireland, went abroad, viſited Germany, and having at length obtained the

title

title of Baron from the Emperor, finally ſettled in that country.

Altamont, at the ſuggeſtion of Haller, purchaſed the family-eſtates, and the ſeat of his father on the banks of the Shannon. Haller himſelf conſented to occupy an apartment in this manſion. On the day that Cordelia became its miſtreſs, her venerable uncle ſaid to Altamont, "I truſt you "will prove yourſelf worthy of your happi- "neſs. You once wiſhed yourſelf a Roman: "believe me the Briton poſſeſſes a much no- "bler name. You once repined at finding ſo "little ſcope for enthuſiaſm; be aſſured the "age you live in, will command the reve- "rence of poſterity. I have lived long "enough to meaſure the progreſs of im- "provement. Had the ſame liberal ſpirit "prevailed in my youth, I had never been "an alien from my native country; had "the ſame eſtabliſhment for education then "exiſted, I had never imbibed the preju- "dices which proved ſo fatal to my tran- "quillity. If you would be a true patriot,

"you

" you muſt be a philanthropiſt. In diffu-
" ſing knowledge and benevolence; in pro-
" moting habits of activity and virtue; in
" giving leſſons of morality, and examples
" of happineſs, you will at once exalt the
" honour of your own country, and the
" dignity of the human race. You will
" equally eſtabliſh your claims to the cha-
" acter of a Briton, and a friend to the beſt
" intereſts of mankind.

From the period of his marriage, Altamont, diſmiſſing thoſe reveries of fancy, in which he had waſted ſo many precious years of youth, became a zealous advocate for uſeful purſuits, and both in public and private life, diſcharged his duties to the community. His reſidence was fixed in Ireland; for in reclaiming the honours of his houſe, he did not deſert the father-land to which he owed them. His winters were ſpent in Dublin, but, in the ſummer, his houſe was the ſeat of hoſpitality. Neither his mother nor Mr. Bruce could be perſuaded to leave Switzerland,

Switzerland; but Mrs. Winifred, with her favourite Aleck, found a happy asylum near the grateful Altamont; Celia Gladwin became his constant guest, and, in the contemplation of real happiness, almost forgot the dreams of fancy.

Haller transferred his fund of charity to his native country, establishing schools, improving agriculture, promoting the best interests of the community. He lived to witness the assembling of two families, in the children of Vallancy and Altamont; and to welcome Woodville's sons, who, at his suggestion, were sent to Europe for education. On such occasions, Haller was restored to the sensibilities of youth; he examined the countenances of the children, and gave to each a paternal benediction—"Oh! happy beings," cried he, "to have been born in an age like this; your minds will never imbibe the errors which embittered my life. May they discharge their debt of patriotism and humanity! As long as there shall exist one prejudice founded on selfish feelings, to narrow the sphere of

"usefulness

" uſefulneſs and felicity, to check the courſe
" of piety and benevolence, mankind are
" not truly civilized, and the chriſtian is
" diſappointed, whilſt the philoſopher is
" unſatisfied."

In the beloved land of his fathers, enſhrined in the hearts of all who had known, or who have heard of the excellence of this diſciple of virtue and philanthropy, the mortal remains of the venerable Haller now peacefully reſt. A ſimple ſtone, with the following inſcription, alone atteſts the place:

Bleſt be this ſpot where Haller lies;
No cloiſter'd walls to guard his tomb;
'Tis open to the changeful ſkies,
And deck'd with Nature's gayeſt bloom.
On this dear ſhrine no tapers burn,
But ſun and ſtars their radiance ſhed;
And, ſweeter than the incenſ'd urn,
A ſnow-white ſhroud the lillies ſpread:
The lark, too innocent to mourn,
Chaunts his blithe matin to the dead.

Bleſt be this ſpot—'twas here, that laſt
He watch'd the ſlow-departing ſun;
A tender wiſtful glance he caſt,
As though he deemed his race was run.

That

That eve, as in the ſocial hall
  He took, 'mid friends, his 'cuſtom'd place,
His ſoul to each o'erflow'd—on all
  He ſmil'd with venerable grace:
He ſeem'd to feel the whiſper'd call,
  And Hope ſhone radiant on his face.

That night, when all unheard, unſeen,
  His filial pray'r to Heaven had ſped,
(Claſp'd were his hands, devout his mien)
  'Twas then the immortal ſpirit fled.
None heard his laſt, his murmur'd ſighs,
  If ſuch his parting ſpirit breath'd,
The joy of heav'n was in thoſe eyes,
  That peace and love to earth bequeath'd.
So ſweetly was life's farewell made,
His debt to man and nature paid.

THE END.

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